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THE LONG WHITE CLOUD

[Morris, Dunedin

A WESTERN ALPINE VALLEY

[*Frontispiece*

NEW ZEALAND

(AO TEA ROA)

BY THE HON.
WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES

THIRD EDITION REVISED AND WITH NEW MATTER BY THE AUTHOR

TO WHICH IS ADDED A SKETCH OF RECENT EVENTS
IN NEW ZEALAND

BY CECIL J. WRAY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
1925

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Printed in Great Britain

To

THE MEMORY

OF THE 18,700 NEW ZEALANDERS WHO LAID DOWN
THEIR LIVES FOR THE EMPIRE IN THE
GREAT WAR THIS BOOK IS HUMBLY
DEDICATED IN PRIDE
AND GRATITUDE.

TO NEW ZEALAND—FROM GRAVES IN FLANDERS

We who in mist and mire here fought and died
And in this strip of alien earth abide,
Grandsons of England, hastening ere her call,
Stirred her proud heart and knew she mourned our fall.
But we were thine, far Country ; thine our fame
When deeds were done that saved an empire's name
And ours thy tears, green land mid sunlit sea,
Tears for thy lads that dying thought of thee.

W. P. R.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION

By CECIL J. WRAY

The Long White Cloud was published just twenty-six years ago and, after two editions had been sold, has been out of print for seventeen years owing to the unwillingness of the author to undertake the work of revising it. When the publishers resolved to bring out a third edition they asked me to bring it up to date with as little interference with the text as possible. However, after some interviews with Mr. Reeves, he agreed to help, and we have done the work by means of a division of labour. He took the book in hand up to the date of Mr. Seddon's death. The earlier period, that before the end of the Maori wars and the initiation of Sir Julius Vogel's Public Works policy, did not need to have much done to it. Mr. Reeves added half a dozen fresh paragraphs, expanded a few others, and modified a passage here and there. That was about all. The part of the book, however, dealing with the years between 1872 and 1906 he treated very differently, adding three new chapters, cutting out whole pages, and making heavy additions as well as alterations in various other chapters. He has also revised Part III, the final chapter, and the two Appendices, as that portion required much change.

Two of the chapters, furthermore, in Part I, those entitled " Some Bones of Contention " and " The Experimental Laws," deal with legislation on subjects where legislation has been more or less continuous up to the present time. As my professional work keeps me in close touch with the New Zealand statute-book, it seemed fitting that I should take in hand the task of bringing these up to date, and I have done so, with the result that a substantial part of these two chapters is mine.

For the rest, I have given in the three chapters of Part II a modest but very careful and, I trust, useful summary of the

chief events concerning the Dominion during the last two decades. I have tried to write a quiet and brief chronicle, avoiding controversial expressions as much as possible. I am entirely responsible for this part of the book, and any opinions appearing there are my own, whether they seem to fit in with Mr. Reeves's or not. Sometimes, I know, they do not.

So far as minor corrections are concerned, each of us has gone through the book carefully from beginning to end, and we have done our best to put right the smaller sort of slips and mistakes and to make necessary changes in dates, etc. The broad result of it all is that about nine-tenths of the book, as it now stands, comes from Mr. Reeves's hand; the remainder is mine.

Of the book I do not mean to say much; it may be left to speak for itself. Concerning the author, I should have liked to write something here, especially about his public career and the active and influential part which he once played in the politics of the country of his birth. Ill health has kept him off the stage for so many years that not very many remember the work he did or the manner in which it was done. Fortunately, I am able to quote a little sketch of him as seen in the thick of the fight in the years 1894–5—a portrait drawn by a dispassionate bystander. The writer was that distinguished Crown Colony judicial officer, Sir Anton Bertram, formerly Chief Justice of Cyprus, now Chief Justice of Ceylon. At the time referred to he spent nearly a year in New Zealand and filled up his holiday by making a study of the political struggle then going on. From what he says of Mr. Reeves I take a passage. After remarking that for practical purposes the Government of New Zealand when he watched it had consisted of four men, viz. Seddon, John McKenzie, Joseph Ward, and Reeves, he continued thus:

> The most interesting member of this interesting quartette is, however, Mr. W. P. Reeves, the present Agent-General and late Minister of Education and Labour. He is a member of the class which, despite the democratic tendencies of Colonial life, claims for itself with a certain peculiar self-consciousness the exclusive right to the name of "gentleman." He commenced his career as a barrister and continued it as a journalist. He was always a close student of economics, with a bias towards Socialism, and a volume of verse

published in his early days is still widely read in the Colony. By nature a Radical, and a hater of all political, social, and economic privilege, he never conciliated the sympathies nor acquired the prejudices of his class. Unlike most of his critics, he has a clean grasp both of the general principles of his subject and the practical limits of their application, and has the rare combination of intellect without indifference, enthusiasm without extravagance, and sympathy without sentimentality. His intellectual ability and the integrity of his character were freely recognized even by his opponents, who frequently paid him compliments which, as he once said, he would have valued more highly if they had not been at the expense of his colleagues. He is an excellent platform speaker, and was by far the most effective debater in the House of Representatives, where his speeches had a conciseness and literary finish which is there far from conspicuous, more especially on his own side of the House. He may be described as the real brain of the Ministry, and probably understood better than any of his colleagues the real tendencies of their policy. His great work is to have kept the Progressive Party united at a time where everywhere else in the Colonies it was broken up by the sudden incoherent upheaval of the Labour movement, and to have carried through, largely by his own resolute determination, a peculiarly compact and advanced code of Labour legislation.[1]

The same writer, commenting on Mr. Reeves's desire to preserve a high standard of life and comfort in New Zealand, quoted from a speech made by him at the close of the Parliamentary Session of 1894:

> If industries cannot be carried on without sweating women and children and men, and without importing evils from older parts of the world, we shall be better without them. I would rather that New Zealand had a million of happy, prosperous, contented people than two millions partly living in dirty alleys and black slums in the midst of poverty and darkness.

Mr. Reeves's qualification for writing the greater part of this volume cannot well be disputed. It may be asked, however, what claim has a politician and official of his type to write the descriptive chapters at the beginning, and particularly those concerning the Maori, their legends, history and tribal wars. To meet this query I reproduce here a letter written to Mr. Reeves, on the appearance of the first

[1] A leading New Zealand newspaper, the *Christchurch Press*, put all this rather differently in 1895, when it wrote to the following effect: "Mr. W. P Reeves will perhaps be remembered in days to come as an author of good poems and bad laws—the poems very few, the laws many."

edition, by the late S. Percy Smith, Surveyor-General of New Zealand and editor of the *Polynesian Journal*. Mr. Percy Smith knew every nook and corner of the archipelago, was an enthusiastic lover of its scenery, and second to no man as an authority on Maori lore and tribal vicissitudes. Better testimony, so it seems to me, could hardly be quoted.

41, TINAKORI ROAD,
WELLINGTON, N.Z.
13th August, 1899.

MY DEAR MR. REEVES,

I have just finished reading *Ao-tea-roa*, and I cannot refrain from telling you the very great pleasure it has given me. No one equally with yourself has so imbued his descriptions of New Zealand scenery with the true spirit that speaks to one from every mountain, glen and stream. No one has so fully appreciated its varied beauties as yourself. I am really astonished at your knowledge of the old native history. As a student of over forty years, my opinion on such a subject may be of value—not that I claim credit for it, but if I did *not* know Maori history I should be disgraced.

From beginning to end the book is to me the most delightful "story of New Zealand" that has appeared. I hope it will run into many editions.

You say that New Zealand has not produced any great writer. He who writes after you will not say the same thing.

As a very old settler I again thank you for your appreciative account of the country all old settlers love so well.

With kind regards,
I remain,
Faithfully yours,
S. PERCY SMITH.

I wish in conclusion to thank Mr. T. J. Pemberton, of the New Zealand Associated Press in London, for much valuable assistance in that part of the work which has been done by me.

166, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W. 1.
September 1924.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

I BELIEVE that there is amongst the people of the Mother-country a minority, now ceasing to be small, which takes a quickening interest in the Colonies. It no longer consists merely of would-be investors, or emigrants who want to inquire into the resources, industries, and finances of one or other of the self-governing parts of the Empire. Many of its members never expect to see a colony. But they have come to recognize that those new-comers into the circle of civilized communities, the daughter nations of Britain, are not unworthy of English study and English pride. They have begun to suspect that the story of their struggles into existence and prosperity may be stirring, romantic, and interesting, and that some of their political institutions and experiments may be instructive, though others may seem less safe than curious. Some of those who think thus complain that it is not always easy to find an account of a colony which shall be neither an official advertisement, the sketch of a globe-trotting impressionist, nor yet an article manufactured to order by some honest but untravelled maker of books. They ask—or at least some of them, to my knowledge, ask—for a history in which the picturesque side of the story shall not be ignored, written simply and concisely by a writer who has made a special study of his subject, or who has lived and moved amongst the places, persons, and incidents he describes.

I have lived in New Zealand, have seen it and studied it from end to end, and have had to do with its affairs : it is my country. But I should not have presumed to endeavour to supply in its case the want above indicated had any short descriptive history of the Colony from its discovery to the present year been available. Among the many scores of books about the Islands—some of which are good, more of which are bad—I know of none which does what is aimed at in this volume. I have, therefore, taken in hand a short sketch-

history of mine, published some six months ago, have cut out some of it and have revised the rest, and blended it with the material of the following chapters, of which it forms nearly one-third. The result is something not quite so meagre in quantity or staccato in style, though even now less full than I should have liked to make it, had it been other than the work of an unknown writer telling the story of a small archipelago which is at once the most distant and wellnigh the youngest of English states. I have done my best in the later chapters to describe certain men and experiments without letting personal likes and dislikes run away with my pen ; have taken pains to avoid loading my pages with the names of places and persons of no particular interest to British readers ; and at the same time have tried not to forget the value of local colour and atmosphere in a book of this kind.

If *The Long White Cloud* should fail to please a discerning public, it will not prove that a good, well-written history of a colony like New Zealand is not wanted, and may not succeed, but merely that I have not done the work well enough. That may easily be, inasmuch as until this year my encounters with English prose have almost all taken the form of political articles or official correspondence. Doubtless these do not afford the best possible training. But of the quality of the material awaiting a capable writer there can be no question. There, ready to his hand, are the beauty of those islands of mid-ocean, the grandeur of their Alps and fiords, the strangeness of the volcanic districts, the lavishness, yet grace, of the forests ; the mixture of quaintness, poetry, and ferocity in the Maori, and the gallant drama of their struggle against our overwhelming strength ; the adventures of the gold-seekers and other pioneers ; the high aims of the Colony's founders, and the venturesome democratic experiments of those who have succeeded them. If in these there is not the stuff for a fine book, then I am most strangely mistaken. And if I have failed in the following pages, then let me hope that some fellow-countryman, and better craftsman, will come to the rescue, and will do with a firmer hand and a lighter touch the work attempted here.

September 1898.

NOTE OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

(First Edition)

I HAVE to thank Major-General Robley, not only for drawing the tail-piece to the second chapter, and thereby giving the book a minute but correct pattern of the Maori *moko* or face-tattooing, but for kindly lending me photographs and drawings from which several other illustrations have been taken. Two or three of the illustrations are after designs in Mr. Hamilton's *Maori Art*. I have also to thank Mr. A. Martin of Wanganui for his kind permission to use his fine photograph of Mount Egmont and a view on a *pápa* river. Mr. W. F. Crawford was good enough to put at my disposal his photograph of the Te Reinga waterfall, a view which will be new even to most New Zealanders. The portrait of Major Kemp and that of a Muaopoko Maori standing by a carved canoe-sternpost were given to me by Sir Walter Buller. "A New Zealand Settler's Home" was the gift of Mr. Winckleman of Auckland, well known amongst New Zealand amateur photographers. I have also gratefully to acknowledge the photographs which are the work of Mr. Josiah Martin of Auckland, Messrs. Beattie and Sanderson of Auckland, Mr. Iles of the Thames, and Mr. Morris of Dunedin, and to thank Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. for the use of the blocks from which the portraits of Sir Harry Atkinson and the Hon. John McKenzie are taken.

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NEW ZEALAND

God girt her about with the surges,
And winds of the masterless deep,
With tumult that rouses and urges
Quick billows to sparkle and leap ;
He filled from the life of their motion
Her nostrils with breath of the sea
And gave her afar in the ocean
A citadel free.

Her never the fever-mists shrouding
Nor blasts of the desert-wind blight,
Nor pall of drear smoke overclouding
Toil's merciless cities of night,
But her Sun-God wings shafts from his quiver
Over hills that are pasturelands fair
By shores where each league hath its river
And life thrills the air.

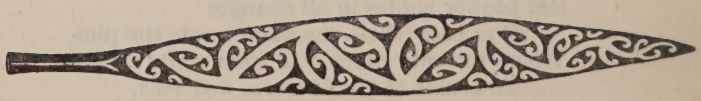
Her beauty abides in all changes
O'er isles where the palm meets the pine,
Where torrents sweep cold from white ranges
To coasts of the fern-tree and vine,
Till the voices of streams that rushed waking
The gorges hoarse cataracts fill
Are lost in the roar of seas breaking,
The sound never still.

Her youth is made heir of the ages,
Her children are freemen and peers,
Plain workers, yet sure of the wages
Slow destiny pays with the years ;
Though little and latest their nation
Yet this they have won without sword
That woman with man shall have station,
The toiler be lord.

Far away from gaunt multitudes striving,
Far away from grey misery's dearth,
They are building with patient contriving
A kindlier realm on their earth
Where pity worn age shall environ,
Where the young start abreast in the race,
Nor shall Fate with a gauntlet of iron
Smite Poverty's face.

Peaks piercing the silence of heaven,
Snows gleaming in luminous space,
See her waves round a hemisphere driven
Fling their crests to the winds as they race ;
And the stars watch her lamp newly lighted
And its beams shot afar o'er the sea
With a light of old wrongs at length righted
By men who are free.

W. P. R.



PART I

By the HON. WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES

Photo by] [A. Martin, Wanganui

ON A RIVER—"PÁPA" COUNTRY

[*To face page* 25

CHAPTER I

THE LONG WHITE CLOUD[1]

Into my heart a wind that kills
From yon far country blows,
What are those blue, remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?
That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.
A Shropshire Lad.

THOUGH one of the parts of the earth best fitted for man, New Zealand was probably about the last of such lands occupied by the human race. The first European to find it was a Dutch sea-captain who was looking for something else, and who thought it a part of South America, from which it is sundered by five thousand miles of ocean. It takes its name from a province of Holland to which it does not bear the remotest likeness, and is usually regarded as the antipodes of England, but is not. Taken possession of by an English navigator, whose action, at first adopted, was afterwards reversed by his country's rulers, it was only annexed at length by the English Government which did not want it, to keep it from the French who did. The Dominion's capital bears the name of a famous British commander, whose sole connection with the country was a flat refusal to aid in adding it to the Empire. Some of the chief New Zealand settlements were founded by Church associations; but the Dominion's education system has long been purely secular. From the first those who governed the Islands laboured earnestly to preserve and benefit the native race, and on the whole the treatment extended to them has been just and often generous—yet the wars with them were long, obstinate,

[1] Ao-Tea-Roa, the Maori name of New Zealand.

and mischievous beyond the common. The pioneer colonists looked upon New Zealand as a cereal-growing country, but its main industries have turned out to be grazing and mining. From the character of its original settlers it was expected to be the most conservative of the colonies; it has long been ranked as democratic. Not only by its founders, but for many years afterwards, Irish were avowedly or tacitly excluded from the immigrants sent to it. Now, however, at least one person in eight in the country is of that race.

It would be easy to expand this list into an essay on the vanity of human wishes. It would not be hard to add thereto a formidable catalogue of serious mistakes made both in England and New Zealand by those responsible for the Dominion's affairs—mistakes, some of which, at least, seem now to argue an almost inconceivable lack of knowledge and foresight. So constantly have the anticipations of its officials and settlers been reversed in the story of New Zealand that it becomes none too easy to trace any thread of guiding wisdom or consistent purpose therein. The broad result, however, has been a fine and vigorous colony. Some will see in its record of early struggles, difficulties, and mistakes endured, paid for and surmounted, a signal instance of the overruling care of Providence. To the cynic the tale must be merely a minor portion of the "supreme ironic procession with laughter of gods in the background." To the writer it seems, at least, to give a very notable proof of the collective ability of a colonizing race to overcome obstacles and repair blunders. Though able leaders have done much for it, the Dominion of New Zealand is not a monument of the genius of any one man or group of men. It is the outcome of the vitality and pluck of a people resourceful, though often short-sighted, dogmatic but keen to learn, industrious though speculative, rather unimaginative and with little interest in the past, but quick, trustworthy, and with a respectable power of mental concentration on anything that may happen to appeal to them.

From one standpoint the story of New Zealand ought not to take long to tell. It stretches over less time than that of almost any land with any pretensions to size, beauty, or interest. New Zealand was only discovered by Europeans in the reign of our King Charles I, and even then the Dutch explorer who

sighted its lofty coasts did not set foot upon them. The first European to step on to its shores did so only when the great American colonies were beginning to fret at the ties which bound them to England. The pioneers of colonization, the missionaries, whalers, and flax and timber traders, did not come upon the scene until the years of Napoleon's decline and fall. Queen Victoria had been on the throne for three years before the Colonial Office was reluctantly compelled to add the Islands to an Empire which the official mind regarded as already over-weighted.

Yet so striking, varied, and attractive are the country's features, so full of bustle, change, and experiment have its few years been, that lack of material is about the last complaint that need be made by a writer on its history. The list of books on the Dominion is indeed so long that its bibliography is a larger volume than this; and the chief plea to be urged for this story must be its brevity and that it condenses results of studies of a lifetime.

A New Zealander writing in London may be forgiven if he begins by warning English readers not to expect in the aspect of his country either a replica of the British Islands or anything resembling Australia. The long, wasp-waisted, mountainous islands upon which Abel Jansen Tasman stumbled in December 1642 are so far from being the antipodes of Britain that they lie on an average twelve degrees nearer the equator. Take Liverpool as a central city of the United Kingdom; it lies nearly on the 53rd parallel of north latitude. Wellington, the most central city of New Zealand, is not far from the 41st parallel of southern latitude. True, New Zealand has no warm Gulf Stream to wash her shores. But neither is she chilled by east winds blowing upon her from the colder half of a continent. Neither her contour nor climate is in the least Australian. It is not merely that twelve hundred miles of ocean separate the flattish, rounded, massive-looking continent from the high, slender, irregular islands. The ocean is deep and stormy. Until the nineteenth century there was absolutely no going to and fro across it. Many plants are found in both countries, but they are almost all small and not in any way conspicuous. Only one bird of passage migrates across the intervening sea. The dominating trees of Australia are myrtles

(called eucalypts), casuarinas, and acacias; those of New Zealand are beeches (miscalled birches) and variouss pecies of pines. The strange marsupials, the snakes, the great running birds, the wild dogs of Australia, have no counterpart in New Zealand. The climate of Australia, south of Capricorn, is, except on the eastern and south-eastern coast, as hot and dry as the South African. And the Australian mountains, moderate in height and flattened, as a rule, at the summit, remind one not a little of the table-topped elevations so familiar to riders on the veldt and karroo. The western coast of New Zealand is one of the rainiest parts of the Empire. Even the drier east coast only now and then suffers from drought. On the west coast the thermometer seldom rises above 75° in the shade; on the other not often above 90°. New Zealand, too, is a land of cliffs, ridges, peaks, and cones. Some of the loftier volcanoes are still active, and the vapour of their craters floats to leeward above white fields of eternal snow. The whole length of the South Island is ridged by Alpine ranges, which, though not quite equal in height to the giants of Savoy, have lakes as beautiful as the Swiss and forests that surpass those of the finest of the Pyrenees.

No man with an eye for the beautiful or the novel would call Australia either unlovely or dull. It is not, however, a land of sharp and sudden contrasts: New Zealand is.

The Australian woods, too, are for the most part park-like: their trees, though interesting, and by no means without charm, have a strong family likeness. Their prevailing colours are yellow, brown, light green, and grey. Light and heat penetrate them everywhere.

The cool, noiseless forests of New Zealand are deep jungles, giant thickets, like those tropic labyrinths where traveller and hunter have to cut their path through tangled bushes and interlacing creepers. Their general hue is not light but dark green, relieved, it is true, by soft fern fronds, light-tinted shrubs, and crimson or snow-white flowers. Still the tone is sombre, and would be more noticeably so but for the prevalent sunshine and the great variety of species of trees and ferns growing side by side. The distinction of the forest scenery may be summed up in two words, dignity and luxuriance. The tall trees grow close together. For the most part their

leaves are small, but their close neighbourhood hinders this from spoiling the effect. The eye wanders over swell after swell, and into cavern after cavern of unbroken foliage. To the botanist who enters them these silent, stately forests show such a wealth of intricate, tangled life that the delighted examiner hardly knows which way to turn first.

As a rule the lower part of the trunks is branchless ; stems rise up like tall pillars in long colonnades. But this does not mean that they are bare. Climbing ferns, lichens, pendant grasses, air-plants, and orchids drape the columns. Tough lianas swing in air : coiling roots overspread the ground. Bushes, shrubs, reeds and ferns of every size and height combine to make a woven thicket, filling up and even choking the spaces between trunk and trunk. Supple, snaky vines writhe amid the foliage, and bind the undergrowth together.

" Trees tottering with age still dispute the soil with super-abundant saplings, or, falling, lean upon and are held up by undecaying neighbours. Dead trunks cumber the ground, while mosses, ferns, and bushes half conceal them. Creepers cover the matted thickets, veiling their flanks and netting them into masses upon which a man may sit, and a boy be irresistibly tempted to walk. Aloft, one tree may grow upon another, and itself bear the burden of a third. Parasites twine round parasites, dangle in purposeless ropes, or form loops and swings in mid-air. Some are bare, lithe, and smooth-stemmed ; others trail curtains of leaves and pale flowers. Trees of a dozen species thrust their branches into each other, till it is a puzzle to tell which foliage belongs to this stem, which to that ; and flax-like arboreal colonists fill up forks and dress bole and limbs fantastically."

" All around is a multitudinous, incessant struggle for life ; but it goes on in silence, and the impression left is not regret, but a memory of beauty. The columnar dignity of the great trees contrasts with the press and struggle of the undergrowth, with the airy lace-work of fern fronds, and the shafted grace of the stiffer palm-trees. From the moss and wandering lycopodium underfoot, to the victorious climber flowering eighty feet overhead, all is life, varied endlessly and put forth without stint. Of course, there is death at work around you,

too; but who notes the dying amid such a riot of energy? The earth itself smells moist and fresh. What seems an odour blended of resin, sappy wood, damp leaves, and brown tinder, hangs in the air. But the leafy roof is lofty enough, and the air cool and pure enough, to save you from the sweltering oppressiveness of an equatorial jungle. The dim entanglement is a quiet world, shut within itself and full of shadows. Yet, in bright weather, rays of sunshine shoot here and there against brown and grey bark, and clots of golden light, dripping through the foliage, dance on vivid mosses and the root-enlacement of the earth." [1]

The forest trees are evergreens, and even in mid-winter are fresh-looking. The glowing autumnal tints of English woods are never theirs; yet they show every shade of green, from the light of the puriri to the dark of the totara, from the bronze-hued willow-like leaves of the tawa to the vivid green of the matai, or the soft golden-green of the drooping rimu. Then, though the ground-flowers cannot compare in number with those of England or Australia,[2] the Islands are the chosen land of the fern, and are fortunate in flowering creepers, shrubs, and trees. There are the koromiko bush with white and purple blossoms, and the white convolvulus which covers whole thickets with blooms, delicate as carved ivory, whiter than milk. There are the starry clematis, cream-coloured or white, and the manuka, with tiny but numberless flowers. The yellow kowhai, seen on the hillsides, shows the russet tint of autumn at the height of spring-time. Yet the king of the forest flowers is, perhaps, the crimson, feathery rata. Is it a creeper, or is it a tree? Both opinions are held; both are right. One species of the rata is an ordinary climber; another springs sometimes from the ground, sometimes from the fork of a tree into which the seed is blown or dropped. Thence it throws out long rootlets, some to earth, others which wrap round the trunk on which it is growing. Gradually this rata becomes a tree itself, kills its supporter, and growing round the dead stick, ends in almost hiding it from view.

[1] The two paragraphs quoted above are from a book of mine on New Zealand scenery now out of print.—W. P. R.

[2] The Alps, however, show much floral beauty, and the ground-flowers of the Auckland Islands, an outlying group of New Zealand islets, impressed the botanist Kirk as unsurpassed in the South Temperate Zone.

In the month of February, when the rata flowers in the Alps, there are valleys which are ablaze for miles with

> Flowers that with one scarlet gleam
> Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
> To set the hills on fire.

The most gorgeous of all flowering trees, as distinguished from creepers, is the sea-loving pohutu kawa. When the wind is tossing its branches the contrast is startling between its blood-red flowers and the dark upper side and white, downy under side of its leaves.

Like the Australians, our people call their forest "bush." What in England might be called bush or brushwood is called "scrub."

The wood of many of the trees is not only useful timber, but when cut and polished is often beautiful in grain. The trees, as is usually the case with those the wood of which is hard, grow slowly. They feel exposure to wind, and seem to need the society and shelter of their fellows. It is almost impossible to restore a New Zealand forest when once destroyed. Then most of the finest trees are found on rich soil. Until quite recently the destruction was ruthless. The land was wanted for grazing and cultivation. The settler came with axe and fire-stick, and in a few hours unsightly ashes and black funereal stumps had replaced the noble woods which Nature took centuries to grow. No attempt was made to use a great part of the timber. The process was inevitable, and in great part needful, frightfully wasteful as it seemed.[1] But the forest reserves of the Dominion have wisely been increased during the last few years. In 1915 Mr. (afterwards Sir) D. E. Hutchins, a professional forester of wide reputation, was invited to come to New Zealand to report on the forests of the Dominion. He remained there until his death in 1920, and did valuable work. A State Forestry Department has now been established, and more than seven million acres have been definitely or provisionally declared State forests.

Ours is by no means a flat country, though there are in it some fair-sized plains, one of which—that of Canterbury—is about as flat a stretch of one hundred miles as is to be found in the world. On the whole, however, both North and South

[1] See Appendix II.

Islands are lands of the mountain and the flood, and not only in this, but in the contour of some of their peaks and coast-line show more than a fanciful resemblance to the west of Scotland. But the New Zealand mountains are far loftier than anything in the British Islands. The rocky coasts as a rule rise up steeply from the ocean, standing out in many places in bold bluffs and high precipices. The seas round are not shallow, dull, or turbid, but deep, blue, wind-stirred, foam-flecked, and more often than not lit by brilliant sunshine. The climate and colouring, too, are essentially un-English, and, moreover, differ very widely in different parts of the Islands. For these, though narrow, have length, stretching through 13 degrees of latitude, and for something like 1,100 miles from north to south. As might be looked for in a mountainous country, lying in the open ocean, the climate is windy, and, except in two or three districts, moist. It is gloriously healthy and briskly cheerful. Summed up in one word, its prevailing characteristic is light!

Hot as are many summer days, they are seldom sultry enough to breed the heavy, overhanging heat-haze which shrouds the heavens nearer the tropics. Sharp as are the frosts of winter nights in the central and southern part of the South Island, the days even in mid-winter are often radiant, giving seven or eight hours of clear, pleasant sunshine. For the most part the rains are heavy but not prolonged; they come in a steady, business-like downpour, or in sharp, angry squalls; suddenly the rain ceases, the clouds break, and the sun is shining from a blue sky. Fogs and mists are not unknown, but are rare and passing visitors, do not come to stay, and are not brown and yellow in hue, but more the colour of a clean fleece of wool. They do not taste of cold smoke, gas, sulphur, or mud. High lying and ocean-girt, the long, slender Islands are lands of sunshine and the sea. It is not merely that their coast-line measures 4,300 miles, but that they are so shaped and so elevated that from innumerable hilltops and mountain summits distant glimpses may be caught of the blue salt water. From the peak of Aorangi, 12,350 feet in air, the Alpine climber Mannering saw the mantle of clouds which at that moment covered the western sea twenty miles away, a streak of blue ocean seventy miles off near Hokitika to the north-west, and by the hills of Banks's Peninsula to the

Photo by] [W. F. Crawford

TE REINGA WATERFALL, GISBORNE

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north-east, a haze which indicated the Eastern Ocean. Thus, from her highest peak, one may look right across New Zealand. The Dutch, then, its discoverers, were not wrong in naming it Zealand or Sea-land.

Next to light, perhaps the chief characteristic of the country and its climate is variety. Thanks to its great length the north differs much from the south. Southland is as cool as northern France, with an occasional southerly wind as keen as Kingsley's wild north-easter. Yet in gardens to the north of Auckland I have stood under olive-trees laden with berries. Hard by were orange-trees, figs, and lemon-trees in full bearing. Not far off a winding tidal creek was fringed with mangroves. Exotic palm-trees and the cane-brake will grow there easily. All over the North Island, except at high altitudes and in the more sheltered portions of the South Island, camellias and azaleas bloom in the open air. The grape-vine bids fair to lead to wine-making in both islands—unless the total abstainers grow strong enough to put their foot on the manufacture of alcohol in any form.

In New Zealand not only is the north in marked contrast with the south, but the contrast between the east and west is even more sharply defined. As a rule the two coasts are divided by a broad belt of mountainous country. The words "chain" and "spine" are misnomers, at any rate in the South Island, inasmuch as they are not sufficiently expressive of breadth. The rain-bringing winds in New Zealand blow chiefly from the north-west and south-west. The moisture-laden clouds rolling up from the ocean gather and condense against the western flanks of the mountains, where an abundant rainfall has nourished through ages past an unbroken and evergreen forest. Nothing could well be more utterly different than these matted jungles of the wet west coast—with their prevailing tint of rich dark green, their narrow, rank, moist valleys and steep mountain-sides—and the eastern scenery of the South Island. The sounds or fiords of the south-west are perhaps the loveliest series of gulfs in the world. Inlet succeeds inlet, deep, calm, and winding far in amongst the steep and towering mountains. The lower slopes of these are clothed with a thick tangle of forest, where foliage is kept eternally fresh and vivid by rain and mist. White

torrents and waterfalls everywhere seam the verdure and break the stillness.

Cross to the east coast.

Scarcely is the watershed passed when the traveller begins to enter a new landscape and a distinct climate. The mountains, stripped of their robe of forest, seem piled in ruined, wasting heaps, or stand out bleak and bare-ribbed,

> The skeletons of Alps whose death began
> Far in the multitudinous centuries.

Little is left them but a kind of dreary grandeur. The sunshine falls on patches of gleaming snow and trailing mist, and lights up the grey crags which start out like mushrooms on the barren slopes. On all sides streams tear down over beds of the loose shingle, of which they carry away thousands of tons winter after winter. Their brawling is perhaps the only sound you will hear through slow-footed afternoons, save, always, the whistle or sighing of the persistent wind. A stunted beech-bush clothes the spurs here and there, growing short and thick as a fleece of dark wool. After a storm the snow will lie powdering the green beech-trees, making the rocks gleam frostily and sharpening the savage ridges till they look like the jagged edges of stone axes. Only at nightfall in summer do the mountains take a softer aspect. Then in the evening stillness the great outlines show majesty; then in the silence after sunset rivers, winding among the ranges in many branches over broad, stony beds, fill the shadowy valleys with their hoarse murmur.

To the flock-owner, however, this severe region is what the beautiful West is not—it is useful. Sheep can find pasture there. And as the mountains decline into hills, and the hills into downs and flats, the covering of herbage becomes less and less scanty. When the colonists came to the east coast, they found plains and dales which were open, grassy, almost treeless. Easy of access, and for the most part fertile, they were an ideal country for that unæsthetic person, the practical settler. Flocks and herds might roam amongst the pale tussock grass of the slopes and bottoms without fear either of man, beast, climate, or poisonous plant.[1] A few wooden buildings and a

[1] The *tutu*, a danger to inexperienced sheep and cattle, was not eaten by

certain extent of wire fencing represented most of the initial expenses of the pioneer. Pastoral settlement speedily overran such a land, followed more slowly and partially by agriculture. The settler came, not with axe and fire to ravage and deform, but as builder, planter, and gardener. Being in nineteen cases out of twenty a Briton, or a child of one, he set to work to fill this void land with everything British which he could transport or transplant. His gardens were filled with the flowers, the vegetables, the fruit-trees of the old land. The oak, the elm, the willow, the poplar, the spruce, the ash grew in his plantations. His cattle were Shorthorns, Herefords, and Devons. His farm horses were of the best Clydesdale and Suffolk Punch blood. The grasses they fed upon were mixtures of cocks-foot, timothy, rye-grass, and white clover. When it was found that the red clover would not flourish for want of penetrating insects, the humble bee was imported, and with complete success, as many a field now ruddy with crimson blossom testifies. The common English bee is found wild in the forest, where it hives in hollow trees, and robs its competitors—the honey-eating native birds—of much of their food. The hedges round the fields aforesaid are also English, but with a difference. The stunted furze which beautifies English commons is at the other end of the earth a hedge plant, which makes a thick barrier from five to eight feet high, and with its sweet-smelling blooms has made the New Zealand fields "green pictures set in frames of gold." The very birds which rise from the clover or wheat, and nest in the trees or hedgerows of furze or quickset, are for the most part English—the skylark, the blackbird, finches, green and gold, thrushes, starlings, and that eternal impudent vagabond the house-sparrow. Heavy is the toll taken by the sparrow from the oat-crops of his new home; his thievish nature grows blacker there, though his plumage often turns partly white. He learns to hawk for moths and other flying insects. Near Christchurch rooks caw in the windy skies. Trout give excellent sport in a hundred streams, though in the lakes they grow too gross to take the fly. Up till 1900 attempts to acclimatize the salmon failed. Now, however, they are firmly established and

horses. The berries were poisonous enough to kill an imported elephant on one occasion. Would that they had done as much for the rabbit!

have thriven in both rivers and coastal waters. The golden carp, the perch, and the rainbow trout take readily to New Zealand. The hare increases in size and weight, and has three and four leverets at a birth. The pheasant has spread from end to end of the Dominion. The house-fly drives back the loathsome flesh-fly or blue-bottle, to the salvation of blankets and fresh meat. The Briton of the south has indeed taken with him all that he could of the old country.

He has also brought a few things which he wishes he had left behind. The Hessian fly, the wire-worm, the flea, and grubs and scale insects thrive mischievously. The black and grey rats have driven the native rat into the recesses of the forest. A score of weeds have come, mixed with badly screened grass-seed, or in any of a hundred other ways. The Scotch thistle seemed likely at one stage to usurp the whole grass country. Acts of Parliament failed to keep it down. Nature, more effectual, causes it to die down after running riot for a few years. The watercress, too, threatened at one time to choke half the streams. The sweetbriar, taking kindly to both soil and climate, not only grows tall enough to arch over the head of a man on horseback, but covers whole hillsides, to the ruin of pasture. Introduced, innocently enough, by the missionaries, it goes by their name in some districts. Rust, mildew, and other blights have been imported along with plant and seed. The rabbit, multiplying in millions, became a very terror to the sheep-farmers, is even yet the subject of anxious care and inspection, and only slowly yields to fencing, poison, traps, dogs, guns, stoats, weasels, ferrets, cats, and a host of instruments of destruction. In poisoning the rabbit the stock-owners have well-nigh swept the native birds from wide stretches of country. The weka, or wood-hen, with rudimentary wings like tufts of brown feathers, whose odd, inquisitive ways introduce it so constantly to the shepherd and bushman, at first preyed upon the young rabbits and throve. Now ferrets and phosphorus have exterminated it in the rabbit-infested districts. Moreover, just as Vortigern had reason to regret that he had called in the Saxon to drive out the Picts and Scots, so the New Zealanders have already found the stoat and weasel but dubious blessings. They have been a veritable Hengist and Horsa to more than one poultry

farmer and owner of lambs. In addition they do their full share of the evil work of bird extermination, wherein they have active allies in the rats and wild cats. On the whole, however, though acclimatization has given the Dominion one or two plagues and some minor nuisances, it would be ridiculous to pretend that these for a moment weigh in the scale against its good works. Most of the vegetable pests, though they may flourish abnormally for a few years in the virgin soil, soon become less vigorous. With the growth of population even the rabbit ceases to be a serious evil, except to a few half-empty tracts. The truth is that outside her forests and swamps New Zealand showed the most completely unoccupied soil of any fertile and temperate land on the globe. It seems possible that until about five or six hundred years ago she had no human inhabitants whatever. Her lakes and rivers had but few fish, her birds were not specially numerous, her grasses were not to be compared in their nourishing qualities with the English. Of animals there were virtually none. Even the rat before mentioned, and the now extinct dog of the Maori villages, were Maori importations from Polynesia not many centuries ago.

English forms of life, therefore, have been of necessity drawn upon to fill the void spaces. Other countries have furnished their quota. The dark eucalypt of Tasmania, with its heavy-hanging, languid leaves, is the commonest of exotic trees. The artificial stiffness and regularity of the Norfolk Island pine, and the sweet-smelling golden blooms of the Australian wattle, are sights almost as familiar in New Zealand as in their native lands. The sombre pines of California and the macro carpa cypress cover thousands of acres. The merino sheep brought from Spain, *via* Saxony and Australia, is the basis of the flocks. The black swan and magpie represent the birds of New Holland. The Indian minah, after becoming common, appears to have retreated before the English starling. The first red deer came from Germany. And side by side with these strangers and with the trees and plants which colonists call specifically " English " —for the word " British " is rarely used in the Dominion—the native flora is beginning to be cultivated in gardens and grounds. Neglected by the first generation, it is better

appreciated by their children—themselves natives of the soil.

In the North and warmer Island the traveller also meets sharp contrasts. These, however, except in the provinces of Wellington and Napier, where the Tararua-Ruahiné spine plays to some extent the part taken by the Alps in the South Island, are not so much between east and west as between the coasts and the central plateau. For the most part, all the coasts, except the south-east, are, or have been, forest-clad. Nearly everywhere they are green, hilly, and abundantly watered; windy, but not plagued with extremes of cold and heat. Frost touches them but for a short time in mid-winter.

The extreme south and north of the North Island could hardly, by any stretch of imagination, be called rich and fertile. But the island demonstrates the "falsehood of extremes," for between them is found some of the finest and pleasantest land in the southern hemisphere. Nearly all of this, however, lies within fifty miles of one or other coast. When you have left these tracts, and have risen a thousand feet or so, you come to a volcanic plateau, clad for the most part in dark green and rusty bracken or tussocks of faded yellow. High in the centre rise the great volcanoes, Ruapehu, Tongariro, and Tarawera, majestic in their outlines, fascinating because of the restless fires within and the outbreaks which have been and will again take place. Scattered about this plateau are lakes of every shape and size, from Taupo—called Te Moana (the sea) by the Maori—to the tiniest lakelets and ponds. Here are found pools and springs of every degree of heat. Some are boiling cauldrons into which the unwary fall now and again to meet a death terrible, yet—if the dying words of some of them may be believed—not always agonizing, so completely does the shock of contact with the boiling water kill the nervous system. Many pools are the colour of black broth. Foul with mud and sulphur, they seethe and splutter in their dark pits, sending up clouds of steam and sulphurous fumes. Others are of the clearest green or deepest, purest blue, through which thousands of silver bubbles shoot up to the surface, flash and vanish. But the main use of the hot springs is found in their combination of certain chemical properties—sulphur-acid, sulphur alkaline. Nowhere in the world, probably, are found healing

waters at once so powerful and so various in their uses. Generations ago the Maori tribes knew something of their effects. Now invalids come from far and near in hundreds and thousands, and when the distractions and appliances of the sanitary stations equal those of the European spas they will come in tens of thousands, for the plateau is not only a health-resort, but a wonderland. Its geysers rank with those of Iceland and the Yellowstone. Seen in the clear, sunny air, these columns of water and white foam, mounting, swaying, blown by the wind into silver spray, and with attendant rainbows glittering in the light, are sights which silence even the chattering tourist for a while. Solfataras, mud volcanoes and fumaroles are counted in hundreds in the volcanic zone. If there were not such curiosities, still the beauty of the mountains, lakes, streams and patches of forest would, with the bright, invigorating air, make the holiday-maker seek them in numbers. Through the middle of this curious region runs the Waikato, the longest and on the whole most tranquil and useful of that excitable race, the rivers of New Zealand. Even the Waikato has its adventures. In one spot it is suddenly compressed to a sixth of its breadth, and, boiling between walls of rock, leaps in one mass of blue water and white foam into a deep, tree-fringed pool below. This is the Huka Waterfall. It is but one of the many striking falls to be met with in the Islands.

In the heart of this uneasy region of startling sights and satanic smells the traveller is shown the cloven volcano, Tarawera, the long chasms of which are a memorial of the most terrible natural convulsion witnessed by white men in New Zealand. On the 10th June, 1886, in fine, cool winter weather, the heavy-looking mountain mass, until then regarded as extinct, and which certainly had been quiet for so long that thick-stemmed trees had grown in its crater, exploded with a roar that made windows rattle in the city of Auckland, one hundred and forty miles away. The eruption was preceded by earthquake shocks in rapid series, which those who felt them likened to the blows of titanic hammers striking upward beneath the earth. Then a huge column of fire was spurted aloft, from which red-hot stones shot through the air, bombing the country round for miles. With fire came first mud and

then dust, for, after a while a vast, black cloud, mushroom-shaped, shadowed the land eastward of the burning mount for many leagues. The dust was thrown up 8,000 feet into the air. For hours the sound of the eruption deafened beholders, and a tempest of wind, icy cold, though varied with hot gusts, blew wildly enough to prostrate tall trees. As the red fury of the explosion abated darkness settled down on the overshadowed territory, and grey volcanic dust continued to fall, soft and dense, like an infernal snow-storm. All herbage was destroyed and farmers had to drive away their stock from the afflicted tracts. Wild birds and rabbits were starved. When daylight at last struggled through the black canopy it was found that Lake Roto-mahana, with the islets therein, its fern-clad shores and neighbouring lakelets had been blown to the skies, and that where these had been was an expanse of boiling, steaming mud. The pink and white terraces, whose convex ledges and warm blue pools on the slopes above the lake had been among the most beautiful and were perhaps the most singular features of the islands, were utterly destroyed. After a time Lake Roto-mahana reformed, and is now to be seen a larger sheet than before, but the loss of the terraces was irreparable. Only four Whites, two of them children, lost their lives in the eruption, but more than one hundred Maori perished, smitten by falling stones or smothered by the mud that overwhelmed their huts.

New Zealand is a land of streams of every size and kind, and almost all these streams and rivers have three qualities in common—they are cold, swift, and clear. Cold and swift they must be as they descend quickly to the sea from heights more or less great. Clear they all are, except immediately after rain or when the large rivers are in flood. In flood-time most of them become raging torrents. Many were the horses and riders swept away to hopeless death as they stumbled over the hidden stony beds of turbid mountain crossings in the pioneering days before bridges were. Many a foot-man—gold-seeker or labourer wandering in search of work—disappeared thus, unseen and unrecorded. Heavy were the losses in sheep and cattle, costly and infuriating the delays, caused by flooded rivers. Few are the old colonists who have not known what it is to wait through wet and weary hours—it

THE WHITE TERRACE, ROTOMAHANA

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might be days—gloomily smoking, grumbling, and watching for some flood to abate and some ford to become passable. Even yet, despite millions spent on public works, such troubles are not unknown.

It is difficult, perhaps, for those living in the cool and abundantly watered British Islands to sympathize with dwellers in hotter climates, or to understand what a blessing and bounty these continual and never-failing watercourses of New Zealand seem to visitors from sultrier and drier lands. The sun is quite strong enough to make men thankful for this gift of abundant water, and to make the running ripple of some little forest rivulet, heard long before it is seen through the green thickets, as musical to the ears of the tired rider as the note of the bell-bird itself. Even pleasanter are the sound and glitter of water under the summer sunshine to the wayfarer in the open grassy plains or valleys of the east coast. As for the number of the streams—who shall count them? Between the mouths of the Mokau and Patea rivers—a distance which cannot be much more than one hundred miles of coast—no less than eighty-five streams empty themselves into the Tasman Sea, of which some sixty have their source on the slopes or in the chasms of Mount Egmont. Quite as many more flow down from Egmont on the inland side, and do not reach the sea separately, but are tributaries of two or three larger rivers.

It is true that travellers may come to the Islands and leave them with no notion of a New Zealand river, except a raging mountain torrent, hostile to man and beast. Or they may be jolted over this same torrent when, shrunk and dwindled in summer heat to a mere glittering thread, it meanders lost and bewildered about a glaring bed of hot stones. But then railways and ordinary lines of communication are chiefly along the coasts. The unadventurous or hurried traveller sticks pretty closely to these. It happens that the rivers, almost without exception, show plainer features as they near the sea.

He who wishes to see their best must go inland and find them as they are still to be found in the North Island, winding through untouched valleys, under softly draped cliffs, or shadowed by forests not yet marred by man. Or, in the South

Island, they should be watched in the Alps as, milky or green-tinted, their ice-cold currents race through the gorges.

Of forest rivers, the Wanganui is the longest and most famous, perhaps the most beautiful. Near the sea it is simply a broad river, traversed by boats and small steamers, and with grassy banks dotted with weeping willows or clothed with flax and the palm-lily. But as you ascend it the hills close in. Their sides become tall cliffs, whose feet the water washes. From the tops of these precipices the forest, growing denser and richer at every turn, rises on the flanks of the hills. In places the cliffs are so steep and impracticable that the Maori use ladders for descending from their villages above to their canoes in the rivers below. Lovely indeed are these cliffs; first, because of the profusion of fern frond, leaf, and moss growing from everything that can climb to, lay hold of, or root itself in crack, crevice, or ledge, and droop, glistening with spray-drops, or wave whispering in the wind; next, because of the striking form and colour of the cliffs themselves. They are formed of what is called *pápa*. This is a blue, calcareous clay often found with limestone, which it somewhat resembles. The Maori word *pápa* is applied to any broad, smooth, flattish surface, as a door, or to a slab of rock. The smooth, slab-like, *pápa* cliffs are often curiously marked—tongued and grooved, as with a gouge, channelled and fluted. Sometimes horizontal lines seem to divide them into strata. Again, the lines may be winding and spiral, so that on looking at certain cliffs it might be thought possible that the Maori had got from them some of their curious tattoo patterns. Though pale and delicate, the tints of the rock are not their least beauty. Grey, yellow, brown, fawn, terra-cotta, even pale orange are to be noted. No photograph can give the charm of the drapery that clothes these cliffs. Photographs give no light or colour, and New Zealand scenery without light and colour is "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. How could a photograph even hint at the dark, glossy green of the glistening karaka leaves, the feathery, waving foliage of the lace bark, or the white and purple bloom of the koromiko? How could black-and-white suggest the play of shade and shine when, between flying clouds, the glint of sunlight falls upon the sword-bayonet blades of the flax, and the golden, tossing plumes of the toé-

toé, the New Zealand cousin of the Pampas grass? Add to this, that more often than the passenger can count as he goes along the river, either some little rill comes dripping over the cliff, scattering the sparkling drops on moss and foliage, or the cliffs are cleft and, as from a rent in the earth, some tributary stream gushes out of a dark, leafy tunnel of branches. Sometimes, too, the cliffs are not cleft, but the stream rushes from their summit, a white waterfall veiling the mossy rocks. Then there are the birds. In mid-air is to be seen the little fan-tail, aptly named, zig-zagging to and fro. The dark blue tui, called parson bird, from certain throat-feathers like white bands, will sing with a note that out-rivals any blackbird. The kuku, or wild pigeon, will show his purple, copper-coloured, white and green plumage as he sails slowly by, with that easy confiding flight that makes him the cheap victim of the tyro sportsman. The grey duck, less easy to approach, rises noisily before boat or canoe comes within gunshot. The olive and brown, hoarse-voiced ka-ka, a large, wild parrot, and green, crimson-headed parakeets, may swell the list. Such is a *pápa* river! and there are many such.

Features for which the traveller in New Zealand should be prepared are the far-reaching prospects over which the eye can travel, the sight and sound of rapid water, and the glimpses of snow high overhead, or far off—glimpses to be caught in almost every landscape in the South Island and in many of the most beautiful of the North. Through the sunny, lucid atmosphere it is no uncommon thing to see mountain peaks sixty and eighty miles away diminished in size by distance, but with their outlines clearly cut. From great heights you may see much longer distances, especially on very early mornings of still midsummer days. Then, before the air is heated or troubled or tainted, but when night seems to have cooled and purged it from all impurity, far off ridges and summits stand out clean, sharp and vivid. On such mornings, though standing low down by the sea-shore, I have seen the hills of Banks's Peninsula, between sixty and seventy miles off, albeit they are not great mountains. Often did they seem to rise purple-coloured from the sea, wearing "the likeness of a clump of peakèd isles," as Shelley says of the Euganean hills from Venice. On such a morning from a hill looking northward

over league after league of rolling virgin forest I have seen the great volcano, Mount Ruapehu, rear up his 9,000 feet, seeming a solitary mass, the upper part distinctly seen, blue and snow-capped, the lower bathed and half-lost in a pearl-coloured haze. Most impressive of all is it to catch sight, through a cleft in the forest, of the peak of Mount Egmont, and of the flanks of the almost perfect cone curving upward from the sea-shore for 8,300 feet. The sentinel volcano stands alone. Sunrise is the moment to see him when his summit, sheeted with snow, is tinged with the crimson of morning and touched by clouds streaming past in the wind. Lucky is the eye that thus beholds Egmont, for he is a cloud-gatherer who does not show his face every day or to every gazer. Almost as fine a spectacle is the sight of the "Kaikoura," or "Lookers-on." When seen from the deck of a coasting steamer they seem almost to hang over the sea heaving more than 8,000 feet below their summits. Strangely beautiful are these mighty ridges when the moonlight bathes them and turns the sea beneath to silver. But more beautiful are they still in the calm and glow of early morning, white down to the waist, brown to the feet, with the sunshine full on their faces, the blue sky overhead, and the bluer sea below.

If the Southern Alps surpass the Kaikouras in beauty it is because of the contrast they show on their western flanks, between gaunt grandeur aloft, and the softest luxuriance below. The forest climbs to the snow-line, while the snow-line descends as if to meet it. So abrupt is the descent that the transition is like the change in a theatre-scene. Especially striking is the transformation in the passage over the fine pass which leads through the dividing range between pastoral Canterbury and Westland. At the top of Arthur's Pass you are among the high Alps. The road winds over huge boulders covered with lichen, or half hidden by koromiko, ferns, green moss, and stunted beeches, grey-bearded and wind-beaten. Here and there among the stones are spread the large, smooth, oval leaves and white gold-bearing cups of the shepherd's lily. The glaciers, snowfields, and cliffs of Mount Rolleston lie on the the left. Everything drips with icy water. Suddenly the saddle is passed and the road plunges down into a deep gulf. It is the Otira Gorge. Nothing elsewhere is very like it. In

olden days the coach zig-zagged down at a gentle pace, and the traveller passed in a few minutes from an Alpine desert to the richness of the tropics. At the bottom of the gorge is the river foaming among scarlet boulders—scarlet because of the lichen which coats them. On either side rise slopes which are sometimes almost, sometimes altogether precipices, covered, every inch of them, with thick vegetation. High above these tower the bare crags and peaks which, as the eye gazes upwards, seem to bend inwards, as though a single shock of earthquake would make them meet and entomb the gorge beneath. In autumn the steeps are gay with crimson cushion-like masses of rata flowers, or the white blooms of the ribbon-wood and koromiko. Again and again waterfalls break through their leafy coverts ; one falls on the road itself and sprinkles passengers with its spray. In the throat of the gorge the road passes over two bridges thrown from cliff to cliff over the pale-green torrent.

In an hour comes the stage where lofty trees succeed giant mountains. As the first grow higher the second diminish. This is the land of ferns and mosses. The air feels soft, slightly damp, and smells of moist leaves. It is as different from the sharp, dry air of the Canterbury ranges as velvet is from canvas ; it soothes, and in hot weather relaxes. The black birch, with dark trunk, spreading branches, and light leaves, is now mingled with the queenly rimu and the stiff, small-leaved, formal white pine. Winding and hanging plants festoon everything, and everything is bearded with long streamers of moss, not grey, but rich green and golden. Always some river rushes along in sight or fills the ear with its noise. Tree ferns begin to appear and grow taller and taller as the road descends towards the sea, where in the evening the long coach journey used to end.[1]

On the western coast glaciers come down to within 700 feet of the sea-level. Even on the east side the snow is some 2,000 feet lower than in Switzerland. This means that the climber can easily reach the realm where life is not, where ice and snow, rock and water reign, and man feels his littleness.

Though Aorangi has been ascended to the topmost of its 12,349 feet, still in the Southern Alps there are peaks

[1] A railway now passes through the Otira Gorge.

as yet unscaled, and valleys, many virtually untrodden. Exploring parties still go out and find new a lake, a new pass, new waterfalls. It was not until the eighties that the Sutherland Falls, 2,000 feet high, were first revealed to civilized man, nor was there ever a region better worth searching than the Southern Alps. Every freshly found nook and corner adds beauties and interests. Falls, glaciers and lakes are on a grand scale. The Tasman glacier is eighteen miles long and more than two miles across at the widest point; the Murchison glacier is more than ten miles long; the Godley eight. The Hochstetter Fall is a curtain of broken, uneven, fantastic ice coming down 4,000 feet on to the Tasman glacier. It is a great spectacle, seen amid the stillness of the high Alps, broken only by the occasional boom and crash of a falling pinnacle of ice.

Of the many mountain lakes Te Anau is the largest, Manapouri the loveliest. Waikatipu is fifty-four miles long, and though its surface is 1,000 feet above the sea-level, its profound depth sinks below it. On the sea side of the mountains the fiords rival the lakes in depth. Milford Sound is 1,100 feet deep near its innermost end.

But enough of the scenery of the Dominion. This is to be a story, not a sketch-book. Enough that the drama of New Zealand's history, now in the second act, has been placed on one of the most remarkable and favourable stages in the globe. Much—too much—of its wild and singular beauty is being ruined in the process of settlement. But very much is indestructible. The colonists are also awakening to the truth that mere Vandalism is as stupid as it is brutal. Societies exist for the preservation of scenery. The Government has undertaken to protect the more famous spots. Three islands lying off different parts of the coast have been reserved as asylums for native birds. Thirty years ago the wild and virgin mountains of the Urewera tribe were made inalienable by Act of Parliament, so that, so long as the tribe might last, their ferns, their birds, and their trees should not vanish from the earth.

CHAPTER II

THE MAORI

The moving finger writes ; and, having writ,
Moves on. Nor all your piety or wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

THE first colonists of New Zealand were brown men from the South Seas. It was from Eastern Polynesia that the Maori unquestionably came. They are of the same race as the courteous, handsome people who inhabit the South Sea Islands from Hawaii to Rarotonga, and who, in Fiji, mingle their blood with the darker and inferior Melanesians of the west. All the Polynesians speak dialects of the same musical tongue. A glance at Tregear's *Comparative Maori-Polynesian Dictionary* will satisfy any reader on that point. The Rarotongans call themselves "Maori," and can understand the New Zealand speech ; so, as a rule, can the other South Sea tribes, even the distant Hawaiians. Language alone is proverbially misleading as a guide to identity of race. But in the case of the Polynesians we may add colour and features, customs, legends, and disposition. All are well though rather heavily built, active when they choose, and passionately fond of war and sport. The New Zealanders are good riders and capital football players. The Samoans, until forbidden by law, used to spend weeks in playing gigantic cricket matches, fifty a side. Bold as seamen and skilful as fishermen, the Polynesians are, however, primarily cultivators of the soil. They never rose high enough in the scale to be miners or merchants. In the absence of mammals, wild and tame, in their islands, they could be neither hunters nor herdsmen. Fierce and bloodthirsty in war, and superstitious, they were good-natured and hospitable in peace and affectionate in family life.

There is no reason to think that the New Zealanders are more akin to the modern Malays than they are to the Australian blacks; nor have attempts to connect them with the red men of America or the Toltecs of Mexico succeeded. They are much more like some of the Aryans of Northern India. But the truth is, their fortunes before their race settled in Polynesia are a pure matter of guess-work. Some centuries ago, driven out by feuds or shortness of food, they left their isles of reef and palm, and found their way to Ao-tea-roa, as they called New Zealand.

On the map their new home seems at first sight so isolated and remote from the other groups of Oceania as to make it incredible that even the most daring canoe-men could have deliberately made their way thither. But this difficulty disappears upon a study of the ascertained voyages of the Polynesians. Among the bravest and most venturesome navigators of the ocean, the brown mariners studied and named the stars, winds and currents. As allies they had those friends of the sailor, the trade-winds. In cloudy weather, when the signs in the sky were hidden, the regular roll of the waves before the steady trade-wind was in itself a guide.[1] Their large double-canoes, joined by platforms on which deck-houses were built, were no despicable sea-boats, probably just as good as the vessels in which the Phœnicians circumnavigated Africa. Even their single canoes were sometimes between 100 and 150 feet long, and the crews of these, wielding their elastic paddles, kept time in a fashion that has won respect from the coxswain of a University eight. For their long voyages they stored water in calabashes, carried roots and dried fish, and had in the cocoa-nut both food and drink stored safely by nature in the most convenient compass. In certain seasons they could be virtually sure of replenishing their stock of water from the copious tropical or semi-tropical rains. Expert fishermen, they would miss no opportunity of catching fish by the way. They made halting-places of the tiny islets which, often uninhabited and far removed from the well-known groups, dot the immense waste of the Pacific at great intervals. The finding of their stone axes or implements in such desolate spots enables their

[1] S. Percy Smith on *The Geographical Knowledge of the Polynesians.*

MAORI AND CARVED STERN-POST OF CANOE

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courses to be traced. Canoe-men who could voyage to solitary little Easter Island in the wide void towards America, or to Cape York in the distant west, were not likely to find insuperable difficulties in running before the north-east winds to New Zealand from Rarotonga, Savaii or Tahiti. The discovery in the new land of the jade or greenstone—far above rubies in the eyes of men of the Stone Age—would at once give the country all the attractiveness that a gold-field has for civilized man.

The Maori stories of their migration to New Zealand are a mixture of myth and legend. Among them are minute details that may be accurate, mingled with monstrous tales of the utterly impossible. For example, we are told that one chief, on his canoe first nearing the coast, saw the feathery, blood-red rata-flowers gleaming in the forest, and promptly threw overboard his Polynesian coronet of red feathers, exclaiming that he would get a new crown in the new land. Such an incident might be true, as might also the tale of another canoe which approached the shore at night. Its crew were warned of the neighbourhood of land by the barking of a dog which they had with them and which scented a whale's carcass stranded on the beach. On the other hand we are gravely told that the hero Gliding-Tide, having dropped an axe overboard off the shore, muttered an incantation so powerful that the bottom of the sea rose up, the waters divided, and the axe returned to his hand. The shoal at any rate is there, and is pointed out to this day. And what are we to say to the tale of another leader, whose canoe was upset in the South Seas, and who swam all the way to New Zealand ?

The traditions say that the Maori Pilgrim Fathers left the island of Hawaiki for New Zealand about the beginning of the fifteenth century. Hawaiki is probably one of the "shores of old romance." Other Polynesian races also claim to have come thence. Mr. Percy Smith gives good reasons for the suggestion that the ancestors of the Maori migrated from the Society Islands and from Rarotonga, and that their principal migration took place about five hundred years ago. It seems likely enough, however, that previous immigrants had gone before them. One remnant of these, the now almost extinct Moriori, colonized the Chatham Islands, whither

they were not followed by the conquering Maori until the last century. The two most famous of the great double canoes of the Maori settlers were the Arawa (shark) and the Tainui (flood-tide). On board thereof, with the men, women, and children, were brought dogs, rats, the gourd and taro root, and the invaluable kumara or sweet potato. The karaka-tree, whose glossy leaves were in after days to be seen in every village, was in Maori belief another importation. With these tradition ranks the green parakeet and blue pukeko or swamp-hen, two birds whose rich plumage has indeed something in it of tropical gaudiness, at any rate in contrast with the sober hues of most New Zealand feathers. The Tainui canoe was said to have found its last resting-place near the mouth of the Mokau river. A stone still lies there which is treasured by the natives as the ancient anchor of their sacred craft. Some years ago, when a European carried this off, they brought an action against him and obtained an order of the Court compelling him to restore it. Not far away stands a grove of trees alleged to have sprung from the Tainui's skids. The late Sir James Hector, the first scientific authority in the Dominion, finding that these trees grow spontaneously nowhere else in New Zealand, named them *Pomaderris Tainui*. But though, for once, at any rate, science was not indisposed to smile on tradition and Maori faith triumphed, and the unbeliever was for a while confounded, it unhappily seems now quite certain that the congener of *Pomaderris Tainui* is found only in Australia, one of the few lands nigh the Pacific which cannot have been Hawaiki.

It will be safe to say that the Maori colonists landed at different points and at widely different dates, and that later immigrants sometimes drove earlier comers inland or southward. More often, probably, each small band sought out an empty territory for itself. On this tribes and sub-tribes grew up, dwelling apart from each other. Each district became the land of a clan, to be held by tomahawk and spear. Not even temporary defeat and slavery deprived a tribe of its land: nothing did that but permanent expulsion following upon actual seizure and occupation by the conquerors. Failing this, the right of the beaten side lived on, and could be reasserted after years of exile. The land was

not the property of the *ariki* or chiefs, or even of the *rangatira* or gentry. Every free man, woman, and child in each clan had a vested interest therein which was acknowledged and respected. The common folk were not supposed to have immortal souls. That was the distinction of the well born. But they had a right to their undivided share of the soil. Even when a woman married into another tribe, or—in later days—became the wife of a white, she did not forfeit her title, though sometimes such rights would be surrendered by arrangement, to save inconvenience. Trade scarcely entered into Maori life. Buying and selling were unknown. On and by the land the Maori lived, and he clung to it closely as any Irish peasant. "The best death a man can die is for the land," ran a proverb. "Let us die for the land!" shouted a chieftain, haranguing his fighting men before one of their first battles with the English. No appeal would be more certain to strike home.

Though the tribal estate was communal property in so far that any member could go out into the wilderness and fell trees and reclaim the waste, the fruits of such work, the timber and plantations, at once became personal property. The fields, houses, weapons, tools, clothes, and food of a family could not be meddled with by outsiders. The territory, in a word, was common, but not only products but usufructs were property attaching to individuals, who could transfer them by gift.

Though in time they forgot the way to "Hawaiki," and even at last the art of building double-canoes, yet they never wanted for pluck or seamanship in fishing and voyaging along the stormy New Zealand coasts. Their skill and coolness in paddling across flooded rivers may still sometimes be witnessed.

Always needing fish, they placed their villages near the sea beaches or the rivers and lakes. In their canoes they would paddle as far as twelve miles from land. Amongst other fish they caught sharks, killing them before they hauled them into the crank canoes; or, joining forces, they would sweep some estuary with drag nets, and, with much yelling and splashing, drive the fish into a shallow corner. There with club and spear dog-fish and smooth-hound would be

done to death amid shouts and excitement. Then would come a gorge on a grand scale, followed by business—the cutting into strips and drying of the shark-meat for winter food. In the forests they found birds, and, not having the bow-and-arrow, made shift to snare and spear them ingeniously. To add to the vegetable staples which they had brought with them from their Polynesian home, they used the root of the fern or bracken, and certain wild fruits and berries—none of them specially attractive. What between fish, birds, and vegetables, with occasional delicacies in the shape of dogs and rats, they were by no means badly provisioned, and they cooked their food carefully and well, chiefly by steaming in ovens lined with heated stones. Without tea, coffee, sugar, alcohol or tobacco, they had also but seldom the stimulant given by flesh meat. Their notorious cannibalism was almost confined to triumphal banquets on the bodies of enemies slain in battle. Without the aid of metals or pottery, without wool, cotton, silk or linen, without one beast of burden, almost without leather, they yet contrived to clothe, feed, and house themselves, and to make some advance in the arts of building, carving, weaving, and dyeing.

The labour and patience needed to maintain some degree of rude comfort and keep up any kind of organized society with the scanty means at their disposal were very great indeed. The popular notion of the lazy savage basking in the sunshine, or squatting round the fire and loafing on the labour of his women, did not fairly apply to the Maori—at any rate to the unspoiled Maori. As seen by the early navigators, his life was one of regular, though varied and not excessive toil. Every tribe, in most ways every village, was self-contained and self-supporting. What that meant to a people intelligent, but ignorant of almost every scientific appliance, and as utterly isolated as though they inhabited a planet of their own, a little reflection will suggest. The villagers had to be their own gardeners, fowlers, fishermen, and carpenters. They built their own houses and canoes, and made every tool and weapon. All that they wore as well as what they used had to be made on the spot. They did not trade, though an exchange of gifts regulated by strict etiquette amounted to a rude and limited kind of barter, under which inland tribes

could supply themselves with dried sea-fish and sea-birds preserved in their melted fat, or northern tribes could acquire the precious greenstone found in the west of the South Island.

Without flocks and herds or domestic fowls, theirs was the constant toil of the cultivator. Their taro and their kumara fields had to be dug, and dug thoroughly with wooden spades. Long-handled and pointed at the end, these implements resembled stilts with a cross-bar about eighteen inches from the ground on which the digger's foot rested. Two men worked them together. The women did not dig the fields, but theirs was the labour almost as severe of carrying on their backs the heavy baskets of gravel to be scattered over the soil of the plantations.

Almost the only staple article of Maori vegetable food which grew wild and profusely, was the fern or bracken (*pteris aquilina*, var. *esculenta*), which indeed was found on every hill and moor and in every glade, at any rate in the North Island. But the preparation of the fibrous root was tedious, calling as it did for various processes of drying and pounding.

Fishing involved not only the catching of fish, but the manufacture of seine nets, sometimes half a mile long, of eel-weirs, lines made of the fibre of the native flax, and of fish-hooks of bone or tough crooked wood barbed with human bone. The human skeleton was also laid under contribution for the material of skewers, needles, and flutes.

The infinite patience and delicacy requisite in their bird-snaring and spearing are almost beyond the conception of the civilized townsmen untrained in wood-craft. To begin with, they had to make the slender bird spears, thirty feet long, out of the light wood of the tawa-tree. A single tree could provide no more than two spears, and the making of them—with stone tools, of course—took many months. Think of the dexterity, coolness and stealth required to manage such a weapon in a jungle so dense and tangled that white sportsmen often find a difficulty in handling their guns there! The silent adroitness needed to approach and spear the wild parrot or wood-pigeon without stirring the branch of a tree would alone require a long apprenticeship to wood-craft.

Maori house-building showed a knowledge of architecture decidedly above that of the builders of Kaffir kraals, to say

nothing of the lairs of the Australian blacks. The poorest huts were definitely planned and securely built. The shape was oblong, the walls low, the roof high pitched and disproportionately large, though not so much so as in some of the South Sea Islands. The framework was of the durable totara-wood, the lining of reeds, the outside of dried rushes. At the end turned to the sunshine was a kind of verandah, on to which opened the solitary door and window, both low and small. The floor was usually sunk below ground, and Maori builders knew of no such thing as a chimney. Though neither cooking nor eating was done in their dwelling-houses, and offal of all kinds was carefully kept at a decent distance, the atmosphere in their dim, stifling interiors was as a rule unendurable by White noses and lungs. Even their largest tribal or meeting halls had but the one door and window; the Maori mind seemed as incapable of adding thereto as of constructing more than one room under a single roof. On the other hand, the dyed patterns on the reed wainscoting, and the carvings on the posts, lintel and boards, showed beauty and a true sense of line and curve.

Still less reason is there to find fault with their canoes, the larger of which were not only strangely picturesque, but, urged by as many as a hundred paddles, flew through the water at a fine speed, or under sail made long coasting voyages in seas that are pacific only in name. To the carving on these crafts the savage artists added decoration by red ochre, strips of dyed flax, gay feathers, and mother-o'-pearl. Both the building of the canoes and their adornment entailed long months of labour. So did the dressing of the fibre of the flax and palm-lily, and the weaving therefrom of "mats" or mantles, and of kirtles. Yet the making of such ordinary clothing was simple indeed compared with the manufacture of a chief's full dress mat of *kiwi* feathers. The soft, hairy-looking plumage of the *kiwi* (apteryx) is so fine, each feather so minute, that one mantle would occupy a first-rate artist for two years. Many of these mantles, whether of flax, feathers, or dog-skin, were quaintly beautiful as well as warm and waterproof.

Nor did Maori skill confine itself to ornamenting the clothing of man. The human skin supplied a fresh and

peculiar field for durable decoration. This branch of art, that of *moko* or tattooing, they carried to a grotesque perfection. Among the many legends concerning their demi-god Maui, a certain story tells how he showed them the way to tattoo by puncturing the muzzle of a dog, whence dogs went with black muzzles as men see them now. For many generations the patterns cut and pricked on the human face and body were faithful imitations of what were believed to be Maui's designs. They were composed of straight lines, angles, and cross-cuts. Later the hero Mataora taught a more graceful style which dealt in curves, spirals, volutes and scroll-work. Apart from legend it is a matter of reasonable certitude that the Maori brought tattooing with them from Polynesia. Their marking instruments were virtually the same as those of their tropical cousins; both, for instance, before the iron age of the nineteenth century, often used the wing-bones of sea-birds to make their tiny chisels. Both observed the law of *tapu* under which the male patients, while undergoing the process of puncturing, were sacred, immensely to their own inconvenience, for they had to dwell apart, and might not even touch food with their hands. As to the source of the peculiar patterns used by the New Zealanders, they probably have some relation with the admirable wood-carving before mentioned. Either the *moko* artists copied the style of the skilful carvers of panels, door-posts, clubs, and the figure-heads on the prows of canoes, or the wood-carvers borrowed and reproduced the lines and curves of the *moko*. The inspiration of the patterns, whether on wood or skin, may be found in the spirals of sea-shells, the tracery on the skin of lizards and the bark of trees, and even, it may be, in the curious fluting and natural scroll-work on the tall cliffs of the calcareous clay called *pápa*.

But, however the *moko* artist learned his designs, he was a painstaking and conscientious craftsman in imprinting them on his subject. No black-and-white draughtsman of our time, no wood-cutter, etcher, or line-engraver, worked with slower deliberation. The outlines were first drawn with charcoal or red ochre. Thus was the accuracy of curve and scroll-work ensured. Then, inch by inch, the lines were cut or pricked out on the quivering, but unflinching, human

copper-plate. The blood was wiped away and the *narahu* (blue dye) infused. In the course of weeks, months, or years, as leisure, wealth, or endurance permitted, the work was completed. In no other society did the artist have his patron so completely at his mercy. Not only was a *moko* expert of true ability a rarity for whose services there was always an " effective demand," but, if not well paid for his labours, the tattooer could make his sitter suffer in more ways than one. He could adroitly increase the acute anguish which had, as a point of honour, to be endured without cry or complaint ; or he could coolly bungle the execution of the design, or leave it unfinished, and betake himself to a more generous customer. A well-known tattooing chant deals with the subject entirely from the artist's standpoint, and emphasizes the business principles upon which he went to work. It was this song that Alfred Domett (Robert Browning's Waring) must have had in his mind when, in his New Zealand poem, he thus described the Moko on the face of the chief Tangi-Moana :—

> And finer, closer spirals of dark blue
> Were never seen than in his cheek's tattoo ;
> Fine as if engine turned those cheeks declared
> No cost to fee the artist had been spared ;
> That many a basket of good maize had made
> That craftsman careful how he tapped his blade,
> And many a greenstone trinket had been given
> To get his chisel-flint so deftly driven.

When, however, the slow and costly agony was over, the owner of an unusually well-executed face became a superior person. He united in himself the virtues and vices of a chieftain of high degree (shown by the elaborateness of his face pattern), of a tribal dandy, of a brave man able to endure pain, of the owner of a unique picture, and of an acknowledged art critic. In the rigid-looking mask, moreover, which had now taken the place of his natural face, were certain lines by which any one of his fellow-tribesmen could identify him, living or dead. In this way the heads of Maori chiefs have been recognized even in the glass cases of museums. On some of the earlier deeds and agreements between White and Maori a chief would sign or make his mark by means of a rough reproduction of his special *moko*.

Photo by] [ILES, Thames

A MAORI MAIDEN

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The Maori *pa* or stockaded and intrenched villages, usually perched on cliffs and jutting points overhanging river or sea, were defended by a double palisade, the outer fence of stout stakes, the inner of high solid trunks. Between them was a shallow ditch. Platforms as much as forty feet high supplied coigns of vantage for the look-out. Thence, too, darts and stones could be hurled at the besiegers. With the help of a throwing-stick, or rather whip, wooden spears could be thrown in the sieges more than a hundred yards. Ignorant of the bow-and-arrow and the boomerang, the Maori knew and used the sling. With it red-hot stones would be hurled over the palisades, among the rush-thatched huts of an assaulted village, a stratagem all the more difficult to cope with as Maori *pa* seldom contained wells or springs of water. The courage and cunning developed in the almost incessant tribal feuds were extraordinary. Competent observers thought the Maori of three generations ago the most warlike and ferocious race on earth. Though not seldom guilty of wild cruelty to enemies, they did not make a business of cold-blooded torture after the devilish fashion of the North American Indians. Chivalrous on occasion, they would sometimes send warning to the foe, naming the day of an intended attack, and abide thereby. They would supply a starving garrison with provisions in order than an impending conflict might be a fair trial of strength. War was to them something more dignified than a mere lawless struggle. It was a solemn game to be played according to rules as rigidly laid down and often as honourably adhered to as in the international cricket and football matches of Englishmen and Australians.

As is so often the case with fighting races capable of cruelty, they were strictly courteous in their intercourse with strangers. Indeed, their code of manners to visitors was so exact and elaborate as to leave an impression of artificiality. No party of wayfarers would approach a *pa* without giving formal notice. When the strangers were received, they had the best of everything, and the hosts, who saw that they were abundantly supplied, had too much delicacy to watch them eat. Maori breeding went so far as to avoid in converse words or topics likely to be disagreeable to their hearers.

Their feeling for beauty was shown not merely in their art,

but in selecting the sites of dwelling-places, and in a fondness for shady shrubs and trees about their huts and for the forest-flowers. The natural images and similes so common in their wild, abrupt, unrhymed chants and songs showed how closely they watched and sympathized with nature. The hoar-frost, which vanishes with the sunrise, stood with them for ephemeral fame. Rank without power was "a fountain without water." The rushing stream reminded the Maori singer, as it did the Mantuan, of the remorseless current of life and human fate.

> But who can check life's stream ?
> Or turn its waters back ?
> 'Tis past,

cried a father mourning for his dead son. In another lament a grieving mother is compared to the drooping fronds of the tree-fern. The maiden keeping tryst bids the light fleecy cloudlets, which in New Zealand so often scud across the sky before the sea-wind, to be messengers to her laggard gallant.

> The sun grows dim and hastes away
> As a woman from the scene of battle,

says the lament for a dead chief.[1] The very names given to hills, lakes, and rivers will be witnesses in future days of the poetic instinct of the Maori—perhaps the last destined to remain in his land. Such names are the expressive Wai-orongo-mai (Hear me, ye waters !) ; Puké-aruhé (ferny hill) ; Wai-rarapa (glittering water) ; Maunga-tapu (sacred mount) ; Ao-reré (flying cloud). Last, but not least, there is the lordly Ao-rangi (Cloud in the heavens), over which we have plastered the plain and practical "Mount Cook."

Many of the Maori chiefs were, and some even now are, masterly rhetoricians. The bent of the race was always strongly to controversy and discussion. Their ignorance of any description of writing made them cultivate debate. Their complacent indifference to time made deliberative assembly a prolonged, never-wearying joy. The chiefs met in council

[1] The Maori is deeply imbued with the poetry of the woods. His commonest phraseology shows it. "The month when the pohutu-kawa flowers" ; "the season when the kowhai is in bloom" ; so he punctuates time. And the years that are gone he softly names "dead leaves !"—HAY, *Brighter Britain.*

like Homer's heroes—the commons sitting round and muttering guttural applause or dissent. The speeches abounded in short sententious utterances, in proverbs, poetic allusions and metaphors borrowed from legends. The Maori orator dealt in quotations as freely as the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and his hearers caught them with as much relish as that of a House of Commons of Pitt's days enjoying an apt passage from the classics. Draped in kilt and mantle, with spear or carved staff of office in the right hand, the speakers were manly and dignified figures. The fire and force of their rhetoric were aided by graceful gesture and were set out in a language worthy of the eloquent. If we cannot say of the Maori tongue as Gibbon said of Greek, that it "can give a soul to the objects of sense and a body to the abstractions of philosophy," we can at any rate claim for it that it is a musical and vigorous speech. Full of vowel-sounds, entirely without sibilants, but rich in guttural and chest notes, it may be made at will to sound liquid or virile, soft or ringing.

The seamy side of Maori life, as of all savage life, was patent to the most unimaginative observer. The traveller found it not easy to dwell on the dignity, poetry, and bravery of a race which contemned washing, and lived, for the most part, in noisome hovels. A chief might be an orator and skilled captain, but, squatting on the ground, smeared with oil, daubed with red ochre and grimly tattooed, he probably impressed the White visitor chiefly as an example of dirt and covetousness. The traveller might be hospitably entertained in a *pa* the gate of which was decorated with the smoke-dried heads of slain enemies by a host whose dress might include a necklace of human teeth,[1] the owner of which he had helped to eat. Though a cannibal feast was a rare orgie, putrid food was a common dainty. Without the cringing manner of the Oriental, the Maori had his full share of deceitfulness. Elaborate treachery is constantly met with in the accounts of their wars. If adultery was rare, chastity among the single women was rarer still. The affection of parents for young children was requited by no kindness on the part of youth for old age. Carving never rose higher

[1] At any rate among the Ngatiporou tribe.

than grotesque decoration. The attempts at portraying the human face or form resulted only in the monstrous and the obscene.

The Maori men are as a rule tall and bulky, long-bodied and short-legged, and with fairly large pyramidal skulls, showing well-developed perceptive faculties. Their colour varies from maize to dusky olive, and their features from classic to negroid ; but usually the nose, though not flat, is wide, and the mouth, though not blubber-lipped, is heavy and sensual. Shorter and more coarsely built than the males, the women, even when young, are less attractive to the European eye, despite their bright glances and black, abundant hair. It might well be thought that this muscular, bulky race, with ample room to spread about a fertile and exceptionally healthy country, would have increased and multiplied till it had filled both islands. It did not, however. It is doubtful whether it ever numbered more than a hundred and fifty thousand. Except on the shores of Cook's Straits, it only planted a few scattered outposts in the South Island. Yet that is the larger island of the two. It is also the colder, and therein lies at least one secret of the check to the Maori increase. They were a tropical race transplanted into a temperate climate. They showed much the same tendency to cling to the North Island as the negroes in North America to herd in the Gulf States. Their dress, their food, and their ways were those of dwellers on shores out of reach of frost and snow. Though of stout and robust figure, they are almost always weak in the chest and throat. Had the Maori died out, the medical verdict might have been summed up in the one word tuberculosis.

The first European observers noted that they suffered from " galloping " consumption. Skin disorders, rheumatism and a severe kind of influenza were other ailments.

In the absence equally of morality and medical knowledge among their unmarried women, it did not take many years after the appearance of the Whites to taint the race throughout with certain diseases. A cold-blooded passage in Crozet's journal tells of the beginning of this curse. Though not altogether unskilful surgeons, the Maori knew virtually nothing of medicine. Nor do they show much nervous power

when attacked by disease. Cheerful and sociable when in health, they droop quickly when ill, and seem sometimes to die from sheer lack of the will to live. Bright and imaginative almost as the Kelts of Europe, their spirits are easily affected by superstitious dread. Authentic cases are known of a healthy Maori giving up the ghost through believing himself to be doomed by a wizard.

There are, however, other evil influences still at work which affect the lives of this attractive and interesting people. Though no longer savages, they have never become thoroughly civilized. Partial civilization has been a blight to their national life. It has ruined the efficacy of their tribal system without replacing it with any equal moral force and industrial stimulus. It has deprived them of the main excitement of their lives—their tribal wars—and given them no spur to exertion by way of a substitute. It has fatally wounded their pride and self-respect, and has not given them objects of ambition or preserved their ancient habits of labour and self-restraint. A hundred years ago the tribes were organized and disciplined communities. No family or able-bodied unit need starve or lack shelter; the humblest could count on the most open-handed hospitality from his fellows. The tribal territory was the property of all. The tilling, the fishing, the fowling were work which could not be neglected. The chief was not a despot, but the president of a council, and in war would not be given the command unless he were the most capable captain. Every man was a soldier, and, under the perpetual stress of possible war, had to be a trained, self-denying athlete. The *pa* were, for defensive reasons, built on the highest and therefore the healthiest positions. The ditches, the palisades, the terraces of these forts were constructed with great labour as well as no small skill. The fighting was hand to hand. The wielding of their weapons—the wooden spear, the club, the quaint *meré*,[1] and the stone tomahawk—required strength and endurance as well as a skill only to be obtained by hard practice. The very sports and dances of the Maori were such as only the active and

[1] Tasman thought the *meré* resembled the *parang*, or heavy, broad-bladed knife of the Malays. Others liken it to a paddle, and matter-of-fact colonists to a tennis-racket or a soda-water bottle flattened.

vigorous could excel in. Slaves there were, but not enough to relieve the freemen from the necessity for hard work. Strange sacred customs such as *tapu* (vulgarly Anglicized as taboo) and *muru*, laughable as they seem to us, tended to preserve public health, to ensure respect for authority, and to prevent any undue accumulation of goods and chattels in the hands of one man. Under the law of *muru* a man smitten by sudden calamity was politely plundered of all his possessions. It was the principle under which the wounded shark is torn to pieces by its fellows, and under which the merchant wrecked on the Cornish coast in bygone days was stripped of anything the waves had spared. Among the Maori, however, it was at once a social duty and a personal compliment. If a man's hut caught fire his dearest friends clustered round like bees, rescued all they could from the flames, and—kept it. It is on record that a party about to pay a friendly visit to a neighbouring village were upset in their canoe as they were paddling in through the surf. The canoe was at once claimed by the village chief—their host. Moreover, they would have been insulted if he had not claimed it. Of course, he who lost by *muru* one week might be able to repay himself the next.

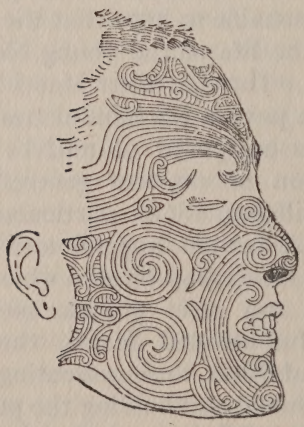
Certain colonial writers have exhausted their powers of ridicule—no very difficult task—upon what they inaccurately call Maori communism. But the system, in full working order, at least developed the finest race of savages the world has seen, and taught them barbaric virtues which have won from their White supplanters not only respect, but liking. The average colonist regards a Mongolian with repulsion, a Negro with contempt, and looks on an Australian black as very near to a wild beast ; but he likes the Maori, and treats them in many respects as his equals.

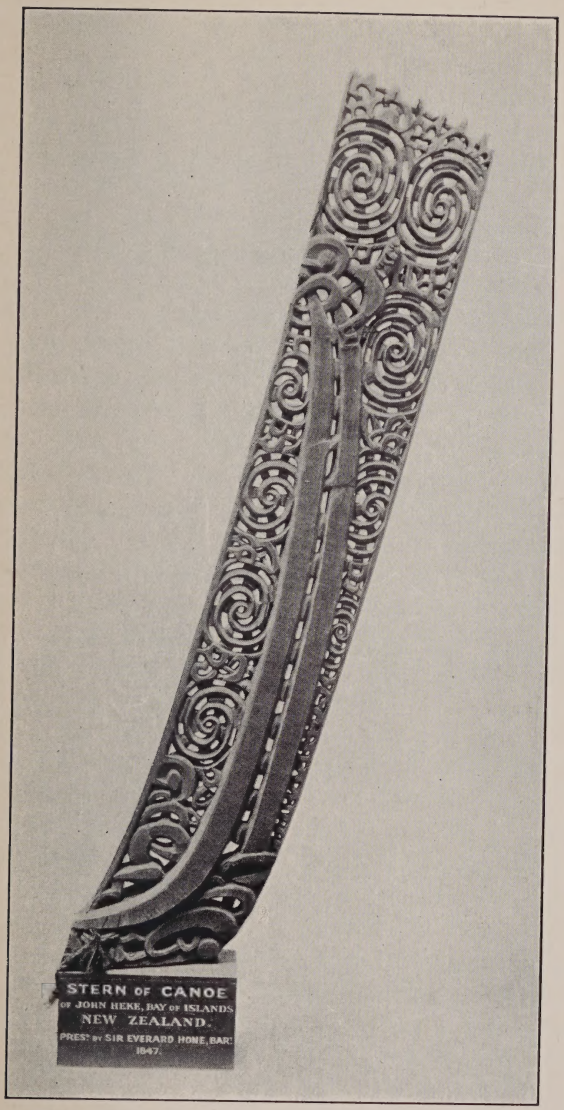
No doubt the remnants of the Maori tribal system are useless, and perhaps worse than useless. The tribes still own a certain amount of land in common, but the great bulk of it is leased to the white man, and the natives receive yearly very large sums in rent. They could be rich farmers if they cared to master the science of farming. They have brains to learn more difficult things. Thirty years ago it was the custom to speak of the Maori as a dying race. They did

not seem to realize that they might be healthy men and women if they would accept the teachings of sanitary science as sincerely as they took in the religious teachings of the early missionaries. Nor could they be made to realize that foul air, insufficient dress, putrid food, alternations of feast and famine, and long bouts of sedulous idleness were destroying them as a people; that so long as they soaked maize in the streams until is was rotten and ate it together with dried shark—food the merest whiff of which would make a white man sick; so long as they would wear a suit of clothes one day and a tattered blanket the next, and sit smoking crowded in huts, the reek of which struck one like a blow in the face; so long as they would cluster round dead bodies during their *tangi* or wakes; so long as they would ignore drainage—just so long would they remain a blighted and dwindling race. And observers without eyes talked as though there was something fateful and mysterious in their decline. A gradually broadening ray of hope for them has, however, now been glimpsed. The efforts the Government has made in matters of education, of sanitation, and of medical supervision have had their good effect. Moreover, educated Maori of the younger generation have awakened to the grave plight of their people, and it is reasonable to hope that the Maori will become a useful factor in the life of the young New Zealand nation that is growing up. Through their Maori Land Boards they are taking an active part in the administration of their lands, and Maori Councils composed of natives are now charged with the supervision of matters generally affecting their settlements and villages, more particularly in regard to sanitary matters. A further hopeful and remarkable omen for the future of the Maori may be seen when we note that one of the outstanding and most popular men in the present Government is a full-blooded Maori, the Hon. Sir Maui Pomare, who, in addition to representing the native race on the Executive Council and holding the portfolio of Minister of the Cook Islands, is Minister of Health for the Dominion. Also there is a distinct movement on the part of the Maori in the direction of farming their own lands. In 1920 legislative provision was made for the appointment of a "Native Trustee" to administer native reserves and undertake the

functions in regard to natives formerly vested in the Public Trustee, and a Judge of the Native Land Court has been appointed the first Native Trustee. They are also caring more for the education of their children. It is satisfactory to note that some ten thousand Maori children now go to school, and their attendance is remarkably regular. Very quaint scholars are the dark-eyed, quick-glancing, brown-skinned little people sitting tied " to that dry drudgery at the desk's dull wood," which, if heredity counts for anything, must be so much harder to them than to the children of the *Pakeha*.[1] Some years ago the Government re-organized the native schools, had the children taught sanitary lessons with the help of magic lanterns, and gave power to committees of native villagers to prosecute the parents of truants. The result was a prompt and marked improvement in the attendance and the general interest. Who can say, then, that there is not hope for the future of the Maori race ?

[1] Foreigner.





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CHAPTER III

THE MAORI AND THE UNSEEN

Dreaming caves,
Full of the groping of bewildered waves.

THE Maori mind conceived of the Universe as divided into three regions—the Heavens above, the Earth beneath, and the Darkness under the Earth. To Rangi, the Heaven, the privileged souls of chiefs and priests returned after death, for from Rangi had come down their ancestors the gods, the fathers of the heroes. For the souls of the common people there was in prospect no such lofty and serene abode. They could not hope to climb after death to the tenth heaven, where dwelt Rehua, the Lord of Loving-kindness, attended by an innumerable host. Ancient of days was Rehua, with streaming hair. The lightning flashed from his arm-pits, great was his power, and to him the sick, the blind, and the sorrowful might pray.

It was not the upper world of Ao or Light, but an under-world of Po or Darkness, to which the spirit of the unprivileged Maori must take its way. Nor was the descent to Te Reinga or Hades a *facilis descensus Averni*. After the death-chant had ceased, and the soul had left the body—left it lying surrounded by weeping blood-relations marshalled in due order—it started on a long journey. Among the Maori the dead were laid with feet pointing to the north, as it was thither that the soul's road lay. At the extreme north end of New Zealand was a spot *Muri Whenua*—Land's End. Here was the Spirits' Leap. To that the soul travelled, halting once and again on the hill-tops to strip off the green leaves in which the mourners had clad it. Here and there by the wayside some lingering ghost would tie a knot in the ribbon-like leaves of the flax plant—such knots as dull-witted *Pakeha* attribute to the

whipping of the wind. As the souls gathered at their goal, Nature's sounds were hushed. The roar of the waterfall, the sea's dashing, the sigh of the wind in the trees, all were silenced. At the Spirits' Leap on the verge of a tall cliff grew a lonely tree, with brown, spreading branches, dark leaves and red flowers. The name of the tree was Spray-Sprinkled.[1] One of its roots hung down over the cliff's face to the mouth of a cavern fringed by much seaweed, floating or dripping on the heaving sea. Pausing for a moment the reluctant shades chanted a farewell to their fellow-men and danced a last war-dance. Amid the wild yells of the invisible dancers could be heard the barking of their dogs. Then, sliding down the roots, the spirits disappeared in the cave. Within its recesses was a river flowing between sandy shores. All were impelled to cross it. The Charon of this Styx was no man, but a ferry-woman called Rohé. Any soul whom she carried over and who ate the food offered to it on the farther bank was doomed to abide in Hades. Any spirit who refused returned to its body on earth and awoke. This is the meaning of what White men call a trance.

As there were successive planes and heights in Heaven, so there were depths below depths in the Underworld. In the lowest and darkest the soul lost consciousness, became a worm, and returning to earth, died there. Eternal life was the lot of only the select few who ascended to Rangi.

Yet once upon a time there was going and coming between earth and the place of darkness, as the legend of the origin of the later style of tattooing shows. Thus the story runs: The hero Mata-ora had to wife the beautiful Niwa Reka. One day for some slight cause he struck her, and, leaving him in anger, she fled to her father, who dwelt in the Underworld. Thither followed the repentant Mata-ora. On his way he asked the fan-tail bird whether it had seen a human being pass. Yes, a woman had gone by downcast and sobbing. Holding on his way, Mata-ora met his father-in-law, who, looking in his face, complained that he was badly tattoed. Passing his hand over Mata-ora's face he wiped out with his divine power the blue lines there, and then had him thrown down on the ground and tattoed in a novel, more artistic and exquisitely

[1] *Pohutu-kawa.*

agonizing fashion. Mata-ora in his pain chanted a song calling upon his wife's name. Report of this was carried to Niwa Reka, and her heart was touched. She forgave her husband, and nursed him through the fever caused by the tattooing. Happier than Orpheus and Eurydice, the pair returned to earth and taught men to copy the patterns punctured on Mata-ora's face. But alas! in their joy they forgot to pay to Ku Whata Whata, the mysterious janitor of Hades, Niwa Reka's cloak as fee. So a message was sent up to them that henceforth no man should be permitted to return to earth from the place of darkness.

In the age of the heroes not only the realms below, but the realms above could be reached by the daring. Hear the tale of Tawhaki, the Maori Endymion! When young he became famous by many feats, among others, by destroying the submarine stronghold of a race of sea-folk who had carried off his mother. Into their abode he let a flood of sunshine, and they, being children of the darkness, withered and died in the light. The fame of Tawhaki rose to the skies, and one of the daughters of heaven stole down to behold him at night, vanishing away at dawn. At last the celestial one became his wife. But he was not pleased with the daughter she bore him, and, wounded by his words, she withdrew with her child to the skies. Tawhaki in his grief remembered that she had told him the road thither. He must find a certain tendril of a wild vine which, hanging down from the sky to earth, had become rooted in the ground. Therefore with his brother the hero set out on the quest, and duly found the creeper. But there were two tendrils. The brother seized the wrong one; it was loose, and he was swung away, whirled by the wind backwards and forwards from one horizon to the other. Tawhaki took the right ladder, and climbed successfully.[1] At the top he met with adventures, and had even to become a slave, and carry axes and firewood disguised as a little, ugly old man. At last, however, he regained his wife, became a god, and still reigns above. It is he who causes lightning to flash from heaven.

The man in the moon becomes, in Maori legend, a woman,

[1] Another version describes his ladder as a thread from a spider's web; a third as the string of his kite, which he flew so skilfully that it mounted to the sky; then Tawhaki, climbing up the cord, disappeared in the blue vault.

one Rona by name. This lady, it seems, once had occasion to go by night for water to a stream. In her hand she carried an empty calabash. Stumbling in the dark over stones and the roots of trees she hurt her shoeless feet and began to abuse the moon, then hidden behind clouds, hurling at it some such epithet as "You old tattoed face, there!" But the moon-goddess heard, and reaching down caught up the insulting Rona, calabash and all, into the sky In vain the frightened woman clutched, as she rose, the tops of a ngaio-tree. The roots gave way, and Rona with her calabash and her tree are placed in the front of the moon for ever, an awful warning to all who are tempted to mock at divinities in their haste.

All beings, gods, heroes and men, are sprung from the ancient union of Heaven and Earth, Rangi and Papa. Rangi was the father and Earth the great mother of all. Even now, in these days, the rain, the snow, the dew, and the clouds are the creative powers which come down from Rangi to mother Earth and cause the trees, the shrubs and the plants to grow in spring and flourish in summer. It is the salf-same process that is pictured in the sonorous hexameters :—

> Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbribus Æther
> Conjugis in gremium lætæ descendit, et omnes
> Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, fetus.

But in the beginning Heaven lay close to the Earth, and all was dim and dark. There was life, but not light. So their children, tired of groping about within narrow and gloomy limits, conspired together to force them asunder and let in the day. These were Tu, the scarlet-belted god of men and war; Tané, the forest god; and their brother, the sea-god. With them joined the god of cultivated food, such as the kumara, and the god of food that grows wild—such as the fern-root. The conspirators cut great poles with which to prop up Heaven. But the father and mother were not to be easily separated. They clung to each other despite the efforts of their unnatural sons. Then Tané, the tree-god, standing on head and hands, placed his feet against Heaven, and, pushing hard, forced Rangi upwards. In that attitude the trees, the children of Tané, remain to this day. Thus was the separation accomplished, and Rangi and Papa must for ever remain asunder. Yet the

tears of Heaven still trickle down and fall as dewdrops upon the face of his spouse, and the mists that rise in the evening from her bosom are the sighs of regret which she sends up to her husband on high.[1]

Vengeance, however, fell upon the conspirators. A sixth brother had nothing to do with their plot. This was Tawhiri-Matea, the god of winds and storms. He loyally accompanied his father to the realms above, whence he descended on his rebel brothers in furious tempests. The sea-god fled to the ocean, where he and his children dwell as fishes. The two gods of plant-food hid in the Earth, and she, forgiving mother that she was, sheltered them in her breast. Only Tu, the god of mankind, stayed erect and undaunted. So it is that the winds and storms make war to this day upon men, wrecking their canoes, tearing down their houses and fences, and ruining all their handiwork. Not only does man hold out against these attacks, but, in revenge for the cowardly desertion of Tu by his weaker brethren, men, his people, prey upon the fish and upon the plants that give food, whether wild or cultivated.

Space will scarcely permit even a reference to other Maori myths—to the tale, for instance, of the great flood which came in answer to the prayers of two faithful priests as punishment for the unbelief, the discords and the wickedness of mankind; then all were drowned save a little handful of men and women who floated about on a raft for eight moons and so reached Hawaiki. Of the creation of man suffice it to say that he was made by Tiki, who formed him out of red clay, or, as some say, out of clay reddened by his own blood. Woman's origin was more ethereal and poetic; her sire was a noonday sunbeam, her mother a sylvan echo. Many are the legends of the hero, Maui. He lassooed the sun with ropes and beat him till he had to go slower, and so the day grew longer. The first ropes thus used were of flax, which burned and snapped in the sun's heat. Then Maui twisted a cord of the tresses of his sister Ina, and this stayed unconsumed. It was Maui who went to fetch for man's use the fire which streamed from the finger-nails of the fire goddess, and who fished up the North Island of New Zealand, still called by the Maori *Te Ika a Maui*, the fish

[1] Sir George Grey, *Polynesian Mythology*.

of Maui. He first taught tattooing and the art of catching fish with bait, and died in the endeavour to gain immortality for men. Death would have been done away with had Maui successfully accomplished the feat of creeping through the body of a certain gigantic goddess. But that flippant and restless little bird, the fan-tail, was so tickled at the sight of the hero crawling down the monster's throat that it tittered and burst into laughter. So the goblin awoke, and Maui died for man in vain.

Such are some of the sacred myths of the Maori. They vary very greatly in different tribes and are loaded with masses of detail, largely genealogical. The religious myths form but one portion of an immense body of traditional lore, made up of songs and chants, genealogies, tribal histories, fables, fairy-tales and romantic stories. Utterly ignorant as the Maori were of any kind of writing or picture-drawing, the volume of their lore is amazing, and is an example of the power of the human memory when assiduously cultivated. Very great care was, of course, taken to hand it down from father to son in the priestly families. In certain places in New Zealand, notably at Wanganui, sacred colleges stood called Whare-kura (Red-house). These halls had to be built by priestly hands, stood turned to the east, and could only be approached by the purified. They were dedicated by sacrifice, sometimes of a dog, sometimes of a human being. The pupils, who were boys of high rank, went, at the time of admission, through a form of baptism. The term of instruction lasted through the autumns and winters of five years. The hours were from sunset to midnight. Only one woman, an aged priestess, was admitted into the hall, and she only to perform certain incantations. No one might eat or sleep there, and any pupil who fell asleep during instruction was at once thrust forth, was expected to go home and die, and doubtless usually did so. Infinite pains were taken to impress on the pupils' memories the exact wording of traditions. As much as a month would be devoted to constant repetitions of a single myth. They were taught the tricks of the priestly wizard's trade, and became expert physiognomists, ventriloquists, and possibly, in some cases, hypnotists. Public exhibitions afterwards tested the accuracy of their memories and their skill in witchcraft. On this their

fate depended. A successful *Tohunga*, or wizard, lived on the fat of the land ; a few failures, and he was treated with discredit and contempt.

Though so undoubted an authority as Mr. William Colenso sums up the old-time Maori as a secularist, it is not easy entirely to agree with him. Not only had the Maori, as already indicated, an elaborate—too elaborate—mythology, but he had a code of equally wide and minute observances which he actually did observe. Not only had he many gods, both of light and evil, but the Rev. James Stack, a most experienced student, says that he conceived of his gods as something more than embodiments of power—as beings "interested in human affairs and able to see and hear from the highest of the heavens what took place on earth." Mr. Colenso himself dwells upon the Maori faith in dreams, omens, and charms, and on the universal dread felt for *kehua* or ghosts, and *atua* or demon spirits. Moreover, the code of observances aforesaid was no mere secular law. It was the celebrated system of *tapu* (taboo), and was not only one of the most extraordinary and vigorous sets of ordinances ever devised by barbarous man, but depended for its influence and prestige not mainly upon the secular arm or even public opinion, but upon the injunctions and support of unseen and spiritual powers. If a man broke the *tapu* law, his punishment was not merely to be shunned by his fellows or—in some cases—plundered of his goods. Divine vengeance in one or other form would swiftly fall upon him—probably in the practical shape of the entry into his body of an evil spirit to gnaw him to death with cruel teeth. Men whose terror of such punishment as this, and whose vivid faith in the imminence thereof, were strong enough to kill them were much more, or less, than secularists.

The well-known principle that there is no potent, respected, and lasting institution, however strange, but has its roots in practical usefulness, is amply verified in the case of *tapu*. By it authority was ensured, dignity hedged about with respect, and property and public health protected. Any person, place, or thing laid under *tapu* might not be touched, and sometimes not even approached. A betrothed maiden defended by *tapu* was as sacred as a vestal virgin of Rome ; a shrine became a Holy Place ; the head of a chief something which it was

sacrilege to lay hands on. The back of a man of noble birth could not be degraded by bearing burdens—an awkward prohibition in moments when no slave or woman happened to be in attendance on these lordly beings. Anything cooked for a chief was forbidden food to an inferior. The author of *Old New Zealand* tells of an unlucky slave who unwittingly ate the remains of a chief's dinner. When the knowledge of this frightful crime was flashed upon him, he was seized with internal cramps and pains and, though a strong man, died in a few hours. The weapons and personal effects of a chief were, of course, sacred even in the opinion of a thief, but *tapu* went farther. Even the fire a chief had lit might not be used by commoners. As for priests, after the performance of certain ceremonies they for a time had perforce to become too sacred to feed themselves with their hands. Food would be laid down before them, and kneeling, or on all-fours like dogs, they had to pick it up with their teeth. Perhaps their lot might be so far mitigated that a maiden would be permitted to convey food to their mouths on the end of a fern-stalk—a much less disagreeable process for the eater. Growing fields of the sweet potato were sacred for obvious reasons, as were those who were working therein. So were burial-places and the bones of the dead. The author above mentioned, chancing one day on a journey to pick up a human skull which had been left exposed by a land-slide, immediately became an outcast, shunned by acquaintances, friends, and his own household, as though he were a very leper. Before he could be officially cleansed and readmitted into decent Maori society, his clothing and furniture had to be destroyed, and his kitchen abandoned. By such means did this—to us—ridiculous superstition secure reverence for the dead and some avoidance of infection. To this end the professional grave-digger and corpse-bearer of a Maori village was *tapu*, and lived loathed and utterly apart. Sick persons were often treated in the same way, and inasmuch as the unlucky might be supposed to have offended the gods, the victims of sudden and striking misfortune were treated as law-breakers and subjected to the punishment of *muru* described in the last chapter.

Death in Maori eyes was not the Great Leveller, as with us. Just as the destiny of the chief's soul was different from

that of the commoner or slave, so was the treatment of his body.

A slave's death was proverbially that of a dog—no man regarded it. Even the ordinary free man was simply buried in the ground in a sitting posture and forgotten. But the departure of a chief of rank and fame, of great *mana* or prestige, was the signal for tribal mourning. With wreaths of green leaves on their heads, friends sat round the body wailing the long-drawn cry, *Aué ! Aué !* or listening to some funeral chant recited in his praise. Women cut themselves with sharp sea-shells or flakes of volcanic glass till the blood ran down. The corpse sat in state adorned with flowers and red ochre and clad in the finest of mantles. Albatross feathers were in the warrior's hair; his weapons were laid beside him. The on-lookers joined in the lamenting, and shed actual tears—a feat any well-bred Maori could perform at will. Probably a huge banquet took place; then it was held to be a truly great *tangi*. Often the wives of the departed killed themselves in their grief, or a slave was sacrificed in his honour. His soul was believed to mount aloft, and perhaps some star was henceforth pointed out as his eye shining down and watching over his tribe. The tattooed head of the dead man was usually reverently preserved —stored away in some secret recess and brought out by the priest to be gazed upon on high occasions. The body, placed in a canoe-shaped coffin, was left for a time to dry on a stage or moulder in a hollow tree. After an appointed period the bones were scraped clean and laid away in a cavern or cleft known only to a sacred few. They might be thrown down some dark mountain abyss or *toreré*. Such inaccessible resting-places of famous chiefs—deep well-like pits or tree-fringed chasms—are still pointed out to the traveller who climbs certain New Zealand summits. But, wherever the warrior's bones were laid, they were guarded by secrecy, by the dreaded *tapu*, and by the jealous zeal of his people. Even now no Maori tribe will sell such spots, and the greedy or inquisitive *Pakeha* who profanely explores or meddles with them does so at no small risk.

Far different was the fate of those unlucky leaders who fell in battle, or were captured and slaughtered and devoured thereafter. Their heads, stuck upon the posts of the victor's

pa, were targets for ribaldry, or, in later days, might be sold to the *Pakeha* and carried away to be stared at as oddities. Their bones might be used for flutes and fishing-hooks, for no fisherman was so lucky as he whose hook was thus made; their souls were doomed to successive stages of deepening darkness below, and at length, after reaching the lowest gulf, passed as earth-worms to annihilation.

CHAPTER IV

THE NAVIGATORS

A ship is waiting in the harbour now,
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow.
There is a path on the sea's azure floor,
No keel hath ever ploughed that path before.

NEARLY at the end of 1642, Tasman, a sea captain in the service of the Dutch East India Company, sighted the western ranges of the Southern Alps. He was four months out from Java, investigating the extent of New Holland, and in particular its possible continuation southward as a great Antarctic continent. He had just discovered Tasmania, and was destined, ere returning home, to light upon Fiji and the Friendly Islands. So true is it that the most striking discoveries are made by men who are searching for what they never find. In clear weather the coast of Westland is a grand spectacle, and even through the dry, matter-of-fact entries of Tasman's log we can see that it impressed him. He notes that the mountains seemed lifted aloft in the air. With his two ships, the small *Heemskirk* and tiny *Zeehan*, he began to coast cautiously northward, looking for an opening eastward, and noting the high, cloud-clapped, double range of mountains and the emptiness of the steep, desolate coast, where neither smoke nor men, ships nor boats, were to be seen. He could not guess that hidden in this wilderness was a wealth of coal and gold as valuable as the riches of Java. He seems to have regarded New Zealand simply as a lofty barrier across his path, to be passed at the first chance. Groping along, he actually turned into the wide opening which, narrowing further east into Cook's Strait, divides the North and South Islands. He anchored in Golden Bay; but luck was against him. First of all the natives of the bay paddled out to view his ships, and,

falling on a boat's crew, clubbed four out of seven of the men. Tasman's account—which I take leave to doubt—makes the attack senselessly wanton and unprovoked.

He tells how a fleet of canoes, each carrying from thirteen to seventeen men, hung about his vessels, and how the strongly built, gruff-voiced natives, with yellowish-brown skins and with white feathers stuck in their clubbed hair, refused all offers of intercourse. Their attack on his boat as it was being pulled from the *Zeehan* to the *Heemskirk* was furious and sudden, and the crew seem to have been either unarmed or too panic-stricken to use their weapons. Both ships at once opened a hot fire on the canoes, but hit nobody. It was not until next day, when twenty-two canoes put out to attack them, that the Dutch marksmen, after much more firing, succeeded in hitting a native. On his fall the canoes retired. Satisfied with this, Tasman took no vengeance and sailed away further into the strait. Fierce north-westerly gales checked for days his northward progress. The strait, it may be mentioned, is still playfully termed " the windpipe of the Pacific." One night Tasman held a council on board the *Heemskirk*, and suggested to the officers that the tide showed that an opening must exist to the east, for which they had better search. But he did not persevere. When next evening the north wind died away there came an easterly breeze, followed by a stiff southerly gale, which made him change his mind again. So are discoveries missed.

He ran on northward, merely catching glimpses, through scud and cloud, of the North Island. Finally, at what is now North Cape, he discerned to his joy a free passage to the east. He made one attempt to land, in search of water, on a little group of islands hard by, which, as it was Epiphany, he called Three Kings, after Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar. But the surf was rough, and a throng of natives, striding along, shaking spears and shouting with hoarse voices, terrified his boat's crew. He gave up the attempt and sailed away, glad, no doubt, to leave this vague realm of storm and savages. It says something for his judgment that amid such surroundings he saw and noted in his log-book that the country was good. He had called it Staaten Land, on the wild guess that it extended to the island of that name off the coast of Terra del

Fuego. Afterwards he altered the name to New Zealand. The secretive commercial policy of the Dutch authorities made them shroud Tasman's discoveries in mystery. It is said that his discoveries were engraved on the map of the world which in 1648 was cut on the stone floor of the Amsterdam Town Hall. The full text of his log has only been published in our times. His curt entries dealing with the appearance of the New Zealand coast and its natives seem usually truthful enough. The tribe which attacked his boat was afterwards nearly exterminated by invaders from the North Island. This would account for the almost entire absence among the Maori of tradition concerning his visit. It is noteworthy that he describes the natives of Golden—or, as he named it, Murderers'—Bay as having double-canoes. When the country was annexed, two hundred years afterwards, the New Zealanders had forgotten how to build them.

The Dutch made no use of their Australian discoveries. They were repelled by the heat, the drought, and the barrenness of the north-western coasts of New Holland. For a century and a quarter after Tasman's flying visit New Zealand remained virtually unknown. Then the veil was lifted once and for all. Captain James Cook, in the *Endeavour*, sighted New Zealand in 1769. He had the time to study the country, and the ability too. On his first voyage alone nearly six months were devoted to it. In five visits he surveyed the coast, described the aspect and products of the islands, and noted down a mass of invaluable details concerning the native tribes. Everyone may not be able to perceive the literary charm which certain eulogists have been privileged to find in Cook's admirable record of interesting facts ; but he may well seem great enough as a discoverer and observer to be easily able to survive a worse style—say Hawkesworth's. He found New Zealand a line on the map, and left it an Archipelago, a feat which many generations of her colonists will value above the shaping of sentences. The feature of his experiences which most strikes the reader now is the extraordinary courage and pugnacity of the natives. They took the *Endeavour* for a gigantic white-winged sea-bird, and her pinnace for a young bird. They thought the sailors gods, and the discharge of their muskets divine thunderbolts. Yet, when Cook and a

boat's crew landed, a defiant war-chief at once threatened the boat, and persisted until he was shot dead. Almost all Cook's attempts to trade and converse with the Maori ended in the same way—a scuffle and a musket-shot. Yet the savages were never cowed, and came again. They were shot for the smallest thefts. Once Cook fired on the crew of a canoe merely for refusing to stop and answer questions about their habits and customs, and killed four of them—an act of which he calmly notes that he himself could not, on reflection, approve. On the other hand, he insisted on discipline, and flogged his sailors for robbing native plantations. For that age he was singularly humane, and so prudent that he did not lose a man on his first and most troubled visit to New Zealand. During this voyage he killed ten Maori. Later intercourse was much more peaceful, though Captain Furneaux, of Cook's consort, the *Adventure*, less lucky, or less cautious, lost an entire boat's crew, killed and eaten.

Cook himself was always able to get wood and water for his ships, and to carry on his surveys with such accuracy and deliberation that they remained the standard authority on the outlines of the islands for some seventy years. He took possession of the country in the name of George the Third. Some of its coast-names still recall incidents of his patient voyaging. "Young Nick's Head" is the point which the boy Nicholas Young sighted on the 6th of October, 1769—the first bit of New Zealand seen by English eyes. At Cape Runaway the Maori, after threatening an attack, ran away from a discharge of firearms. At Cape Kidnappers they tried to carry off Cook's Tahitian boy in one of their canoes. A volley, which killed a Maori, made them let go their captive, who dived into the sea and swam back to the *Endeavour* half crazed with excitement at his narrow escape from a New Zealand oven. The odd name of the very fertile district of Poverty Bay reminds us that Cook failed to get there the supplies he obtained at the Bay of Plenty. At Goose Cove he turned five geese ashore; at Mercury Bay he did astronomical work. On the other hand, Capes North, South, East, and West, and Capes Brett, Saunders, Stephens, and Jackson, Rock's Point, and Black Head are neither quaint nor romantic names. Cascade Point and the Bay of Islands justify themselves, and Banks's Peninsula may

be accepted for Sir Joseph's sake. But it could be wished that the great sailor had spared a certain charming haven from the name of Hicks's Bay, and had not rechristened the majestic cone of Taranaki as a compliment to the Earl of Egmont.

He gave the natives seed potatoes and the seeds of cabbages and turnips. The potatoes were cultivated with care and success. One tribe had sufficient self-control not to eat any for three years; then they had abundance. Gradually the potato superseded amongst them the taro and fern-root, and even to some extent the kumara. The cabbages and turnips were allowed to run wild, and in that state were still found flourishing fifty years afterwards. The Maori of Poverty Bay had a story that Cook gave to one of their chiefs a musket with a supply of powder and lead. The fate of the musket was that the first man to fire it was so frightened by the report and recoil that he flung it away into the sea. The powder the natives sowed in the ground, believing it to be cabbage seed. Of the lead they made an axe, and when the axe bent at the first blow they put it in the fire to harden it. When it then ran about like water they tried to guide it out of the fire with sticks. But it broke in pieces, and they gave up the attempt. With better results Cook turned fowls and pigs loose to furnish the islanders with flesh-meat. To this day the wild pigs which the settlers shoot and spear in the forests and mountain valleys are called after Captain Cook, and furnish many a solitary shepherd and farmer with a much more wholesome meal than they would get from " tame " pork. The Maori who boarded Cook's ships thought at first that pork was whale's flesh. They said that the salt meat nipped their throats, which need not surprise us when we remember what the salt junk of an eighteenth century man-of-war was like. They ate ship's biscuit greedily, though at first sight they took it for an uncanny kind of pumice-stone. But in those days they turned with loathing from wine and spirits—at least Crozet says so.

What Captain Cook thought of the Maori is a commonplace of New Zealand literature. Every maker of books gives a version of his notes. What the Maori thought of Captain Cook is not so widely known. Yet it is just as interesting, and happily the picture of the great navigator as he appeared to the savages has been preserved for us. Among the

tribe living at Mercury Bay when the *Endeavour* put in there was a boy—a little fellow of about eight years old, but possessing the name of Horeta Taniwha (Red-smeared Dragon)—no less. The child lived through all the changes and chances of Maori life and warfare to more than ninety years of age. In his extreme old age he would still tell of how he saw Kapene Kuku —Captain Cook. Once he told his story to Governor Wynyard, who had it promptly taken down. Another version is also printed in one of Mr. John White's volumes.[1] The two do not differ in any important particular. How far the tale is of what he actually saw; how far it repeats what he picked up from others; how much is fact and how much fiction, Heaven knows! From his youth up he had, of course, proudly repeated the story. He may have improved it as time went on.

The people at Mercury Bay knew at once, says Taniwha, that the English were goblins, because a boat's crew pulled ashore, rowing with their backs to the land. Only goblins have eyes in the backs of their heads. When these creatures stepped on to the beach all the natives retreated and the children ran into the bush. But seeing that the wondrous beings walked peaceably about picking up stones and grasses and finally eating oysters, they said to each other, "Perhaps these goblins are not like our Maori goblins," and, taking courage, offered them sweet potatoes, and even lit a fire and roasted cockles for them. When one of the strangers pointed a walking-staff he had in his hand at a cormorant sitting on dead tree, and there was a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder, followed by the cormorant's fall there was another stampede into the bush. But the goblins laughed so good-humouredly that the children took heart to return and look at the fallen bird. Yes, it was dead; but what had killed it? and still the wonder grew!

The *Endeavour* lay in the bay for some time, and a brisk trade grew up between ship and shore. On one great never-to-be-forgotten day little Taniwha and some of his playfellows were taken out in a canoe and went on board the magic ship. Wrapped in their flax cloaks they sat close together on the deck, not daring to move about for fear they might be bewitched

[1] *Ancient History of the Maori*, vol. v, p. 188.

Photo by] [A. Martin, Wanganui

MOUNT EGMONT, TARANAKI

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in some dark corner, and so might never be able to go away and get home again. But their sharp brown eyes noted everything. They easily made out the leader of the goblins. He was a *tino tangata* (a very man—emphatically a man). Grave and dignified, he walked about saying few words, while the other goblins chatted freely. Presently the goblin-captain came up to the boys and, after patting their heads and stroking their cloaks, produced a large nail and held it up before them temptingly. The other youngsters sat motionless, awe-struck. But the bolder Taniwha laughed cheerfully and was at once presented with the prize. The children forthwith agreed amongst themselves that Cook was not only a *tino tangata*, but a *tino rangatira*—a combination of a great chief and a perfect gentleman. How otherwise could he be so kind to them, and so fond of children, argued these youthful sages ?

Then they saw the captain draw black marks on the quarter-deck and make a speech to the natives, pointing towards the coast. " The goblins want to know the shape of the country," said a quick-witted old chief, and, rising up, he drew with charcoal a map of The Fish of Maui, from the Glittering Lake at the extreme south to Land's End in the far north. Then, seeing that the goblins did not understand that the Land's End was the spot from which the spirits of the dead slid down to the shades below, the old chief laid himself down stiffly on the deck and closed his eyes. But still the goblins did not comprehend ; they only looked at each other and spoke in their hard, hissing speech. After this little Taniwha went on shore, bearing with him his precious nail. He kept it for years, using it in turns as a spear-head and an auger, or carrying it slung round his neck as a sacred charm.[1] But one day, when out in a canoe, he was capsized in the breakers off a certain islet and, to use his own words, " my god was lost to me, though I dived for it."

Taniwha describes how a thief was shot by Lieutenant Gore for stealing a piece of calico. The thief offered to sell a dog-skin cloak, but when the calico was handed down over the bulwarks into his canoe, which was alongside the *Endeavour*, he simply took it, gave nothing in return, and told his comrades to paddle to land.

[1] *Heitiki.*

They paddled away. The goblin went down into the hold of the ship, but soon came up with a walking-stick in his hand, and pointed it at the canoe. Thunder pealed and lightning flashed, but those in the canoe paddled on. Then they landed; eight rose to leave the canoe, but the thief sat still with his dog-skin mat and the goblin's garment under his feet. His companions called him, but he did not answer. One of them shook him, and the thief fell back into the hold of the canoe, and blood was seen on his clothing and a hole in his back.

What followed was a capital example of the Maori doctrine of *utu*, or compensation, the cause of so many wars and vendettas. The tribe decided that as the thief had stolen the calico, his death ought not to be avenged, but that as he had paid for it with his life *he* should keep it. So it was buried with him.

The French were but a few months behind the English in the discovery of New Zealand. The ship of their captain, De Surville, just missed meeting Cook at the Bay of Islands. There the French made a fortnight's stay, and were well treated by the chief, Kinui, who acted with particular kindness to certain sick sailors put on shore to recover. Unfortunately one of De Surville's boats was stolen, and in return he burnt the nearest village and a number of canoes, and kidnapped the innocent Kinui, who pined away on shipboard and died off the South American coast a few days before De Surville himself was drowned in the surf in trying to land at Callao.

For this rough-handed and unjust act certain of De Surville's countrymen were destined to pay dearly. Between two and three years afterwards, two French exploring vessels under the command of Marion du Fresne entered the Bay of Islands. They were in want of masts and spars, of wood and water, and had many men down with sickness. The expedition was on the look-out for that dream of so many geographers—the great south continent. Marion was a tried seaman, a man of wealth and education, and of an adventurous spirit. It is to Crozet, one of his officers, that we owe the story of his fate. Thanks probably to the Abbé Rochon, who edited Crozet's papers, the narrative is clear, pithy, and business-like, an agreeable contrast to the Hawkesworth-Cook-Banks motley, so much more familiar to most of us.

For nearly five weeks after Marion's ships anchored in the

bay all went merry as a marriage bell, though the relations of of the French tars with the Maori *wahiné* were not in the strict sense matrimonial. The Maori, at first cautious, soon became the best of friends with the sailors, conveying shooting parties about the country, supplying the ships with fish, and showing themselves expert traders, keenly appreciative of the value of the smallest scrap of iron, to say nothing of tools. Through all their friendly intercourse, however, it was ominous that they breathed no word of Cook or De Surville. Moreover, a day came on which one of them stole Marion's sword. Crozet goes out of his way to describe how the kindly captain refused to put the thief in irons, though the man's own chief asked that it should be done. But it leaks out—from the statement of another officer—that the thief was put in irons. We may believe that he was flogged also.

Crozet marked the physical strength of the Maori, and was particularly struck with the lightness of the complexions of some, and the European cast of their features. One young man and a young girl were as white as the French themselves. Others were nearly black, with frizzled hair, and showed, he thought, Papuan blood. To the Frenchman's eye the women seemed coarse and clumsy beside the men. He was acute enough to notice that the whole population seemed to be found by the sea-shore ; though he often looked from high hill-tops he saw no villages in the interior. Children seemed few in number, the cultivations small, and the whole race plainly lived in an incessant state of war. He admired the skilful construction of the stockades, the cleanliness of the *pa*, the orderly magazines of food and fishing gear, and the armouries where the weapons of stone and wood were ranged in precise order. He praises the canoes and carving—save the hideous attempts at copying the human form. In short, he gives one of the most valuable pictures of Maori life in its entirely primitive stage.

A camp on shore was established for the invalids and another for the party engaged in cutting down the tall kauri pines for masts. Crozet calls the kauri-trees cedars, and is full of praises of their size and quality. He was the officer in charge of the woodcutters. On the 13th June he saw marching towards his camp a detachment from the ship fully armed and

with the sun flashing on their fixed bayonets. At once it occurred to him that something must be amiss—otherwise why fixed bayonets? Going forward, Crozet bade the detachment halt, and quietly asked what was the matter. The news was indeed grave. On the day before M. Marion with a party of officers and men, seventeen strong, had gone on shore and had not been seen since. No anxiety was felt about them until morning; the French had often spent the night at one or other of the *pa*. But in the morning a terrible thing had happened. A long-boat had been sent ashore at 7 a.m. for wood and water. Two hours later a solitary sailor with two spear-wounds in his side swam back to his ship. Though badly hurt he was able to tell his story. The Maori on the beach had welcomed the boat's crew as usual—even carrying them pick-a-back through the surf. No sooner were they ashore and separated than each was surrounded and speared or tomahawked. Eleven were thus killed and savagely hacked to pieces. The sole survivor had fought his way into the scrub and escaped unnoticed.

Crozet promptly dismantled his station, burying and burning all that could not be carried away, and marched his men to the boats. The natives met them on the way, yelling, dancing, and shouting that their chief had killed Marion. Arrived at the boats, Crozet says that he drew a line along the sand and called to a chief that any native who crossed it would be shot. The chief, he declares, quietly told the mob, who at once, to the number of a thousand, sat down on the ground and watched the French embark. No sooner had the boats pushed out than the natives in an access of fury began to hurl javelins and stones and rushed after them into the water. Pausing within easy range, the French opened fire with deadly effect and continued to kill till Crozet, wearying of the slaughter, told the oarsmen to pull on. He asks us to believe that the Maori did not understand the effect of musketry, and yet stood obstinately to be butchered, crying out and wondering over the bodies of their fallen.

The French next set to work to bring off their sick shipmates from their camp. Strange to say, they had not been attacked, though the natives had been prowling round them.

Thereafter a village on an islet close by the ship's anchorage

was stormed with much slaughter of the inhabitants. Fifty were slain and the bodies buried with one hand sticking out of the ground to show that the French did not eat enemies. Next the ship's guns were tried on canoes in the bay. One was cut in two by a round shot and several of her paddle-men killed.

A day or two later the officers recovered sufficient confidence to send a party to attack the village where their captain had presumably been murdered. The Maori fled. But Marion's boat-cloak was seen on the shoulders of their chief, and in the huts were found more clothing—blood-stained—and fragments of human flesh.

The ships were hurriedly got ready for sea. The beautiful "cedar" masts were abandoned, and jury-masts set up instead. Wood and water were taken in, and the expedition sailed for Manila, turning its back upon the quest of the great southern continent. Meanwhile the Maori had taken refuge in the hills, whence the cries of their sentinels could be heard by day and their signal fires be descried by night.

Crozet moralizes on the malignant and unprovoked treachery of these savages. He pours out his contempt on the Parisian *philosophes* who idealized primitive man and natural virtue. For his part he would rather meet a lion or a tiger, for then he would know what to do! But there is another side to the story. The memory of the *Wi-Wi*,[1] "the bloody tribe of Marion," lingered long in the Bay of Islands. Fifty years after Captain Cruise was told by the Maori how Marion had been killed for burning their villages. Thirty years later still, Surgeon-Major Thomson heard natives relating round a fire how the French had broken into their *tapu* sanctuaries and put their chiefs in irons. And then there were the deeds of De Surville. Apart from certain odd features in Crozet's narrative, it may be remarked that he errs in making the Maori act quite causelessly. The Maori code was strange and fantastic, but a tribal vendetta always had a reason.

Thus did the Dutch, English, and French in succession discover New Zealand, and forthwith come into conflict with its dauntless and ferocious natives. The skill and moderation of Cook may be judged by comparing his success with the

[1] *Oui-Oui.*

episodes of De Surville's roughness and the troubles which befel Tasman, Furneaux, and Marion du Fresne. Or we may please ourselves by contrasting English persistency and harsh but not unjust dealing with the Dutch over-cautiousness and French carelessness and cruelty. One after the other the navigators revealed the islands to the world, and began at the same time that series of deeds of blood and reprisal which made the name of New Zealand notorious for generations, and only ended with the massacre of Poverty Bay a long century afterwards.

CHAPTER V

NO MAN'S LAND

The wild justice of revenge.

THE Maori told Cook that, years before the *Endeavour* first entered Poverty Bay, a ship had visited the northern side of Cook's Strait and stayed there some time, and that a half-caste son of the captain was still living. In one of his later voyages the navigator was informed that a European vessel had lately been wrecked near that part of the country, and that the crew, who reached the shore, had all been clubbed after a desperate resistance. It is likely enough that many a roving mariner who touched at the islands never informed the world of his doings, and had, indeed, sometimes excellent reasons for secrecy. Still, for many years after the misadventure of Marion du Fresne, the more prudent Pacific skippers gave New Zealand a wide berth. When D'Entrecasteaux, the French explorer, in his voyage in search of the ill-fated *La Perouse*, lay off the coast in 1793, he would not even let a naturalist, who was on one of his frigates, land to have a glimpse of the novel flora of the wild and unknown land. Captain Vancouver, in 1791, took shelter in Dusky Bay, in the sounds of the South Island. Cook had named an unsurveyed part of that region Nobody-Knows-What. Vancouver surveyed it and gave it its present name, Somebody-Knows-What. But the chief act for which his name is noted in New Zealand history is his connection with the carrying off of two young Maori—a chief and a priest—to teach the convicts of the Norfolk Island penal settlement how to dress flax. Vancouver had been asked by the Lieutenant-Governor of Norfolk Island to induce two Maori to make the voyage. He therefore sent an officer in a Government storeship to New Zealand, whose notion of inducement

was to seize the first Maori he could lay hands on. The two captives, it may be mentioned, scornfully refused to admit any knowledge of the "woman's work" of flax-dressing. Soothed by Lieutenant-Governor King, they were safely restored by him to their people loaded with presents. When in Norfolk Island, one of them, at King's request, drew a map of New Zealand, which is of interest as showing how very little of his country a Maori of average intelligence then knew. Of even more interest to us is it to remember that the kindly Lieutenant-Governor's superior officer censured him for wasting time—ten whole days—in taking two savages back to their homes.

For two generations after Cook the English Government paid no attention to the new-found land. What with losing America, and fighting the French, it had its hands full. It colonized Australia with convicts—and found it a costly and dubious experiment. The Government was well satisfied to ignore New Zealand. But adventurous English spirits were not. The islands ceased to be inaccessible when Sydney became an English port, from which ships could with a fair wind make the Bay of Islands in eight or ten days. In the seas round New Zealand were found the whale and the fur-seal. The Maori might be cannibals, but they were eager to trade. In their forests grew trees capable of supplying first-class masts and spars. Strange weapons, ornaments, and cloaks were offered by the savages, as well as food and the dressed fibre of the native flax. An axe worth ten shillings would buy three spars worth ten pounds in Sydney. A tenpenny nail would purchase a large fish. A musket and a little powder and lead were worth a ton of scraped flax. Baskets of potatoes would be brought down and ranged on the sea-beach three deep. The white trader would then stretch out enough calico to cover them. The strip was their price. The Maori loved the higgling of the market, and would enjoy nothing better than to spend half a day over bartering away a single pig. Moreover, a peculiar and profitable, if ghastly, trade sprang up in tattooed heads. A well-preserved specimen fetched as much as twenty pounds, and a man "with a good head on his shoulders" was consequently worth that sum to anyone who could kill him. Contracts for the sale of heads of men

still living are said to have been entered into between chiefs and traders, and the heads to have been duly delivered "as per agreement." Hitherto hung up as trophies of victory in the *pa*, these relics of battle were quickly turned to account, at first for iron, then for muskets, powder, and lead. When the natural supply of heads of slain enemies ran short, slaves, who had hitherto never been allowed the aristocratic privilege and dignity of being tattooed, had their faces prepared for the market. Sometimes, it is recorded, a slave, after months of painful preparation, had the audacity to run away with his own head before the day of sale and decapitation. Astute vendors occasionally tried the more merciful plan of tattooing "plain" heads after death in ordinary course of battle. This was a species of fraud, as the lines soon became indistinct. Such heads have often been indignantly pointed at by enthusiastic connoisseurs. Head-sellers at times would come forward in the most unlikely places. Commodore Wilkes, when exploring in the American *Vincennes*, bought two heads from the steward of a missionary brig. It was missionary effort, however, which at length killed the traffic, and the art of tattooing along with it. Moved thereby, Governor Darling issued at Sydney, in 1831, proclamations imposing a fine of forty pounds upon anyone convicted of head-trading, coupled with the exposure of the offender's name. Moreover, he took active steps to enforce the prohibition. When Charles Darwin visited the mission station near the Bay of Islands in 1835, the missionaries confessed to him that they had grown so accustomed to associate tattooing with rank and dignity—had so absorbed the Maori social code relating thereto—that an unmarked face seemed to them vulgar and mean. Nevertheless, their influence led the way in discountenancing the art, and it has so entirely died out that there is probably not a completely tattooed Maori head on living shoulders to-day.

Cook had found the Maori still in the Stone Age. They were far too intelligent to stay there for a day after the use of metals had been demonstrated to them. Wits much less acute than a Maori's would appreciate the difference between hacking at hardwood trees with a jade tomahawk and cutting them down with a European axe. So New Zealand's shores

became, very early in this century, the favourite haunt of whalers, sealers, and nondescript trading schooners. Deserters and shipwrecked seamen were adopted by the tribes. An occasional runaway convict from Australia added spice to the mixture.

The lot of these unacknowledged and unofficial pioneers of our race was chequered. Some castaways were promptly knocked on the head and eaten. Some suffered in slavery. In 1815 two pale, wretched-looking men, naked save for flax mats tied round their waists, threw themselves on the protection of the captain of the *Active*, then lying in the Bay of Islands. It appeared that both had been convicts who had got away from Sydney as stowaways in a ship bound for New Zealand, the captain of which, on arrival, had handed them over to the missionaries to be returned to New South Wales. The men, however, ran away into the country, believing that the natives would reverence them as superior beings and maintain them in comfortable idleness. They were at once made slaves of. Had they been strong, handy agricultural labourers, their lot would have been easy enough. Unfortunately for them, one had been a London tailor, the other a shoemaker, and the luckless pair of feeble Cockneys could be of little use to their taskmasters. These led them such a life that they tried running away once more, and lived for a time in a cave, subsisting chiefly on fern-root. A period of this diet, joined to their ever-present fear of being found out and killed, drove them back to Maori slavery. From this they finally escaped to the *Active*—more like walking spectres than men, says an eye-witness—and resigned, if needs must, to endure once more the tender mercies of convict life in Botany Bay.

More valuable whites were admitted into the tribes, and married to one, sometimes two or three, wives. The relatives of these last occasionally resorted to an effectual method of securing their fidelity by tattooing them. One of them, John Rutherford, survived and describes the process. But as he claims to have had his face and part of his body thoroughly tattooed in four hours, his story is but one proof amongst a multitude that veracity was not a needful part of the equipment of the New Zealand adventurer of the Alsatian epoch.

Once enlisted, the *Pakeha* were expected to distinguish themselves in the incessant tribal wars. Most of them took their share of fighting with gusto. As trade between whites and Maori grew, each tribe made a point of having a white agent-general, called their *Pakeha* Maori (Foreigner Maorified), to conduct their trade and business with his fellows. He was the tribe's vassal, whom they petted or plundered as the mood led them, but whom they protected against outsiders. These gentry were for the most part admirably qualified to spread the vices of civilization and discredit its precepts. But, illiterate ruffians as most of them were, they had their uses in aiding peaceful intercourse between the races. Some, too, were not illiterate. A Shakespeare and a Lemprière were once found in the possession of a chief in the wildest part of the interior. They had belonged to his *Pakeha*, long since dead. Elsewhere a tattered prayer-book was shown as the only relic of another. One of the kind, Maning by name, who lived with a tribe on the beautiful inlet of Hokianga, will always be known as *the Pakeha* Maori. He was an Irish adventurer, possessed not only of uncommon courage and acuteness, but of real literary talent and a genial and charming humour. He lived to see savagery replaced by colonization, and to become a judicial officer in the service of the Queen's Government. Some of his reminiscences, embodied in a volume entitled *Old New Zealand*, still form the best book which the country has been able to produce. Nowhere have the comedy and childishness of savage life been so delightfully portrayed. Nowhere else do we get such an insight into that strange medley of contradictions and caprices, the Maori's mind.

We have already seen that a lieutenant in Her Majesty's service thought it no crime in 1793 to kidnap two chiefs in order to save a little trouble. We have seen how Cook shot natives for refusing to answer questions, and how De Surville could seize and sail away with a friendly chief because someone else had stolen his boat. When in 1794 that high and distinguished body, the East India Company, sent a well-armed "scow" to the Hauraki gulf for kauri spars she did not leave until her captain had killed his quota of natives—two men and a woman—shot, because, forsooth, some axes had been

stolen. If such were the doings of officials, it came as a matter of course that the hard-handed merchant-skippers who in brigs and schooners hung round the coasts of the Islands thought little of carrying off men or women. They would turn their victims adrift in Australia or on some South Sea islet, as their humour moved them. With even more cruel callousness, they would sometimes put Maori, carried off from one tribe, on shore amongst another and maybe hostile tribe. Slavery was the best fate such unfortunates could expect. On one occasion the missionaries in the Bay of Islands rescued from bondage twelve who had in this fashion been thrown amongst their sworn enemies. Their only offence was that they had happened to be trading on board a brig in their own port when a fair wind sprang up. The rascal in command carried them off rather than waste any of the wind by sending them on shore.

An even more heartless piece of brutality was the conduct of a certain captain from Sydney, who took away with him the niece of a Bay of Islands chief, and after living with her for months abandoned her on shore in the Bay of Plenty, where she was first enslaved and finally killed and eaten by the local chief. The result was a bitter tribal war, in which she was amply avenged.

Another skipper, after picking up a number of freshly cured tattooed heads, the fruit of a recent tribal battle, put into the bay of the very tribe which had been beaten in the fighting. When a number of natives came on board to trade, he thought it a capital joke—after business was over—to roll out on the deck a sackful of the heads of their slain kinsfolk. Recognizing the features, the insulted Maori sprang overboard with tears and cries of rage.

A third worthy, whilst trading in the Bay of Islands, missed some articles on board his schooner. He at once had the chief, Koro Koro, who happened to be on board, seized and bound hand and foot in the cabin. Koro Koro, who was noted both for strength and hot temper, burst his cords, as Samson his bonds, and plunged through the cabin window into the sea. Swimming to his canoe, he gained it, and then, before taking to flight, flung his throwing-spear and transfixed a sailor on deck. The captain in return

shot at the infuriated chief, but missed him, and Koro Koro paddled ashore. The wounded sailor did not die ; so, on consideration, both sides decided to regard the account as settled, and the incident closed.

Such were some of the more ordinary episodes of commerce in No Man's Land. They were varied by tragedies on a larger scale. In 1809 the *Boyd*, a ship of 500 tons—John Thompson, master—had discharged a shipload of English convicts in Sydney. The captain decided to take in a cargo of timber in New Zealand, and accordingly sailed to Whangaroa, a romantic inlet to the north of the Bay of Islands. Amongst the crew were several Maori. One of these, known as George, was a young chief, though serving before the mast. During the voyage he was twice flogged for refusing to work on the plea of illness. The captain added insult to the stripes by the words, "You are no chief!" The sting of this lay in the sacredness attached by Maori custom to a chief's person, which was *tapu—i.e.* a thing not to be touched. George—according to his own account [1]—merely replied that when they reached New Zealand the captain would see that he was a chief. But he vowed vengeance, and on reaching Whangaroa showed his stripes to his kinsfolk, as Boadicea hers to the Britons of old. The tribesmen, with the craft of which the apparently frank and cheerful Maori has so ample a share, quietly laid their plans. The captain was welcomed. To divide their foes, the Maori beguiled him and a party of sailors into the forest, where they killed them all. Then, dressing themselves in the clothes of the dead, the slayers made off to the *Boyd*. Easily coming alongside in their disguises, they leaped on the decks and massacred crew and passengers without pity. George himself clubbed half a dozen, who threw themselves at his feet begging for mercy. Yet even in his fury he spared a ship's boy who had been kind to him,

[1] As given by him to J. L. Nicholas five years afterwards. See Nicholas's *Voyage to New Zealand*, vol. i, page 145. There are those who believe the story of the flogging to be an invention of George. Their authority is Mr. White, a Wesleyan missionary who lived at Whangaroa from 1823 to 1827, and to whom the natives are said to have admitted this. But that must have been, at least, fourteen years after the massacre, and George was by that time at odds with many of his own people. He died in 1825. His last hours were disturbed by remorse arising from an incident in the *Boyd* affair. He had not, he thought, properly avenged the death of his father—blown up by the powder-barrel. Such was the Maori conscience.

and who ran to him for protection, and a woman and two girl-children. All four were afterwards rescued by Mr. Berry, of Sydney, and took refuge with a friendly neighbouring chief, Te Pehi. Meanwhile the *Boyd* had been stripped and burned. In the orgie that followed George's father snapped a flint-lock musket over a barrel of gunpowder, and with the followers round him was blown to pieces. Nigh seventy lives were lost in the *Boyd* massacre. Of course, the slain were eaten.

Then ensued a tragedy of errors. The captains of certain whalers lying in the Bay of Islands, hearing that the survivors of the *Boyd* were at Te Pehi's village, concluded that the kindly chief was a partner in the massacre. Organizing a night attack, the whalers destroyed the village and its guiltless owners. The unlucky Te Pehi, fleeing wounded, fell into the hands of some of George's people, who, regarding him as a sympathizer with the whites, made an end of him. Finally, to avenge him, some of the survivors of his tribe afterwards killed and ate three seamen who had had nothing to do with any stage of the miserable drama.

Less well known than the fate of the *Boyd* is the cutting-off of the brig *Hawes* in the Bay of Plenty in 1829. It is worth relating, if only because it shows that the Maori were not always the provoked party in these affairs, and that, moreover, vengeance, even in No Man's Land, did not always fall only on the guiltless. In exchange for fire-arms and gunpowder the captain had filled his brig with flax and pigs. He had sailed out to Whale Island in the Bay, and by a boiling spring on the islet's beach was engaged with some of his men in killing and scalding the pigs and converting them into salt pork. Suddenly the amazed trader saw the canoes of his friendly customers of the week before, headed by their chief "Lizard," sweep round and attack the *Hawes*. The seamen, still on board, ran up the rigging, where they were shot. The captain, with those on the islet, rowed away for their lives. The brig was gutted and burnt. The Maori, perplexed by finding a number of bags of the unknown substance flour, emptied the contents into the sea, keeping the bags.[1]

[1] Judge Wilson's *Story of Te Waharoa.*

Certain white traders in the Bay of Islands resolved to bring " Lizard " to justice, in other words to shoot him. They commissioned a schooner, the *New Zealander*, to go down to the scene of the outrage. A handy Bay of Islands chief offered to do the rest. He went with the schooner. On its arrival the unsuspecting " Lizard " came off to trade. At the end of a friendly visit he was stepping into his canoe when his unofficially appointed executioner stepped quietly forward, levelled his double-barrelled gun, and shot " Lizard " dead.

As a matter of course the affair did not end there: " Lizard's " tribe were bound in honour to retaliate. But upon whom ? The *Pakeha* who had caused their chief's death were far out of reach in the north. Still they were not the only *Pakeha* in the land. In quite a different direction, in the harbour which Captain Cook had dubbed Hicks's Bay, lived two inoffensive Whites who had not even heard of " Lizard's " death. What of that ? They were Whites, and therefore of the same tribe as the *Pakeha* concerned ! So the village in which they lived was stormed, one White killed at once, the other captured. As the latter stood awaiting execution and consumption, by an extraordinary stroke of fortune a whaling ship ran into the bay. The adroit captive offered, if his life were spared, to decoy his countrymen on shore, so that they could be massacred. The bargain was cheerfully struck ; and when an armed boat's crew came rowing to land, the *Pakeha*, escorted to the sea side by a murderous and expectant throng, stood on a rock and addressed the seamen in English. What he told them to do, however, was to get ready and shoot his captors directly he dived from the rock into the water. Accordingly his plunge was followed by a volley. The survivors of the outwitted Maori turned and fled, and the clever *Pakeha* was picked up and carried safely on board.

At that time there was living among " Lizard's " people a certain Maori from the Bay of Islands. This man, a greedy and mischievous fellow, had instigated " Lizard " to cut off the *Hawes*. This became known, and Waka Néné, a Bay of Islands chief, destined to become famous in New Zealand history, punished his rascally fellow-tribesman in a very

gallant way. On a visit to the Bay of Plenty he bearded the man sitting unsuspecting among his partners in the piracy, and, after fiercely upbraiding him, shot him dead. Nor did any present venture to touch Waka Néné.

The South Island had its share of outrages. On 12th December, 1817, the brig *Sophia* anchored in Otago Harbour. Kelly, her captain, was a man of strength and courage, who had gained some note by sailing round Tasmania in an open boat. He now had use for these qualities. The day after arrival he rowed with six men to a small native village outside the harbour heads, at a spot still called Murdering Beach. Landing there, he began to bargain with the Maori for a supply of potatoes. A Lascar sailor, who was living with the savages, acted as interpreter. The natives thronged round the seamen. Suddenly there was a yell, and they rushed upon the whites, of whom two were killed at once. Kelly, cutting his way through with a bill-hook he had in his hand, reached the boat and pushed out from the beach. Looking back, he saw one of his men (his brother-in-law, Tucker) struggling with the mob. The unhappy man had but time to cry, " Captain Kelly, for God's sake don't leave me ! " when he was knocked down in the surf, and hacked to death. Another seaman was reeling in the boat desperately wounded. Kelly himself was speared through one hand.

The survivors regained their ship. She was swarming with natives, who soon learned what had happened and became wildly excited. Kelly drew his men aft and formed them into a solid body. When the Maori, headed by their chief Karaka—Kelly spells it Corockar—rushed at them, the seamen beat them off, using their large sealing-knives with such effect that they killed sixteen, and cleared the decks. The remaining natives jumped overboard. A number were swept away by the ebb-tide and drowned. Next day the crew, now only fourteen in number, repulsed an attempt made in canoes to take the vessel by boarding, and killed Karaka. Emboldened by this, they afterwards made an expedition to the shore and cut up or stove in all their enemies' canoes lying on the beach. This was on Christmas Eve. On Boxing Day they landed and burnt the principal native village, which Kelly calls the " beautiful city of Otago, of

about six hundred fine houses"—not the only bit of patent exaggeration in his story. Then they sailed away.[1]

What prompted the attack at Murdering Beach is uncertain—like so much that used to happen in No Man's Land. It is said that Tucker had been to Otago some years previously and had stolen a baked head from the Maori. It is hinted that an encounter had taken place on the coast not long before in which natives had been shot and a boat's crew cut off. As of most occurrences of the time, we can only suspect that lesser crimes which remained hidden led to the greater, which are more or less truthfully recorded.

[1] *Transactions New Zealand Institute*, vol. xxviii.

CHAPTER VI

MISSION SCHOONER AND WHALE BOAT

"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy."—*Text of Samuel Marsden's first sermon at the Bay of Islands, Christmas Day,* 1814.

MAORI, shipping before the mast on board whalers and traders, made some of the best seamen on the Pacific. They visited Sydney and other civilized ports, where their fine physique, bold bearing, and strangely tattooed faces, heightened the interest felt in them as specimens of their ferocious and dreaded race. Stories of the Maori went far and wide—of their fierce fights, their cannibal orgies, their grotesque ornaments and customs, their lonely, fertile and little-known country. Humane men conceived the wish to civilize and Christianize this people. Benjamin Franklin had planned something of the kind when the news of Cook's discovery first reached England. Thirty years later Samuel Marsden, a New South Wales chaplain, resolved to be the Gregory or Augustine of this Britain of the South. The wish became the master-passion of his life, and he lived to fulfil it. How this resolve was carried out makes one of the pleasantest pages of New Zealand history. The first step was his rescue of Ruatara. In 1809 a roaming Maori sailor had worked his passage to London, in the hope of seeing the great city and—greatest sight of all—King George III. The sailor was Ruatara, a Bay of Islands chief. Adventurous and inquiring as he was intelligent and good-natured, Ruatara spent nearly nine years of his life away from his native land. At London his captain refused to pay him his wages or to help him to see King George, and solitary, defrauded, and disappointed, the young wanderer fell sick nigh unto death. All the captain would do for him was to transfer him to the *Ann*, a convict ship bound for Sydney. Fortunately Marsden

was among her passengers. The chaplain's heart was touched at the sight of the wan, wasted Maori sitting dull-eyed, wrapped in his blanket, coughing and spitting blood. His kindness drew back Ruatara from the grave's brink and made him a grateful and attached pupil. Together they talked of the savage islands, which one longed to see and the other to regain. Nor did their friendship end with the voyage. More adventures and disappointments awaited Ruatara before he at last reached home. Once in a whale ship he actually sighted the well-beloved headlands of the Bay of Islands, and brought up all his goods and precious presents ready to go on shore. But the sulky captain broke his promise and sailed past the Bay. Why trouble to land a Maori ? Ruatara had to choose between landing at Norfolk Island or another voyage to England. Cheated of his earnings and half-drowned in the surf, he struggled ashore on the convict island, whence he made his way to Sydney and to Marsden's kindly roof. The whaling captain went on towards England. But Justice caught him on the way. He and his ship were taken by an American privateer.

Ruatara gained his home at the next attempt. There he laboured to civilize his countrymen, planted and harvested wheat, and kept in touch with Marsden across the Tasman Sea. Meanwhile the latter's official superiors discountenanced his venturesome New Zealand project. It was not until 1814 that the Governor of New South Wales at last gave way to the chaplain's persistent enthusiasm, and allowed him to send the brig *Active* to the Bay of Islands with Messrs. Hall and Kendall, lay missionaries, as the advance party of an experimental mission station. Ruatara received them with open arms, and they returned to Sydney after a peaceful visit, bringing with them their enthusiastic host, with two other chiefs—Koro Koro and Hongi, the last-named fated to become the scourge and destroyer of his race.

At last Marsden was permitted to sail to New Zealand. With Kendall, Hall, and King, the three friendly chiefs, and some " assigned " convict servants, he reached New Zealand in December 1814. With characteristic courage he landed at Whangaroa, among the tribe who had massacred the crew of the unhappy *Boyd*. Going on shore there, he met the

notorious George, who stood to greet the strangers, surrounded by a circle of seated tribesmen, whose spears were erect in the ground. But George, despite a swaggering and offensive manner, seems to have been amicable enough. He rubbed noses with Hongi and Ruatara, and shook hands with Marsden, who passed on unharmed to the Bay of Islands. There, by Ruatara's good offices, he was enabled to preach to the assembled natives on the Sunday after arrival, being Christmas Day, from the text printed at the head of this chapter. The Maori heard him quietly. Koro Koro walked up and down among the rows of listeners keeping order with his chief's staff. When the service ended, the congregation danced a war dance as a mark of attention to the strangers.

Marsden settled his missionaries at Ranghihoua, where for twelve axes he bought two hundred acres of land from a young *rangatira* named Turi. The land was conveyed to the Church Missionary Society by a deed of sale. As Turi could not write, Hongi made the ingenious suggestion that his *moko*, or face-tattoo, should be copied on the deed. This was done by a native artist. The document began as follows :

" Know all men to whom these presents shall come, That I, Ahoodee O Gunna, King of Rangee Hoo, in the Island of New Zealand, have, in consideration of twelve axes to me in hand now paid by the Rev. Samuel Marsden, of Parramatta, in the territory of New South Wales, given, granted, bargained, and sold, and by this present instrument do give, grant, bargain, and sell," etc., etc.

The deed is not only the first New Zealand conveyance, but has an interest beyond that. It is evidence that, at any rate in 1815, a single Maori, a chief, but of inferior rank, could sell a piece of land without the specific concurrence of his fellow-tribesmen, or of the tribe's head chief. Five and forty years later a somewhat similar sale plunged New Zealand into long years of war.

After this Marsden returned to Sydney. The *Active* took back spars and dressed flax to the value of £450. The flax was sold at £110 a ton. Kauri timber brought half a crown a foot, and the duty charged on it at the Sydney customs house was a shilling a foot. The day of Free Trade there was not yet. One cloud was hanging over the mission

when Marsden sailed. Ruatara lay dying. He had been seized with a fever, and the natives, believing him to be attacked by a devouring demon, placed him under *tapu*, and kept food, medicine, and his white friends from him. When Marsden, by threatening to bombard the village, obtained access to the sick man, it was too late; he found his friend past hope. Thus was the life of this staunch ally—a life which might have been of the first value to the Maori race—thrown away, though the missionary's friend Ruatara died a heathen, and his head wife hung herself in customary Maori form.

Such was the setting up of the first mission station. Its founders were sterling men. Kendall had been a London schoolmaster in good circumstances. King, a master carpenter, had given up £400 a year to labour among the savages. Marsden, though he made seven more voyages to the country, the last after he had reached threescore years and ten, never settled there. Henry Williams, however, coming on the scene in 1823, became his chief lieutenant. Williams had been a naval officer, had fought at Copenhagen, and had in him the stuff of which Nelson's sailors were made. Wesleyan missionaries, following in the footsteps of Marsden's pioneers, established themselves in 1822, and chose for the place of their labours the scene of the *Boyd* disaster. Roman Catholic activity began in 1838.

It took ten years to make one convert, and up to 1830 the baptisms were very few. After that the work began to tell and the patient labourers to reap their harvest. By 1838 a fourth of the natives had been baptized. But this was far from representing the whole achievement of the missionaries. Many thousands who never formally became Christians felt their influence, marked their example, profited by their schools. They fought against war, discredited cannibalism, abolished slavery. From the first Marsden had a sound belief in the uses of trade and of teaching savages the decencies and handicrafts of civilized life. He looked upon such knowledge as the best path to religious belief. Almost alone amongst his class, he was far-sighted enough to perceive, at any rate in the latter years of his life, that the only hope of New Zealand lay in annexation, and that any dream of a Protestant Paraguay was Utopian. Quite naturally, but most un-

fortunately, most missionaries thought otherwise, and were at the outset of colonization placed in antagonism to the pioneers. Meanwhile they taught the elements of a rough-and-ready civilization, which the chiefs were acute enough to value. But the courage and singleness of purpose of many of them gave them a higher claim to respect. To do the Maori justice, they recognized it, and the long journeys which the preachers of peace were able to make from tribe to tribe of cannibals and warriors say something for the generosity of the latter as well as for the devotion of the travellers. For fifty years after Marsden's landing no white missionary lost his life by Maori hands. Almost every less serious injury had to be endured. In the face of hardship, insult, and plunder the work went on. A schooner, the *Herald*, was built in the Bay of Islands to act as messenger and carrier between the missionary stations, which—pleasant oases in the desert of barbarism—began to dot the North Island from Whangaroa as far south as Rotorua among the Hot Lakes. By 1838 there were thirteen of them. The ruins of some stations I have seen, surrounded by straggling plots run to waste, "where once a garden smiled." When Charles Darwin, during the voyage of the *Beagle*, visited the Bay of Islands, the missionary station at Waimate struck him as the one bright spot in a gloomy and ill-ordered land. Darwin, by the way, was singularly despondent in his estimate both of Australia and New Zealand. Colonial evolution was not amongst his studies.

Colonists as a rule shrug their shoulders when questioned as to the depth of Maori religious feeling. It is enough to point out that a Christianity which induced barbarian masters to release their slaves without payment or condition must have had a reality in it at which the kindred of Anglo-Saxon sugar-planters have no right to sneer. Odd were the absurdities of Maori lay preachers, and knavery was sometimes added to absurdity. Yet these dark-skinned teachers carried Christianity into a hundred nooks and corners. Most of them were honest enthusiasts. Two faced certain death in the endeavour to carry the Gospel to the Taupo heathen, and met their fate with cheerful courage. Comic as Maori sectarianism became, it was not more ridiculous than British. It is

true that rival tribes gloried in belonging to different denominations and in slighting converts belonging to other churches. On one occasion, a white wayfarer, when asking shelter for the night at a *pa*, was gravely asked to name his church. He recognized that his night's shelter was at stake, and had no notion what was the reigning sect of the village. Sharpened by hunger, his wit was equal to the emergency, and his answer, " the true church," gained him supper and a bed. Too much stress has been laid on the spectacle of missionaries engaging in public controversies, and of semi-savage converts wrangling over rites and ceremonies and discussing points of theology which might well puzzle a Greek metaphysician. Such incidents were but an efflorescence on the surface of what for a number of years was a true and general earnestness.

The missionaries, aided by Professor Lee, of Cambridge, gave the Maori a written language. Into this the Scriptures were translated, chiefly by William Williams, who became Bishop of Waiapu, and by Archdeacon Maunsell. Many years of toil went to the work, and it was not completed until 1853. In 1834 a printing press was set up by the Church Mission Society at the Bay of Islands, in charge of Mr. William Colenso. Neither few nor small were the difficulties which beset this missionary printer. At the outset he got his press successfully from ship to shore by lashing two canoes together and laying planks across them. Though the chiefs surveyed the type with greedy eyes and hinted that it would make good musket-balls, they did not carry it off. But on unpacking his equipment Colenso found he had not been supplied with an inking-table, composing-sticks, leads, galleys, cases, imposing-stone, or printing-paper. A clever catechist made him an imposing-stone out of two boulders of basalt found in a river-bed hard by. Leads he contrived by pasting bits of paper together, and with the help of various make-shifts printed on 21st February, 1835, the first tract published in New Zealand. It consisted of the Epistles to the Ephesians and Philippians in Maori, printed on sixteen pages of writing-paper and issued in wrappers of pink blotting-paper. Much the most capable helpers whom the lonely printer had in his first years were two one-time compositors who had turned sailors and who, tiring of foc'sle life under Yankee captains, made up their

minds to resume the stick and apron in the cannibal islands. Impish Maori boys made not inappropriate "devils." With such assistants Colenso, working on, had by New Year's Day, 1838, completed the New Testament and was distributing bound copies to the eager Maori, who sent messengers for them from far and near. Pigs, potatoes, flax were offered for copies of the precious volume, in one case even that rarest of curiosities in No Man's Land—a golden sovereign.

Not the least debt, which anyone having to do with New Zealand owes the missionaries and Professor Lee, is a scholarly method of writing Maori. In their hands the spelling of the language became simple, systematic, and pleasant to the eye. What it has done to save the names of the country's places and persons from taking fantastic and ridiculous shapes a few examples will show. For sixty years after Cook's discovery every traveller spelt these names as seemed good to him. The books of the time offer us such things of beauty as Muckeytoo (Maketu), Kiddy-Kiddy (Keri-Keri), Wye-matte (Waimate), Keggerigoo (Kekerangu), Boo Marray and Bowmurry (Pomaré), Shunghee and E'Ongi (Hongi), Corro-radickee (Kororáreka). The haven of Hokianga figures alternately as Showkianga, Sukyanna, Jokeeangar and Choka-hanga. Almost more laughable are Towackey (Tawhaki), Wycaddie (Waikare), Crackee (Karakia), Wedder-Wedder (Wera-Wera), and Rawmatty (Raumati).

These, however, are thrown into the shade by some of the courageous attempts of the two Forsters, Cook's naturalists, at the names of native birds. It must have taken some imaginative power to turn pi-waka-waka into "diggowagh-wagh," and kereru into "haggarreroo," but they achieved these triumphs. Their *chef-d'œuvre* is perhaps "pooadugghie-dugghie," which is their version of putangi-tangi, the paradise-duck. After that it is not so easy to smile at the first sentences of an official statement drawn up by Governor King, of New South Wales, relative to the carrying off to Norfolk Island of the two New Zealanders before mentioned, which begins :

> Hoodoo-Cockoty-Towamahowey is about twenty-four years of age, five feet eight inches high, of an athletic make, and very interesting. He is of the district of Teerawittee. . . . Toogee Teterrenue Warripedo is of the same age as Hoodoo, but about three inches shorter.

Poor Huru, poor Tuki!

While the missionaries were slowly winning their way through respect to influence in the northern quarter of the country, and were giving the Maori a written language and the Bible, very different agents were working for civilization further south. From the last decade of the eighteenth century onwards the islands were often sought by whaling-ships. Gradually these came in greater numbers, and, until about the year 1845, were constantly to be seen in and about certain harbours—notably the Bay of Islands. But not by the utmost stretch of charity could their crews be called civilizing agencies. To another class of whalers, however, that title may not unfairly be given. These were the men who settled at various points on the coast, chiefly from Cook's Straits southward to Foveaux Straits, and engaged in what is known as shore-whaling. In schooners, or in their fast-sailing, seaworthy whale boats, they put out from land in chase of the whales which for so many years frequented the New Zealand shores in shoals. Remarkable were some of the catches they made. At Jacob's River eleven whales were once taken in seventeen days. For a generation this shore-whaling was a regular and very profitable industry. Only the senseless slaughter of the "cows" and their "calves" ruined it.

Carried on at first independently by little bands of adventurers, it in time fell into the hands of Sydney merchants, who found the capital and controlled and organized whaling-stations. At these they erected boiling-down works, shears for hoisting the huge whales' carcasses out of the water, stores, and jetties. As late as 1843 men were busy at more than thirty of these stations. More than five hundred men were employed, and the oil and whalebone they sent away in the year were worth at least £50,000. Sometimes the profits were considerable. A certain merchant, who bought the plant of a bankrupt station for £225 at a Sydney auction, took away therefrom £1,500 worth of oil in the next season. But then he was an uncommon merchant. He had been a sealer himself, and finally abandoned mercantile life in Sydney to return to his old haunts, where he managed his own establishment, joined farming to whaling, endowed a mission

station,[1] and amazed the land by importing a black-coated tutor and a piano for his children. Moreover, the harpooners and oarsmen were not paid wages or paid in cash, but merely had a percentage of the value of a catch, and were given that chiefly in goods and rum. For this their employers charged them, perhaps, five times the prices current in Sydney, and Sydney prices in convict times were not low. Under this truck system the employers made profits both ways. The so-called rum was often inferior arrack—deadliest of spirits—with which the Sydney of those days poisoned the Pacific. The men usually began each season with a debauch and ended it with another. A cask's head would be knocked out on the beach, and all invited to dip a can into the liquor. They were commonly in debt and occasionally in delirium. Yet they deserved to work under a better system, for they were often fine fellows, daring, active, and skilful. Theirs was no fair-weather trade. Their working season was in the winter. Sharp winds and rough seas had to be faced, and when these were contrary it required no small strength to pull their heavy boats against them hour after hour, and mile after mile, to say nothing of the management of the cumbrous steering-oar, twenty-seven feet in length, to handle which the steersman had to stand upright in the stern sheets.

The harpooning and lancing of the whale were wild work; and when bones were broken, a surgeon's aid was not always to be had. The life, however, could give change, excitement, the chance of profit, and long intervals of comparative freedom. To share these, seamen deserted their vessels, and free Australians—nicknamed currency lads—would ship at Sydney for New Zealand. Ex-convicts, of course, swelled their ranks and were not always and altogether bad, despite the convict system. The discipline in the boats was as strict as on a man-of-war. On shore, when "trying down" the blubber, the men had to work long and hard. "Sunday don't come into this bay!" was the gruff answer once given to a traveller who asked whether the Sabbath was kept. Otherwise they might lead easy lives. Each had his hut and his Maori wife,

[1] John Jones, of Waikouaiti. His first missionary found two years at a whaling-station quite enough, if we may judge from his greeting to his successor which was "Welcome to Purgatory, Brother Creed!" Brother Creed's response is not recorded.

to whom he was sometimes legally married. Many had gardens and families of half-caste children, whose strength and beauty were noted by all who saw them. The whaler's helpmate had to keep herself and children clean and the home tidy. Cleanliness and neatness were insisted on by her master, partly through the seaman's instinct for tidiness and partly out of a pride and desire to show a contrast to the reeking hovels of the Maori. As a rule she did her best to keep her man sober. Her cottage, thatched with reeds, was perhaps whitewashed with lime made by burning the sea-shells. With its clay floor and huge open fireplace, with its walls lined with curtained sleeping bunks, and its rafters loaded with harpoons, sharp oval-headed lances, coils of rope, flitches of bacon, or bags of flour, it showed a picture of rude comfort.[1] If the seats were the joints of a whale's backbone, there was always food in plenty, washed down with grog or tea made from *manuka* sprigs. Whale's heart was a delicacy set before guests, who found it rather like beef. Maori, sharks, and clouds of sea-gulls shared much of the flesh of the captured whales' carcasses.

Maori relatives learned to envy and, to some extent, to copy what they saw. They took service as oarsmen, and even bought and equipped boats for themselves. They learned to be ashamed of some of their more odious habits, and to respect the pluck and sense of fair play shown by their whaling neighbours. As a rule, each station was held by licence from the chief of the proprietary tribe. He and tenants would stand shoulder to shoulder to resist incursions by other natives. Dicky Barrett, head-man of the Taranaki whaling-station, helped the Ngatiawa to repulse a noteworthy raid by the Waikato tribe. Afterwards, when the Ngatiawa decided to abandon their much-harried land, Barrett moved with them to Cook's Straits, where in 1839 the Wakefields found him looking jovial, round, and ruddy, dressed in a straw hat, white jacket, and blue dungaree trousers, and married to a chief's daughter—a handsome and stately woman. It was Dicky Barrett who directed

[1] Wakefield, *Adventures in New Zealand*; Shortland, *Southern Districts of New Zealand*; S. Thomson, *Story of New Zealand*; Sir W. T. Power, *Sketches in New Zealand*; G. F. Angas, *Savage Scenes*.

Colonel Wakefield to what is now Wellington, and who, in consequence, may be recorded as the guide who pointed out to the pioneer of the New Zealand Company the future capital of the Dominion.

Nor was Barrett the only specimen of this rough race whom New Zealanders may remember with interest. There was Stewart, ex-Jacobite, sealer, and pilot, whose name still conceals Rakiura, and whose Highland pride made him wear the royal tartan to the last as he sat in Maori villages smoking among the blanketed savages. There was the half-caste Chaseland, whose mother was an Australian "gin," and who was acknowledged to be the most dexterous and best-tempered steersman in New Zealand—when sober. He needed his skill when he steered an open boat from the Chathams to Otago across five hundred miles of wind-vexed sea. Chaseland's mighty thews and sinews were rivalled by those of Spencer, whose claim to have fought at Waterloo was regarded as doubtful, but whose possession of two wives and of much money made by rum-selling was not doubtful. Another notable steersman was Black Murray, who once made his boatmen row across Cook's Straits at night and in a gale because they were drunk, and only by making them put out to sea could he prevent them from becoming more drunk. A congener of his, Evans—"Old Man Evans"—boasted of a boat which was as spick and span as a post-captain's gig, and of a crew who wore uniform. Nor must the best of Maori whalers be forgotten—the chief Tuhawaiki—brave in war, shrewd and businesslike in peace, who could sail a schooner as cleverly as any white skipper, and who has been most unfairly damned to everlasting fame—local fame—by his whaler's nickname of "Bloody Jack!" These, and the "hands" whom they ordered about, knocked down, caroused with, and steered, were the men who, between 1810 and 1845, taught the outside world to take its way along the hitherto dreaded shores of New Zealand as a matter of course and of business. Half heroes, half ruffians, they did their work, and unconsciously brought the islands a stage nearer civilization. Odd precursors of English law, nineteenth-century culture, and "the peace of our lady the Queen," were these knights of the harpoon and companions of the rum-barrel.

But the isolated coasts and savage men among whom their lot was cast did not as yet call for refinement and reflection. Such as their time wanted, such they were. They played a part and fulfilled a purpose, and then moved off the stage. It so happened that within a few years after the advent of the regular colonists whaling ceased to pay, and the rough crew who followed it, and their coarse, manly life, disappeared together.

Unlike the whalers, the sealers did not as a rule establish permanent stations on the Islands. They hung about the coast in their sailing-vessels landing small parties to kill and skin their seals. In 1792 Captain Raven, of the *Britannia*, set some men ashore in Facile Bay on the west coast, who stayed there twelve months without molestation. So plentiful were the seals that in 1821 a party of six American hunters claimed to have collected and salted no less than 3,563 skins in six weeks. These men had been landed near Puysegur Point from a Nantucket whaler, the *General Gates*, Captain Abimelech Riggs. As they were sleeping in their hut, about midnight a gang of Maori burst their door in and seized them and their rich store of furs. The captives were marched off northward, trudging for many days through mountains and soaking forests, until their captors encamped on the sandy shores of a bay in Westland. There the miserable seamen were lashed to trees, and the Maori proceeded to kill, cook, and eat them at the rate of one a day. The heads of the slain were buried in the sand. When four had thus been disposed of, a violent thunderstorm broke over the camp with torrents of rain, and amid the confusion and darkness the two surviving Americans managed to slip off their bonds of native flax. They seized a canoe on the beach, ran her out through the surf, and paddled off to sea, escaping by very little the yelling savages who rushed into the waves to seize them. After tossing about for three days they were picked up more dead than alive by the trader *Margery*. Such were the risks of business in New Zealand a hundred years ago.[1]

[1] See Polack's *Adventures in New Zealand* and *Muri Huku*, by R. McNab.

CHAPTER VII

THE MUSKETS OF HONGI

He sang of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war and violent death.

MARSDEN'S notes help us to picture his first night in New Zealand. The son of the Yorkshire blacksmith, the voyager in convict-ships, the chaplain of New South Wales in the days of rum and chain-gangs, was not the man to be troubled by nerves. But even Marsden was wakeful on that night. Thinking of many things—thoughts not to be expressed—the missionary paced up and down on the sea beach by which a tribe was encamped The air was pleasant, the stars shone brightly, in front of him the sea spread smoothly, peacefully folded among the wooded hills. At the head of the harbour the ripple tapped lightly upon the charred timbers of the *Boyd*. Around lay the Maori warriors sleeping, wrapped in their dyed mantles and with their spears stuck upright in the ground. It was a quiet scene. Most of the scenes of that time which have come down to us were not of quietness. Some of them have been sketched in the last two chapters, and are examples of the condition of things which the missionaries landed to confront, and amidst which they worked. More have now to be described, if only to show things as they were before annexation, and the miseries which the country, and the Maori along with it, suffered before the influences of White adventurers and their fatal gifts were tempered by a civilized Government.

From 1818 to 1838 was a time of war far surpassing in bloodshed and ruin anything witnessed in the Islands before or since. For the first time the Maori used firearms. Probably a fourth of their race perished in this ill-starred epoch. Hongi,

the chief of the Ngapuhi tribe, before referred to, is usually spoken of as the first to introduce the musket into the tribal wars. This was not so. His tribe, as the owners of the Bay of Islands and other ports frequented by traders, were able to forestall their fellow-Maori in getting firearms. A war-party of the Ngapuhi, only one hundred and forty strong, is said to have gone through the length and breadth of the North Island putting all they met to flight with the discharge of two old flint-lock guns. The cunning warriors always followed up the awe-inspiring fire with a prompt charge, in which spear and tomahawk did the work for which panic had prepared the way. Another Ngapuhi chief, the leader of an attack on the men of Tauranga, managed to arm his men with thirty-five muskets, which they used with crushing effect. This was in 1818. Hongi saw the bravest warriors run before the new and terrible weapon. He never forgot the sight. To go to England and get guns became the dream of his life. A hopeful pupil of Marsden, in Sydney, he knew the ways of the White men. In 1820 he and a brother chief were taken to England by Kendall to help Professor Lee with his grammar and dictionary. The pair were lionized, and on all sides presents were made to them. They were presented to King George IV, who gave Hongi a suit of armour. On his return this grammarian's assistant heard at Sydney that his tribe was at war with the natives of the Hauraki or Thames district, and that one of his relatives had been killed. Now was his time. He at once sold all his presents, except the suit of armour, and bought three hundred muskets and a supply of powder and bullets. The Sydney Government did not prevent him. At Marsden's table, at Parramatta, Hongi met a chief of the offending tribe. Grimly he warned his fellow-guest to take himself home, make ready for war, and prepare to be killed—and eaten. Landing in New Zealand, he determined to imitate Napoleon. Allowing for the enormous difference in his arena, he managed to be nearly as mischievous.

His luckless enemies, armed only with spears, tomahawks, stones, and clubs, were shot and enslaved by thousands and eaten by hundreds. Wide districts were swept bare of people. No man cared for anything except to procure a gun and

thereby have a chance to save his life. A musket was, indeed, a pearl of great price. It has been pleaded for Hongi that he protected the missionaries, and that by forcing his race to get guns at any price he unwittingly developed trade. It is indeed true that in their desperate straits the tribes sold flax, timber, potatoes, mats, tatooed heads, pigs—even their precious land—for firearms. Without guns their lives were not worth a month's purchase. Men and women toiled almost frantically at growing and preparing flax or providing anything exchangeable for muskets, powder, and lead. An old Brown Bess was worth three tons of scraped flax. Undoubtedly Whites were welcomed, both as traders and fighters, with a readiness unknown before. In 1835 New Zealand exports to Sydney alone were valued at £113,000, her imports at £31,000. It was a poor set-off against an era of butchery.

Determined to carry out the threats he had made in Sydney, Hongi began his campaigns by sailing southward with a great fleet of war-canoes. Passing to the head of the Hauraki Gulf, he sat down before the *pa* of Totara, the chief fortress of the Thames tribes—the men whom he had doomed in Sydney. The place was well garrisoned, and commanded by the head chief, Trembling-Leaf. Even the three hundred musketeers found the *pa* too strong for open assault, though those inside had but one gun and no ammunition. Hongi fell back upon fraud, and offered honourable peace if a certain sacred greenstone *meré* were handed to him as a trophy. It was solemnly handed over, and the principal invaders were feasted in the *pa*. One of them, ashamed of the intended treachery, whispered to an acquaintance in the garrison, "Beware!" In vain. That night, as Hongi's victims were sleeping securely, the Ngapuhi rushed the stockade and all within were killed or taken. The dead were variously reckoned at from two hundred to a thousand. One division of the Ngapuhi were sufficiently disgusted at Hongi's deceit to refuse to join in the surprise, and Waikato, the powerful chief who had accompanied him to England, declared he would go afield with him no more. Even his own special clan, though they had yielded to the furious exhortations of his blind wife Turi, an Amazon who followed him in all his fights, urged him to spare some of the captives of rank. The pitiless victor

spared none. Five he killed with his own spear. The death songs of two have been preserved and are quoted as choice specimens of Maori poetry.

Between 1821 and 1827 Hongi carried fire and sword into almost every corner of what is now the Province of Auckland. At first none could stand before him. He assailed in 1822 two large *pa* near where the suburbs of Auckland city now spread. In vain the terrified inmates tried to buy off the savage with presents. Nearly all were slaughtered or taken, and Hongi left naught in their villages but bones, with such flesh on them "as even his dogs had not required." He invaded the Waikato and penetrated to a famous *pa*—a triple stockade at Mataki-taki (Look-out). To get there he dragged his war-canoes overland across the Auckland isthmus, straightened winding creeks for their passage, and, when the Waikatos felled large trees across one channel, patiently spent two months in cutting through the trunks. At length the Look-out fortress was stormed with horrible slaughter. Defended on one side by a creek, on another by the Waipa river, elsewhere by deep ditches and banks that were almost cliffs, the lofty stronghold was as difficult to escape from as to enter. It was crowded with women and children: ten thousand people were in it, says one account. When the spear-men broke before the terrible musket-fire, the mass of the despairing onlookers choked the ways of escape. In their mad panic hundreds of the flying Waikato were forced headlong over a cliff by the rush of their fellow-fugitives. Hundreds more were smothered in one of the deep ditches of the defences or were shot by the merciless Ngapuhi, who fired down upon the writhing mass till tired of reloading. It was the greatest of Hongi's victories, though not bloodless for the conquerors, like that of Totara, where only one Ngapuhi had been killed. Famous fighting men, the Waikato chiefs had died bravely, despite the amazement caused by the mystery of firearms. One had killed four Ngapuhi before he was shot.

Another of Hongi's triumphs was at Rotorua in the Hot Lakes district—the land of the Arawa tribe. He began by defeating them on the Bay of Plenty, and thence turning inland found the tribe gathered in strength on the green

island-hill of Mokoia, encircled by the Rotorua lake. Hongi's war-canoes were twenty-five miles away on the sea-beach, and the Mokoians ridiculed him as he lay encamped by the edge of their lake, unable to get at them. Day after day they paddled to within hailing distance and insulted him with yells and gestures. But the Ngapuhi general was not to be stopped. Like Mahomet the second, he made his slaves drag their craft overland, and the astonished islanders saw his flotilla sweep across Rotorua bearing the irresistible musketeers. On their exposed strand they were easily mown down. Flying they were followed by the Ngapuhi, and few indeed were the survivors of the day. Hongi's ravages reached far to the south and east. Even the Ngatiporou, who dwelt between Cape Runaway and Poverty Bay, felt his hand. Their *pa* fell one after the other, and only those were not slaughtered who fled to the mountains.

For a while it seemed as though Hongi's dream might come true, and all New Zealand hail him as sole king. His race trembled at his name. But his cruelty deprived him of allies, and the scanty numbers of his army gave breathing time to his foes. He wisely made peace with the Waikato, who, under Te Whero Whero, had rallied and cut off more than one Ngapuhi war-party. In the Hauraki country he could neither crush nor entrap the chief Te Waharoa, as cunning a captain and as bloodthirsty a savage as himself. Other enemies, the Ngati-Whatua, getting muskets and gaining courage, met him north of the Auckland isthmus; and though he beat them there in a pitched battle, it cost him the life of his eldest son. He became involved in feuds with his northern neighbours, and finally marched to attack our old acquaintances the Whangaroans of *Boyd* notoriety. In a bush-fight with them he neglected to wear the suit of chain armour, the gift of George IV, which had saved his life more than once. A shot fired by one of his own men struck him in the back and passed through a lung. He did not die of the wound for fifteen months. It is said that he used to entertain select friends by letting the wind whistle through the bullet-hole in his body. Mr. Polack, who was the author of the tale, was not always implicitly believed by those who knew him; but as Surgeon-Major Thomson

embodies the story in his book, perhaps a writer who is not a surgeon ought not to doubt it.

Of Hongi's antagonists none were more stubborn or successful than Te Waharoa, a fighting chief whose long life of warfare contains in it many stirring episodes of his times. Born in 1773 in a village near the upper Thames, he owed his life, when two years old, to a spasm of pity in the heart of a victorious chief from the Hot Lakes. This warrior and his tribe sacked the *pa* of Te Waharoa's father, and killed nearly all therein. The conqueror saw a pretty boy crying among the ashes of his mother's hut, and struck with the child's face, took him up and carried him on his back home to Lake Rotorua. "Oh! that I had not saved him!" groaned the old chief, when, nearly two generations later, Te Waharoa exacted ample vengeance from the Rotorua people. After twenty years of a slave's life, Te Waharoa was allowed to go back to his people. Though, in spite of the brand of slavery, his craft and courage carried him on till he became their head, he was even then but the leader of a poor three hundred fighting men.

To the north of him lay the Thames tribe, then the terror of half New Zealand; to the south, his old enemies the Arawas of the Hot Lakes. To the west the main body of the Waikatos were overwhelmingly his superiors in numbers. Eastward the Tauranga tribe—destined in aftertimes to defeat the Queen's troops at the Gate *Pa*—could in those days muster two thousand five hundred braves, and point to a thousand canoes lying on their beaches. But Te Waharoa was something more than an able guerilla chief. He was an acute diplomatist. Always keeping on good terms with the Waikatos, he made firm allies of the men of Tauranga. Protected, indeed helped, thus on both flanks, he devoted his life to harassing the dwellers by the lower Thames and the Hauraki Gulf. One great victory he won over them with the aid of his Waikato allies. Their chief *pa*, Mata-mata, he seized by a piece of callous bad faith and murder. After being admitted there by treaty to dwell as friends and fellow-citizens, his warriors rose one night and massacred their hosts without compunction. Harried from the north by Hongi, the wretched people of the Thames were between the hammer and the anvil. When at last their

persecutors—the Ngapuhi and Te Waharoa—met over their bodies, Te Waharoa's astuteness and nerve were a match for the invaders from the north. In vain the Ngapuhi besiegers tried to lure him out from behind the massive palisades of Mata-mata, where, well-provisioned, he lay sheltered from their bullets. When he did make a sally it was to catch half a dozen stragglers, whom, in mortal defiance, he crucified in front of his gateway. Then he challenged the Ngapuhi captain to single combat with long-handled tomahawks. The Northerners broke up their camp, and went home; they had found a man whom even muskets could not terrify.

Te Waharoa's final lesson to the Ngapuhi was administered in 1831, and effectually stopped them from making raids on their southern neighbours. A war-party from the Bay of Islands, in which were two of Hongi's sons, ventured, though only one hundred and forty strong, to sail down the Bay of Plenty, slaying and plundering as they went. Twice they landed, and when they had slain and eaten more than their own number the more prudent would have turned back. But a blind wizard, a prophet of prodigious repute, who was with them, predicted victory and speedy reinforcement, and urged them to hold on their way. Disembarking on an islet in the bay, the inhabitants of which had fled, they encamped among the deserted gardens. Looking out next morning, they saw the sea blackened with war-canoes. Believing these to be the prophesied reinforcement, they rushed down to welcome their friends. Cruelly were they undeceived as the canoes of Te Waharoa and his Tauranga allies shot on to the beach. Short was the struggle. Only two of the Ngapuhi were spared, and as the blind soothsayer's blood was too sacred to be shed, the victors pounded him to death with their fists. Never again did the Ngapuhi come southwards. So for the remaining years of his life Waharoa was free to turn upon the Arawa, the men who had slain his father and mother. From one raid on Rotorua his men came back with the bodies of sixty enemies—cut off in an ambush. Not once did Waharoa meet defeat; and when, in 1839, he died, he was as full of fame as of years. Long afterwards his *mana* was still a halo round the head of his son Wiremu Tamihana, whom we shall

meet in due time as William Thompson the king-maker, best of his race.

Hongi once dead and the Ngapuhi beaten off, the always formidable Waikato tribes began in turn to play the part of raiders. At their head was Te Whero Whero, whom in the rout at Mataki-taki a friendly hand had dragged out of the suffocating ditch of death. Without the skill of Hongi or the craft of Te Waharoa, he was a keen and active fighter. More than once before Hongi's day he had invaded the Taranaki country, and had only been forced back by the superior generalship of the famous Rauparaha, of whom more anon. In 1831 Rauparaha could no longer protect Taranaki. He had migrated to Cook's Straits, and was warring far away in the South Island. Therefore it was without much doubt that, followed by some three thousand men, Te Whero Whero set his face towards Mount Egmont, and swept all before him. Only at a strong hill-*pa* looking down upon the Waitara river did his enemies venture to make a stand. They easily repulsed his first assaults, but hundreds of women and children were among the refugees, and as was the wont of the Maori, no proper stock of provisions had been laid in. On the thirteenth day, therefore, the defenders, weakened and half-starved, had to make a frantic attempt to break through the Waikatos. Part managed to get away; most were either killed at once or hunted down and taken. Many women threw themselves with their children over the cliff into the Waitara. Next day the captives were brought before Te Whero Whero. Those with the best tattooed faces were carefully beheaded, that their heads might be sold unmarred to the White traders. The skulls of the less valuable were cleft with tomahawk or *meré*. Te Whero Whero himself slew many scores with a favourite greenstone weapon. A miserable train of slaves were spared to labour in the villages of the Waikato.

Ahead of the victorious chieftain lay yet another *pa*. It was near those quaint conical hills—the Sugar-Loaves—which, rising in and near the sea, are as striking a feature as anything can be in the landscape where Egmont's white peak dwarfs all else. Compared to the force in the Waitara *pa* the garrison of this last refuge was small—only three

hundred and fifty, including women and children. But among them were eleven Whites. Some of these may have been what Mr. Rusden acidly styles them all—"dissipated *Pakeha* Maori living with Maori Delilahs." But they were Englishmen, and had four old ship's guns. They decided to make a fight of it for their women and children and their trade. They got their carronades ready, and laboured to infuse a little order and system into the excitable mob around them. So when the alarm-cry, *E! Taua! Taua!* rang out from the watchmen of the *pa*, the inmates were found resolute and even prepared. In vain the invaders tried all their wiles. Their rushes were repulsed; the firebrands they showered over the palisades were met by wet clay banking, and their treacherous offers of peace and good-will declined. Though one of the carronades burst, the others did good execution, and when shot and scrap-iron failed, the artillerymen used pebbles. Dicky Barrett, already mentioned, was the life and soul of the defence. The master of a schooner which came upon the coast in the midst of the siege tried to mediate, and stipulated for a free exit for the Whites. Te Whero Whero haughtily refused; he would spare their lives, but would certainly make slaves of them. He had better have made a bridge for their escape. The siege dragged on. The childish chivalry of the Maori amazed the English. Waikato messengers were allowed to enter the *pa* and examine the guns and defences. On the other hand, when the besiegers resolved on a last and grand assault they sent notice thereof the day before to the garrison. Yet, after that, the latter lay down like tired animals to sleep the night through, while Barrett and his comrades watched and waited anxiously. The stormers came with the dawn, and were over the stockade before the Whites could rouse the sleepers. Then, however, after a desperate tussle—one of those sturdy hand-to-hand combats in which the Maori fighter shone—the assailants were cut down or driven headlong out. With heavy loss the astonished Waikato recoiled in disgust, and their retreat did not cease till they reached their own country.

Even this victory could not save Taranaki. With the fear of fresh raids in their mind the survivors of its people, together with their White allies, elected to follow where so

many of their tribes had already gone—to Cook's Straits, in the footsteps of Rauparaha. So they, too, chanted their farewells to their home, and, turning southward, marched away. When the Waikato had once more swept down the coast, and had finally withdrawn, it was left empty and desolate. A remnant, a little handful, built themselves a *pa* on one of the Sugar-Loaves. A few more lurked in the recesses of Mount Egmont. Otherwise the fertile land was a desert. A man might toil along the harbourless beaches for days with naught for company but the sea-gulls and the thunder of the surf; while inland—save for a few birds—the rush of streams and pattering of mountain-showers on the leaves were all that broke the silence of lifeless forests.

To the three warrior chiefs, whose feuds and fights have now been outlined, must be added a fourth and even more interesting figure. Rauparaha, fierce among the fierce, cunning among the cunning, was not only perhaps the most skilful captain of his time, not only a devastator second only to Hongi, but was fated to live on into another era and to come into sharp and fatal collision with the early colonists. One result among others is that we have several portraits of him with both pen and pencil. Like Waharoa and Hongi, he was small, spare and sinewy; an active man even after threescore years and ten. In repose his aquiline features were placid and his manners dignified. But in excitement, his small, keen, deep-sunken eyes glared like a wild beast's, and an overhanging upper lip curled back over long teeth which suggested to colonists—his enemies—the fangs of a wolf. Born near the picturesque inlet of Kawhia, he first won fame as a youth by laying a clever ambuscade for a Waikato war-party. When later the chief of his tribe was dying and asked doubtfully of his councillors who there was to take his place, Rauparaha calmly stepped forward and announced himself as the man for the office. His daring seemed an omen, and he was chosen. In 1819 he did a remarkable thing. He had been on a raid to Cook's Straits, and when there had been struck with the strategic value of the island of Kapiti—steep, secure from land attacks, not infertile, and handy to the shore. It was the resort, moreover, of the *Pakeha* trading-ships. Like Hongi, Rauparaha saw that the man with the

most muskets must carry all before him in New Zealand. Out of the way and overshadowed by the Waikato, his small tribe were badly placed at Kawhia. But if he could bring them and allies along with them to Kapiti and seize it, he could dominate central New Zealand.

He persuaded his people to migrate. Their farewell to their old dwellings is still a well-known Maori poem. Joined by a strong contingent of Waitara men under Wi Kingi—to be heard of again as late as 1860—they won their way after many fights, adventures, and escapes to their goal at Kapiti. There Rauparaha obtained the coveted muskets. Not only did he trade with the visiting ships, but he protected a settlement of whalers on his island who did business with him, and whose respect for the craft and subtlety of "Rowbulla" was always great. Rauparaha set out for Kapiti a year before Hongi sailed for England on his fatal quest. From his sea-fortress he kept both coasts in fear and turmoil for twenty years. More than once he was defeated, and once his much-provoked foes attacked Kapiti with a united flotilla. But though they "covered the sea with their canoes," they parleyed after landing when they should have fought. By a union of astuteness and hard fighting Rauparaha's people won, and signal was the revenge taken on his assailants. Previous to this he had almost exterminated one neighbour-tribe whose villages were built on small, half-artificial islets in a forest-girt lake. In canoes and by swimming his warriors reached the islets, and not many of the lake people were left alive.

More than one story is preserved of Rauparaha's resource and ruthlessness. One night, when retreating with a weak force, he had the Waikato at his heels. He held them back by lighting enough watchfires for a large host and by arming and dressing his women as fighting-men. Again, when he was duck-hunting near the coast of the South Island, his enemies, led by the much-libelled "Bloody Jack," made a bold attempt to surround his party. Most of his men were cut off. Rauparaha, lowered down a sea-cliff, hid among the kelp by the rocks beneath. A canoe was found and brought, and he put to sea. It was over-loaded with fugitives, and their chief therefore ordered half to jump overboard that the

From a sketch by] [General Robley

CARVED GATEWAY OF MAORI VILLAGE

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rest might be saved. The lightened canoe then carried him to a place of safety. Yet, after the capture of Kaiapoi, he showed generosity. Amongst the prisoners, who were lying bound hand and foot waiting for the oven, was a young brave who had killed one of Rauparaha's chiefs in a daring sortie. Him now the conqueror sought out, spared his life, cut his bonds, and took him into service and favour.

The most famous and far-reaching of Rauparaha's raids were among the Ngaitahu, whose scattered bands were masters of nearly all the wide half-empty spaces of the South Island. In one of their districts was found the famous greenstone. On no better provocation than a report which came to his ears of an insulting speech by a braggart southern chief, Rauparaha, early in 1829, manned his canoes, and sailed down the east coast to attack the boastful one's *pa*. The unsuspecting natives thronged down to the beach to meet the raiders with shouts of welcome and on hospitable thoughts intent. Springing on to land, the invaders ran amongst the bewildered crowd, and slew or captured all they could lay hands on. Then they burned the village. Further south lay a larger *pa*, that of Kaiapoi. Here the inhabitants, warned by fugitives from the north, were on their guard. Surprise being impossible, Rauparaha tried guile, and by assurances of friendship worked upon the Kaiapoi men to allow his chiefs to go in and out of their *pa*, buying greenstone and exchanging hospitalities. But for once he met his match. The Southerners waited until they had eight of the chiefs inside their stockades, and then killed them all. Amongst the dead was Te Pehi, Rauparaha's uncle and adviser, who three years before had visited England. Powerless for the moment, Rauparaha could but go home, vow vengeance, and wait his opportunity. After two years it came.

Pre-eminent in infamy amongst the ruffianly traders of the time was a certain Stewart. At the end of 1830 he was hanging about Cook's Straits in the brig *Elizabeth*. There he agreed to become Rauparaha's instrument to carry out one of the most diabolical acts of vengeance in even Maori annals. The appearance of Stewart, ripe for any villainy, gave the Kapiti chief the chance he was waiting for. For thirty tons of flax the *Elizabeth* was hired to take Rauparaha and a war-

party, not to Kaiapoi, but to Akaroa, a beautiful harbour amongst the hills of the peninsula called after Sir Joseph Banks. It lay many miles away from Kaiapoi, but was inhabited by natives of the same tribe. There, moreover, was living Tamai-hara-nui (Son-of-much-evil), best-born and most revered chief in all the South Island. Him Rauparaha determined to catch, for no one less august could be payment for Te Pehi. Arrived at Akaroa, Rauparaha and his men hid below, and waited patiently for three days until their victim came. Stewart, by swearing that he had no Maori in the brig, but merely came to trade, tempted the chief and his friends on board. The unhappy Son-of-much-evil was invited into the cabin below. There he stepped into the presence of Rauparaha and Te Pehi's son. The three stared at each other in silence. Then Te Pehi's son with his fingers pushed open the lips of the Akaroa chief, saying, "These are the teeth which ate my father." Forthwith the common people were killed, and the chief and his wife and daughter bound. Rauparaha landed, fired the village, and killed all he could catch. Coming on board again, the victors feasted on the slain, Stewart looking on. Human flesh was cooked in the brig's coppers. The entrapped chief was put in irons—lent by Stewart. Though manacled, he signed to his wife, whose hands were free, to kill their young daughter, a girl whose ominous name was Roimata (Tear-drops). The woman did so, thus saving the child from a worse fate. Returning to Cook's Straits, Rauparaha and comrades went on shore. A Sydney merchant, Mr. Montefiore, came on board the *Elizabeth* at Kapiti and saw the chief lying in irons. As these had caused mortification to set in, Montefiore persuaded Stewart to have them taken off, but the unhappy captive was still held as a pledge until the flax was paid over. It was paid over. Then this British sea-captain gave up his security, who with his wife was tortured and killed, enduring his torments with the stoicism of a North American Indian. The instrument of his death was a red-hot ramrod.

The *Elizabeth*, with thirty tons of flax in her hold, sailed to Sydney. But Stewart's exploit had been a little too outrageous, even for the South Pacific of those days. He was arrested and tried by order of Governor Darling, who, it is

only fair to say, did his best to have him hanged. But, incredible as it seems, public sympathy was on the side of this pandar to savages, this pimp to cannibals. Witnesses were spirited away, and at length the prosecution was abandoned. Soon after Stewart died at sea off Cape Horn. One authority says that he dropped dead on the deck of the *Elizabeth*, and that his carcass, reeking with rum, was pitched overboard without ceremony. Another writes that he was washed overboard by a breaking sea. Either way the Akaroa chief had not so easy a death.

Next year, Rauparaha, whose revenge was nothing if not deliberate, organized a strong attack on Kaiapoi. With complete secrecy he brought down his men from Cook's Straits and surprised his enemies peacefully digging in the potato grounds outside their stockade. A wild rush took place. Most of the Kaiapoi escaped into the *pa*, shut the gate, and repulsed a hasty assault. Others fled southward, and skulking amid swamps and sand-hills got clear away, and roused their distant fellow-tribesmen. A strong relieving force was got together, and, marching to the beleaguered *pa*, slipped past Rauparaha and entered it at night, bending and creeping cautiously through flax and rushes as they waved in a violent wind. But sorties were repulsed, and the garrison had to stand on the defensive. Unlike most *pa* theirs was well supplied with food and water, and was covered on three sides by swamps and a lagoon. A gallant attempt made on a dark night to burn the besiegers' canoes on the sea-beach was foiled by heavy rain. At last Rauparaha, reaching the stockade by skilful sapping, piled up brushwood against it, albeit many of his men were shot in the process. For weeks the wind blew the wrong way for the besiegers, and they could only watch their piles—could not fire them. All the while the soothsayers in the beleaguered fort perseveringly chanted incantations and prayed to the wind-god that the breeze might not change. At length one morning the north-west wind blew so furiously away from the walls that the besieged boldly set fire to the brushwood from their side. But the wilder the north-west wind of New Zealand, the more sudden and complete may be the change to the south-west. Such a shifting came about, and in a moment the flames enveloped

the walls. Tawhiri Matea, god of winds and storms, had abandoned the Ngaitahu. Shouting in triumph, Rauparaha's men mustered in array and danced their frenzied war-dance, leaping high in air, and tossing and catching their muskets with fierce yells. "The earth," says an eye-witness, "shook beneath their stamping." The dread dance beating the ground with many-footed precision; the deep chest-notes bursting out in terrifying unison; row upon row of glaring eye-balls and red, mocking, protruding tongues; and the blue lines of the grim tattoo twitching convulsively on murderous faces, proclaimed to the garrison the coming of death. Then, worked up to battle madness, the North-Islanders charged through the burning breach, and the defenders fell in heaps or fled before them. The lagoon was black with the heads of men swimming for life. Through the dense drifting smoke many reached the swamps and escaped. Hundreds were killed or taken, and piles of human bones were witnesses many years after to the massacre and feast which followed the fall of Kaiapoi.

Nearly a century has passed since these deeds were done. The name Kaiapoi belongs to a pretty little country town, noted for its woollen-mill, about the best known in the Dominion. Kapiti, Rauparaha's stronghold, has been reserved by the Government as an asylum for certain native birds which stoats and weasels threaten to extirpate in the North Island. Over the English grasses which now cover the hills round Akaroa sheep and cattle roam in peace, and standing by the green bays of the harbour you will probably hear nothing louder than a cow-bell, the crack of a whip, or the creaking wheels of some passing dray. Then it is pleasant to remember that Rauparaha's son became a missionary amongst the tribes which his father had harried, and that it is now half a century since Maori blood was shed in conflict on New Zealand soil.

One of the most dreadful exploits of the fighting Maori in the years after they had learned to use the musket was the conquest of the Chatham Islands by the Ngatiawa tribe of Port Nicholson. The peaceful, pleasant Chathams lie about five hundred miles to the east of Banks's Peninsula, with nothing beyond them till you come to South America. They are about two and a half times the size of the Isle of Wight,

with the climate of a sunnier, less showery Cornwall. The soft, hazy sea-winds that sweep over them are so heavily laden with salt that the native trees are seldom more than twenty feet high. To make up for this the glossy-leaved karaka shrubs growing there are the largest known; a veronica attains the proportions of a tree; and the group has a palm-tree of its own, and a fine flower, misnamed a lily, which is a favourite of New Zealand gardeners. Sheep thrive there, and the islands are occupied by a few hundred Whites and Browns. New Zealand sends them a Resident Magistrate to govern them, and that bulky and excellent volume, the *New Zealand Official Year Book*, devotes perhaps four lines annually to the Chathams and their products.

Ninety years ago they were inhabited by a rather mysterious race, the Moriori, in number about two thousand. These had probably found their way there from Eastern Polynesia, though when found by White navigators they had no canoes worthy of the name, but when they went out fishing in lagoons or on the sea used rafts made of dried flax-sticks. In height and look they were like the Maori, but with slightly more Oriental features and a skin of a more dead and dusky brown. Having ingenuity enough to make tools of wood and stone, they lived comfortably on sea fish, eels, birds, eggs, and fern-root, and for clothing had a plentiful supply of the skins of the fur-seal. Happy, isolated, childishly ignorant and friendly, they did not fight with each other and were absolutely without weapons.

A Maori of the Ngatiawa tribe, serving as a seaman on a trading schooner, visited the Chathams and took stock of these simple-minded and defenceless beings, the Pacifists of the Pacific. He saw a genial land and a kindly, helpless, eatable people. Licking his lips he returned to Port Nicholson, and in a speech, the purport of which has been preserved, inflamed his brother cannibals with a vivid picture of the islands they could have for the taking. The Ngatiawa decided to take them. The problem was how to get there! Presently into Port Nicholson sailed the brig *Rodney* in quest of a cargo of scraped flax. The Maori decoyed the captain, one Harewood, into meeting them on an islet in the harbour to discuss business. There they surrounded him and terrified him into agreeing—

for a substantial consideration—to convey them to the Chathams. In two voyages he took nine hundred of them packed in his hold—ruthless, resolute, and sea-sick. There was no resistance to the fierce invaders. The wretched Moriori submitted without a blow. Batches of them were slain and eaten when their conquerors were in the humour for feasts. The survivors, brutally used, took a way of escape often taken by Polynesians: they lay down and died of despair. When in 1842 the English annexed the islands and set the slaves free it was too late. By 1855 only two hundred were still living. These held a solemn meeting and resolved that as their race was doomed to vanish from the earth, their traditions should be written down so that their name and story should not be forgotten.

Nor did their destroyers thrive. They fought and killed each other, and many of them forsaking their conquest went home. One incident of their story is worth telling. In 1839 a French whaler, the *Jean Bart*, put into the Chathams. Scores of the Maori went on board to trade. After drinking the captain's liquor, they became so noisy and violent that he ordered them on shore. Some went, others would not budge. He therefore slipped his cable and put out to sea. Then the crew with guns and lances set to work to clear the decks of the savages. The Ngatiawa driven below found muskets in a store-room and opened fire on the crew with such effect that the Frenchmen in a panic took to their boats. By this time the ship was out of sight of land, but the undaunted Maori, steering by the sun, managed to sail back. Forty of them had been shot or speared. The remainder ran the *Jean Bart* on shore, plundered her in triumph and burned her. Her three boats with their fugitives were heard of no more. Doubtless they were swamped in a gale while trying to reach New Zealand.

CHAPTER VIII

"A MAN-OF-WAR WITHOUT GUNS"

Under his office treason was no crime ;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time.
Dryden.

BETWEEN 1830 and 1840, then, New Zealand had drifted into a new phase of existence. Instead of being an unknown land, peopled by ferocious cannibals, to whose shores ship-captains gave as wide a berth as possible, she was now a country with a White element and a constant trade. Missionaries were labouring along the coasts and in many districts of the interior, and, as the decade neared its end, a large minority of the natives were being brought under the influence of Christianity. The tribal wars were dying down. Partly, this was a peace of exhaustion, in some districts of solitude ; partly, it was the outcome of the havoc wrought by the musket, and the growing fear thereof. Nearly all the tribes had now obtained firearms. A war had ceased to be an agreeable shooting-party for some one chief with an unfair advantage over his rivals. A balance of power, or at any rate an equality of risk, made for peace. But it would be unjust to overlook the missionaries' share in bringing about comparative tranquillity. Throughout all the wars of the musket, and the dread slaughter and confusion they brought about, most of the teachers held on. They laboured for peace, and at length those to whom they spoke began to cease to make themselves ready unto the battle. In the worst of times no missionary's life was taken. The Wesleyans at Whangaroa did indeed, in 1827, lose all but life. But the sack of their station was but an instance of the law of *muru*. Missionaries were then regarded as Hongi's dependants. When he was wounded they were plundered, as he himself

was more than once when misfortune befell him. In the wars of Te Waharoa, the mission-stations of Rotorua and Matamata were stripped, but no blood was shed. The Wesleyans set up again at Hokianga. Everywhere the teachers were allowed to preach, to intercede, to protest. At last, in 1838, the extraordinary spectacle was seen of Rauparaha's son going from Kapiti to the Bay of Islands to beg that a teacher might come to his father's tribe; and accordingly, in 1839, Octavius Hadfield, afterwards primate, took his life in his hand and his post at a spot on the mainland opposite to the elder Rauparaha's island den of rapine. By 1840 the Maori, if they had not beaten their spears into pruning hooks, had more than one old gun-barrel hung up at the gable-end of a meeting-house to serve when beaten upon as a gong for church-goers.[1]

By this time there were in the islands perhaps two thousand Whites, made up of four classes—first, the missionaries; second, the *Pakeha* Maori; third, the whalers and sealers chiefly found in the South Island; and fourth, the traders and nondescripts settled in the Bay of Islands. Of the last-named beautiful haven it was truly said that every prospect pleased, that only man was vile, and that he was very vile indeed. On one of its beaches, Kororáreka—now called Russell—formed a sort of Alsatia. As many as a thousand Whites lived there at times. On one occasion thirty-five large whaling ships were counted as they lay off its beach in the bay. The crews of these found among the rum-shops and Maori houris of Kororáreka a veritable South Sea Island paradise. The Maori chiefs of the neighbourhood shared their orgies, pandered to their vices, and grew rich thereby. An occasional murder reminded the Whites that Maori forbearance was limited.

But even Kororáreka drew the line. In 1827 a brig, the *Wellington*, arrived in the bay in the hands of a gang of convicts, who had preferred the chances of mutiny to the certainties of Norfolk Island. Forthwith Alsatia was up in arms for Society, and a triple alliance of missionaries, grog-sellers, and cannibals combined to intercept the runaways. The ship's guns of the whalers drove the convicts to take refuge

[1] See Taylor's *New Zealand, Past and Present.*

on shore, where the Maori promptly secured them. The captives were duly sent to their fate in Sydney, and the services of the New Zealanders gratefully requited by an official payment at the rate of a musket per convict.

Alsatia had its civil wars. In 1831 a whaling-captain deserted the daughter of a chief in the neighbourhood in order to take to himself another chief's daughter, also of a tribe by the Bay. The tribe of the deserted woman attacked that of the favoured damsel. A village was burnt, a benevolent mediator shot, and a hundred lives lost. Only the arrival on the scene of Marsden, on one of his visits to the country, restored peace. So outrageous were the scenes in the Bay that its own people had to organize some sort of government. This took the form of a vigilance committee, each member of which came to its meetings armed with musket and cutlass. Their tribunal was, of course, that of Judge Lynch. They arrested certain of the most unbearable offenders, tarred and feathered them, and drummed them out of the township. When feathers were lacking for the decoration, the white fluff of the native bulrush made a handy substitute. In the absence of a gaol, the Vigilants were known to keep a culprit in duress by shutting him up for the night in a sea-chest, ventilated by means of gimlet-holes.

They were not, however, the only representatives of law and order in New Zealand. The British authorities in New South Wales had all along, perforce, been keeping their eye on this troublesome archipelago in the south-east. In 1813 Governor Macquarie made Sydney shipmasters sailing for the country give bonds for a thousand pounds not to kidnap Maori men, take the women on board their vessels, or meddle with burying-grounds. In 1814 he appointed the chiefs Hongi and Koro Koro, and the missionary Kendall, to act as magistrates in the Bay of Islands. Possibly the two first-named magistrates were thus honoured to induce them not to eat the third. No other advantage was gained by the step. A statute was passed in England in 1817 authorizing the trial and punishment of persons guilty of murder and other crimes in certain savage and disturbed countries, amongst which were specified New Zealand, Otaheite, and Honduras. Two others, in 1823 and 1828, gave the Australian courts jurisdiction over

Whites in New Zealand. One White ruffian was actually arrested in New Zealand, taken back to Sydney, and executed. But this act of vigour did not come till the end of 1837. Then the crime punished was not one of the atrocities which for thirty years had made New Zealand a by-word. The criminal, Edward Doyle, paid the extreme penalty of the law for stealing in a dwelling in the Bay of Islands and "putting John Wright in bodily fear." Governor Bourke issued a special proclamation expressing hope that Doyle's punishment would be a warning to evil-doers in New Zealand. Governor Darling, as already mentioned, prohibited the inhuman traffic in preserved and tattooed heads by attaching thereto a penalty of £40, coupled with exposure of the trader's name.

In England more than one influential believer in colonies had long been watching New Zealand. As early as 1825 a company was formed to purchase land and settle colonists in the North Island. This company's agent, Captain Herd, went so far as to buy land on the Hokianga Estuary, and conduct thither a party of settlers. One of the first experiences of the newcomers was, however, the sight of a native war-dance, the terrifying effects of which, added to more practical difficulties, caused most of them to fold their tents and depart to Australia. Thus for the first time did an English company lose £20,000 in a New Zealand venture. The statesmen of the period were against any such schemes. A deputation of the Friends of Colonization waited upon the Duke of Wellington to urge that New Zealand should be acquired and settled. The Duke, under the advice of the Church Missionary Society, flatly refused to think of such a thing. It was then that he made the historically noteworthy observation that, even supposing New Zealand were as valuable as the deputation made out, Great Britain had already colonies enough. When one reflects what the British Colonial Empire was then, and what it has since become, the remark is a memorable example of the absence of the imaginative quality in statesmen. But the Duke of Wellington was not by any means alone in a reluctance to annex New Zealand. In 1831 thirteen Maori chiefs, advised by missionaries, had petitioned for British protection, which had not been granted. The truth is, not only that the Empire seemed large enough to others besides

the Duke, but that the missionaries stood in the way. As representing the most respectable and the only self-sacrificing element amongst those interested in the Islands, they were listened to. It would have been strange had it been otherwise. Nevertheless, the growing trade and the increasing number of unauthorized White settlers made it necessary that something should be done. Consequently, in 1832, Lord Goderich sent to the Bay of Islands Mr. James Busby to reside there as British resident. He was paid a salary, and provided with £200 a year to distribute in presents to the native chiefs. He entered on his duties in 1833. He had no authority, and was not backed by any force. He was aptly nicknamed "a man-of-war without guns." He presented the local chiefs with a national flag. Stars and stripes appeared in the design which the chiefs selected, thanks, says tradition, to the sinister suggestion of a Yankee whaling-skipper. H.M.S. *Alligator* signalized the hoisting of the ensign with a salute of twenty-one guns. After this impressive solemnity, Mr. Busby lived by the bay for six years. His career was a prolonged burlesque—a farce without laughter, played by a dull actor in serious earnest. Personally he went through as strange an experience as has often fallen to the lot of a British official. A man of genius might possibly have managed the inhabitants of his Alsatia. But Governments have no right to expect genius in unsupported officials—even when they pay them £300 a year. Mr. Busby was a well-meaning, small-minded person, anxious to justify his appointment. His Alsatians did not like him, and complained that his manners were exclusive and his wit caustic. Probably this meant nothing more than that he declined to join in their drinking-bouts. His life, however, had its own excitements. A chief whom he had offended tried to shoot him. Crouching one night in the verandah of the resident's cottage, he fired at the shadow of Mr. Busby's head as it appeared on the window-blind. As he merely hit the shadow, not the substance, the would-be assassin was not punished, but the better disposed Maori gave a piece of land as compensation—not to the injured Busby, but to his Government.

It has been well said of Mr. Busby that "his office resembled a didactic dispatch; it sounded well, and it did

nothing else." Nevertheless, New Zealand was in such a state that, from time to time, even the English Government had to do something, so urgent was the need for action. After dispatching their man-of-war without guns, they next year sent a man-of-war with guns. Nor did the captain of the *Alligator* confine himself to the harmless nonsense of saluting national flags. In 1834 the brig *Harriet* was wrecked on the coast of Taranaki. Her master, Guard, an ex-convict, made his way to Sydney, asserting that the Maori had flocked down after the wreck, and attacked and plundered the crew; had killed some, and held Guard's wife and children in captivity. As a matter of fact, it was the misconduct of his own men which had brought on the fighting, and even to his Sydney hearers it was obvious that his tale was not wholly true. But the main facts were correct. There had been a wreck and plunder; there were captives. The *Alligator* was at once sent with soldiers to the scene of the disaster to effect the rescue of the prisoners by friendly and pacific means. Arrived on the scene, the captain sent his only two interpreters on shore to negotiate. They were Guard himself and a lying billiard-marker from Kororáreka. They promised the natives ransom—a keg of gunpowder—if the captives were released, an offer which was at once accepted. They did not tell the captain of their promise, and he, most unwisely, refused to give the natives anything. All the captives were at once given up except the woman and the children, who were withheld, but kindly treated, while the natives awaited the promised payment. A chief who came down to the shore to negotiate with a boat's crew was seized, dragged on board, and so savagely mishandled that the ship's surgeon found ten wounds upon him. Yet he lived, and to get him back his tribe gave up Mrs. Guard and a child. The other child was withheld by another chief. Again a strong armed party was landed, and was peacefully met by the natives, who brought the child down, but still asked, naturally, for the stipulated ransom. The sailors and soldiers settled the matter by shooting down a chief, on whose shoulders the child was sitting, and firing right and left before the officers in charge could stop them. Next day these men made a football of the chief's head. Before departing the *Alligator* bombarded a *pa*, and her crew

burnt villages and destroyed canoes and cultivations. If the man-of-war without guns was a figure of fun, the man-of-war with guns excited disgust by these doings even as far away as England. The whole proceeding was clumsy, cruel, and needless. A trifling ransom would have saved it all. The Maori tribal law under which wrecks were confiscated and castaways plundered was, of course, intolerable. Whites again and again suffered severely by it. But blundering and undisciplined violence and broken promises were not the arguments to employ against it. So long as England deliberately chose to leave the country in the hands of barbarians, barbaric customs had to be reckoned with.

From this discreditable business it is a relief to turn to Mr. Busby's bloodless puerilities. In 1835 he drew up a federal constitution for the Maori tribes, and induced thirty-five of the northern chiefs to accept it. This comical scheme would have provided a congress, legislation, magistrates, and other machinery of civilization for a race of savages still plunged in bloodshed and cut asunder by innumerable feuds and tribal divisions. A severe snubbing from Mr. Busby's official superiors in Australia was the only consequence of this attempt to federate man-eaters under parliamentary institutions.

The still-born constitution was Mr. Busby's proposed means of checkmating a rival. In the words of Governor Gipps, this "silly and unauthorized act was a paper pellet fired off" at the hero of an even more pretentious fiasco. An adventurer of French parentage, a certain Baron de Thierry, had proclaimed himself King of New Zealand, and through the agency of missionary Kendall bought, or imagined he bought—for thirty axes—40,000 acres of land from the natives. He landed at Hokianga with a retinue of ninety-three followers. The Maori of the neighbourhood gravely pointed out to him a plot of 300 acres, which was all they would acknowledge of his purchase. Unabashed, he established himself on a hill, and began the making of a carriage-road which was to cross the island. Quickly it was found that his pockets were empty. Laughed at by Whites and natives alike, he at once subsided into harmless obscurity, diversified by occasional "proclamations," which a callous world allowed to drop unheeded.

Yet this little burlesque was destined to have its share in hastening the appearance of England on the scene. Thierry had tried to enlist the sympathies of the French Government. So also had another Frenchman, Langlois, the captain of a whaling-ship, who professed to have bought 300,000 acres of land from the natives of Banks's Peninsula in the South Island. Partly owing to his exertions, a French company called "The Nanto-Bordelaise Company" was incorporated, the object of which was to found a French colony on the shores of the charming harbour of Akaroa, on the land said to have been purchased by Langlois. In this company Louis Philippe was a shareholder. In 1837, also, the Catholic missionary Pompallier was dispatched to New Zealand to labour among the Maori. Such were the sea-routes of that day that it took him some twelve months voyaging amid every kind of hardship and discomfort to reach his journey's end. In New Zealand the fact that he showed Thierry some consideration, and that he and his Catholic workers in the mission-field were not always on the best of terms with their Protestant competitors, aroused well-founded suspicions that the French had their eye upon New Zealand. The English missionaries were now on the horns of a dilemma. They did not want a colony, but if there was to be annexation, the English flag would, of course, be far preferable.

Moreover, a fresh influence had caused the plot to thicken, and was also making for annexation. This was the appearance on the scene of the "land-sharks"—shrewd adventurers, from Sydney and elsewhere, who had come to the conclusion that the colonization of New Zealand was near at hand, and were buying up preposterously large tracts of land on all sides. Most of the purchases were either altogether fictitious or else were imperfect and made for absurdly low prices. Many of the deeds of sale may be dismissed with the brief note, "no consideration specified"! A hundred acres were bought for a farthing. Boundaries were inserted after signature. Some land was bought several times over. No less than eight purchasers claimed the whole or part of Kapiti Island. The whole South Island was the subject of one professed sale by half a dozen natives in Sydney. Certain purchased blocks were airily defined by latitude and longitude.

On the other hand, the Maori often played the game in quite the same spirit, selling land which they did not own, or had no power to dispose of, again and again. In some cases diamond cut diamond. In others both sides were playing a part, and neither cared for the land to pass. The land-shark wanted a claim with which to harass others; the Maori signed a worthless document on receipt of a few goods. By 1840 it was estimated that, outside the sweeping claim on the South Island, 26,000,000 acres, or more than a third of the area of New Zealand, was supposed to have been gobbled up piecemeal by the land-sharks. The claims arising out of these transactions were certain at the best to cause confusion, ill-feeling, and trouble, and indeed did so. Some legally constituted authority was clearly wanted to deal with them, otherwise armed strife between the warlike Maori and adventurers claiming their lands was inevitable. Before Marsden's death in 1838 both he and his ablest lieutenant, Henry Williams, had come to see that the only hope for the country and the natives lay in annexation and the strong hand of England.

CHAPTER IX

THE DREAMS OF GIBBON WAKEFIELD

> Twin are the gates of sleep : through that of Horn,
> Swift shadows winged, the shapes of truth, are borne.
> Fair wrought the Ivory gate gleams white anigh,
> But false the dreams dark gods dispatch thereby.

THE founder of the Dominion now comes on the scene. It was time he came. The Islands were neither to fall into the hands of the French nor remain the happy hunting-ground of promiscuous adventurers. But the fate which ordained that Edward Gibbon Wakefield should save them from these alternatives interposed in the way of the great colonizer a series of difficulties from which any mind less untiring and resourceful than his must have recoiled. The hour had come and the man. Yet few bystanders could have thought either the hour propitious or the man promising. The word colony was not in favour when William the Fourth came to the throne. It was associated with memories of defeat and humiliation in America, and with discontent and mutterings of rebellion in Canada. Australia was scarcely more than an expensive convict station. Against the West Indian planters the crusade of Wilberforce was in full progress, and the very name of " plantation " had an evil savour. South Africa promised little but the plentiful race troubles, which indeed came. The timid apathy of the Colonial Office was no more than the reflex of the dead indifference of the nation. None but a man of genius could have breathed life into it. Fortunately the genius appeared.

Though the name of Gibbon Wakefield will probably be remembered as long as the history of Australia and New Zealand is read, the man himself was, during most of his active career, under a cloud. The abduction of an heiress—

a mad freak for which he paid by imprisonment and disgrace—deprived him of the hope of ordinary public distinction. For many years he had to work masked—had to pour forth his views in anonymous tracts and letters, had to make pawns of dull men with respectable names. This and more he learned to do. He found information and ideas for personages who had neither, and became an adept at pulling strings and manipulating mediocrities. All things to all men, plausible to the old, magnetic to the young, persuasive among the intellectual, impressive to the weak-minded, Gibbon Wakefield was always more than the mere clever, selfish schemer which many thought him. Just as his fresh face and bluff British manner concealed the subtle mind ever spinning webs and weaving plans, so, behind and above all his plots and dodging, was the high dream and ideal to which he was faithful, and which redeemed his life. He saw, and made the commonplace people about him see, that colonization was a national work worthy of system, attention, and the best energies of England. The empty territories of the Empire were no longer to be treated only as gaols for convicts, fields for negro slavery, or even as asylums for the persecuted or refuges for the bankrupt and the social failures of the Mother-country. To Wakefield the word "colony" conveyed something more than a back yard into which slovenly Britain could throw human rubbish, careless of its fate so long as it might be out of sight.

His advocacy revived "Ships, Colonies, Commerce!" as England's motto. But for colonies to be worthy, they must be, not fortuitous congregations of outcasts, but orderly bands of representative British citizens, going forth into the wilderness with the consciousness of a high mission. From the outset his colonies were to be civilized communities where men of culture and intellect need not find themselves companionless exiles. Capital and labour, education and religion, were all to work together as in the Mother-country, but amid easier, happier surroundings. For Wakefield conceived of his settlements not as soulless commercial outposts, but as free, self-governing communities.

How was all this to be brought about? Whence was the money to come? Whence the organizing power? At that point came in Wakefield's conception of the sale of waste

lands at a "sufficient price." He saw the immense latent value of the fertile deserts of the Empire. He grasped the full meaning of the truth that the arrival of a population with money and industry instantly gives good land a value. His discernment showed him the absurdity of giving colonial lands away in indefinite areas to the first chance grabbers, and the mistake of supposing that wage labour would not be required in young countries. His theory, therefore, was that colonizing associations should be formed in England—not primarily to make money; that these bodies should hold tracts of land in the colonies as capital; that the sale of these lands at a "sufficient price" to intending colonists, selected for character and fitness, should provide the funds for transporting the colony across the earth, for establishing it in working order on its land, and for recruiting it with free labour.

The numerous *ex post facto* assailants of Wakefield's theory usually assume that he wished to keep labour divorced from the soil and in a state of permanent political and industrial inferiority. That is sheer nonsense. There are few more odd examples of the irony of fate in colonial history than that the man who warred against the convict system, fought the battle of colonial self-government, was ever the enemy of the land-shark and monopolist, who denounced low wages, and whose dream it was that the thrifty, well-paid colonial labourer could and should develop into the prospering farmer, should be railed at in the Colonies as the enemy of the labourer. The faults of Wakefield's "sufficient price" theory were indeed grave enough. But compare them with the lasting mischief wrought in New Zealand by Grey's unguarded scheme of cheap land for everybody, and they weigh light in the balance. Later on I shall return to Wakefield's system and its defects. Here I have but to say that, as a temporary expedient for overcoming at that time the initial difficulties of a colony, it ought not to be hastily condemned. It has long ago been abandoned after working both good and evil, and in the same way the schemes of Church Settlement Wakefield made use of are now but interesting chapters of colonial history. But we must not forget that these things were but some of the dreams of Gibbon Wakefield. At the most he

regarded them as means to an end. His great dream of lifting colonization out of disrepute, and of founding colonies which should be daughter-states worthy of their great mother, has been no false or fleeting vision. That dream, at any rate, came to him through the Gate of Horn and not through the Ivory Gate.

By Wakefield it was that the Colonial Office was forced to annex New Zealand. In the face of the causes making for annexation sketched in the last chapter, the officials hung back to the last. In 1837 a body of persons appeared on the scene, and opened siege before Downing Street, whom even permanent officials could not ignore. They were composed of men of good standing, in some cases of rank and even personal distinction. They were not traders, but colonizers, and as such could not be ignored, for their objects were legitimate and their hands as clean as those of the missionaries. They first formed, in 1837, a body called "The New Zealand Association." At their head was Mr. Francis Baring. Their more prominent members included John Lambton Earl of Durham, Lord Petre, Mr. Charles Enderby, Mr. William Hutt, Mr. Campbell of Islay, Mr. Ferguson of Raith, Sir George Sinclair, and Sir William Molesworth. The Earl of Durham was an aristocratic Radical of irregular temper, who played a great part in another colonial theatre—Canada. Sir William Molesworth did much to aid the agitation which put an end to the transportation of convicts to Australia. For the rest, the Association thought the thoughts, spoke the words, and made the moves of Gibbon Wakefield. Yet though he pervaded it sleeplessly, its life was but an episode in his career. He fought against the convict system with Molesworth and Rentoul of the *Spectator*. He went to Canada as Lord Durham's secretary and adviser. He was actively concerned in the foundation of South Australia, where his system of high prices for land helped to bring about one of the maddest little land "booms" in colonial history. And as these things were not enough to occupy that daring, original, and indefatigable spirit, he threw himself into the colonization of New Zealand. He and his brother, Colonel Wakefield, became the brain and hand of the New Zealand colonizers.

For years they battled against their persistent opponents

the Church Missionary Society and the officials of the Colonial Office. The former, who hit very hard at them in controversy, managed Lord Glenelg, then Colonial Secretary; the latter turned Minister after Minister from friends of the colonizers into enemies. Thus Lord Melbourne and Lord Howick had to change face in a fashion well-nigh ludicrous. The Government offered the Association a charter provided it would become a joint-stock company. Baring and his friends refused this on the ground that they did not want any money-making element to come into their body. Moreover, in those days joint-stock companies were concerns with unlimited liability. The Association tried to get a bill of constitution through Parliament and failed. Mr. Gladstone spoke against it, and expressed the gloomiest apprehensions of the fate which the Maori must expect if their country were settled. New Zealand, be it observed, was already a well-known name in Parliament. The age of committees of inquiry into its affairs began in 1836. Very interesting to us to-day is the evidence of the witnesses before the committee of that year; nor are the proceedings of those of 1838, 1840, and 1844 less interesting. In the third of the four Gibbon Wakefield, under examination, tells the story of the New Zealand Association. In 1839 it became the New Zealand Land Company. Baffled in Parliament, as already described, the colonizers changed their ground, decided to propitiate the powers, and become a joint-stock company. Having done so, and subscribed a capital of £100,000, they tried to enlist the sympathies of Lord Normanby, who had just succeeded Lord Glenelg at the Colonial Office. They found the new-made Secretary of State very affable indeed, and departed rejoicing. But, like many new-made Ministers, Lord Normanby had spoken without reckoning with his permanent officials. A freezing official letter, following swiftly on the pleasant interview, dashed the hopes of the Company. They were getting desperate. Lord Palmerston had, in November 1838, promised them to send a consul to New Zealand to supersede poor Mr. Busby, but the permanent officials thwarted him, and nothing was done for eight months. At last, in May 1839, Gibbon Wakefield crossed the Rubicon. As the Government persisted in treating New Zealand as a foreign country, let the Company

do the same, and establish settlements there as in a foreign land!

Since repeated efforts to obtain the help and sanction of the English Government had failed, let them go on unauthorized. Secretly, therefore, the ship *Tory*, bearing Colonel Wakefield, as Agent for the Company, was dispatched in May to Cook's Straits to buy tracts of land for the Company. He was given a free hand as to locality, though Port Nicholson was hinted at as the likeliest port. With him went Gibbon Wakefield's son, Jerningham Wakefield, whose book, *Adventures in New Zealand*, is the best account we New Zealanders have of the everyday incidents of the founding of our colony.

Arriving in August among the whalers then settled in Queen Charlotte's Sound, Colonel Wakefield enlisted Dicky Barrett's services, and, passing on to Port Nicholson, entered into a series of negotiations with the Maori chiefs, which led to extensive land purchases. Ultimately Colonel Wakefield claimed that he had bought twenty millions of acres—nearly the whole of what are now the provincial districts of Wellington and Taranaki, and a large slice of Nelson. It is quite probable that he believed he had. It is certain that the Maori, for their part, never had the least notion of selling the greater portion of this immense area. It is equally probable that such chiefs as Rauparaha and Rangihaeata, who were parties to the bargain, knew that Wakefield thought he was buying the country. Fifty-eight chiefs in all signed the deeds of sale. Even if they understood what they were doing, they had no right, under the Maori law and custom, thus to alienate the heritage of their tribes. Had Colonel Wakefield's alleged purchases been upheld, the Company would have acquired nine-tenths of the lands of no less than ten well-known tribes. The price paid for this was goods valued at something less than £9,000. The list of articles handed over at the Wakefield purchases is remarkable enough to be worth quoting:—

300 red blankets
200 muskets
16 single-barrelled guns
8 double-barrelled guns
2 tierces tobacco
15 cwt. tobacco
148 iron pots
6 cases soap
15 fowling-pieces
81 kegs gunpowder
2 casks ball cartridges
4 kegs lead slates

200 cartouche boxes
60 tomahawks
2 cases pipes
10 gross pipes
72 spades
100 steel axes
20 axes
46 adzes
3,200 fish-hooks
24 bullet moulds
1,500 flints
276 shirts
92 jackets
92 trousers
60 red nightcaps
300 yards cotton duck
200 yards calico
300 yards check
200 yards print
480 pocket-handkerchiefs.
72 writing slates
600 pencils
204 looking-glasses
276 pocket-knives
204 pairs scissors
12 pairs shoes
12 hats
6 lb. beads
12 hair umbrellas
100 yards ribbons
144 Jews' harps
36 razors
180 dressing-combs
72 hoes
2 suits superfine clothes
36 shaving-boxes
12 shaving-brushes
12 sticks sealing-wax
11 quires cartridge-paper
12 flushing coats
24 combs

The purchasing took three months. While it was going on Henry Williams and other missionaries urged the chiefs not to sell. But with the goods spread out before them—especially the muskets—the chiefs were not to be stopped. The Wakefields justified the transactions on the ground that population would rapidly make the ten per cent. of the country reserved for the natives more valuable than the whole. Gibbon Wakefield talked airily to the parliamentary committee next year of a value of 30s. an acre, which, on a reserve of two million acres, would mean three million sterling for the Maori! Nothing can justify the magnitude of Colonel Wakefield's claims, or the payment of firearms for the land. But at the bottom of the mischief was the attempt of the missionaries and officials at home to act as though a handful of savages—not then more, I believe, than sixty-five thousand in all, and rapidly dwindling in numbers—could be allowed to keep a fertile and healthy Archipelago larger than Great Britain. The haste, the secrecy, the sharp practice, of the New Zealand Company were forced on the Wakefields by the mulish obstinacy of careless or irrational people. Their land-purchasing might have taken place legally, leisurely, and under proper Government supervision, had missionaries been business-like,

had Downing-Street officials known what colonizing meant, and had Lord Glenelg been fitted to be anything much more important than an irreproachable churchwarden.

Meanwhile the Company had been advertising, writing, canvassing, and button-holing in England, had kept a newspaper on foot, and was able to point to powerful friends in Parliament and in London mercantile circles. By giving scrip supposed to represent plots and farms in its New Zealand territory, it secured numbers of settlers, many of whom were men of worth, education, and ability. The character of the settlers which it then and afterwards gave New Zealand may well be held to cover a multitude of the Company's sins. Towards the end of 1839 its preparations were complete, and, without even waiting to hear how Colonel Wakefield had fared, the first batch of its settlers were shipped to Port Nicholson. They landed there on 22nd January, 1840, and that is the date of the true foundation of the colony. But for some weeks after that New Zealand remained a foreign country. Not for longer, however. In June 1839 the Colonial Office had at length given way. What between the active horde of land-sharks in New Zealand itself—what between the menace of French interference, and the pressure at home of the New Zealand Company, the official mind could hold out no longer. Captain Hobson, of the Royal Navy, was directed to go to the Bay of Islands, and was armed with a dormant commission authorizing him, after annexing all or part of New Zealand, to govern it in the name of Her Majesty. In Sydney a royal proclamation was issued under which New Zealand was included within the political boundary of the colony of New South Wales. Captain Hobson was to act as Lieutenant-Governor, with the Governor of New South Wales as his superior officer. On 29th January, 1840, therefore, he stepped on shore at Kororáreka, and was loyally received by the Alsatians. The history of New Zealand as a portion of the British Empire now begins.

CHAPTER X

IN THE CAUDINE FORKS

I would rather be governed by Nero on the spot than by a Board of Angels in London.—*John Robert Godley.*

THOUGH Governor Hobson landed in January, the formal annexation of the Colony did not take place until May. He had first to take possession; and this could only be effectually done with the consent of the native tribes. The northern chiefs were therefore summoned, and came to meet the Queen's representative at Waitangi (Water of Weeping). Tents and a platform were erected, and the question of annexation argued at length. The French Bishop Pompallier appeared in full canonicals. Certain chiefs had been well coached to oppose the new departure. Behind the scenes, too, that worst of beachcombers, Jacky Marmon, secretly made all the mischief he could. On the other hand, Henry Williams, representing the Protestant missionaries, threw his weight into the scale on the Governor's side and acted as translator. While many of the chiefs were still doubtful, if not hostile, Waka Nene, the most influential of the Ngapuhi tribe, spoke strongly and eloquently for annexation. His speech gained the day, and a treaty was drawn up and signed.

By the preamble, Queen Victoria invited the confederated and independent chiefs of New Zealand to concur in Articles to the following effect :—

(1) The Chiefs of New Zealand ceded to Her Majesty, absolutely and without reservation, all their rights and powers of Sovereignty.
(2) Her Majesty guaranteed to the Chiefs and Tribes of New Zealand full, exclusive, and undisturbed possession of their Lands and Estates, Forests, Fisheries and other properties; but the Chiefs yielded to Her Majesty the exclusive right of Pre-emption over

such lands as the proprietors thereof might be disposed to alienate, at such prices as might be agreed upon.

(3) Her Majesty gave to the natives of New Zealand all the Rights and Privileges of British Subjects.

Nearly fifty chiefs signed the treaty there and then, and within six months—so energetically did the missionaries and Government agents carry it throughout the tribes—it had been signed by five hundred and twelve. Only about one chief of first-class rank and importance refused to sign it. This was that fine barbarian, Te Heu Heu, whose home lay at the foot of the great volcanoes by Lake Taupo on the plateau in the centre of the North Island. Te Heu Heu was the last of the old heathen warriors. Singularly fair-skinned, and standing fully six feet high, he looked what he was, a patriarch and leader of his people. Scoffing at the White men and their religion, he defied Governor and missionaries alike until his dramatic end, which came in 1846, when he and his village were swallowed up in a huge landslide. At present, as he could neither be coerced nor persuaded, he was let alone. For the rest, it may fairly be claimed that the Maori race accepted the Treaty of Waitangi.

They had very good reason to do so. To this day they regard it as the Magna Charta of their liberties. They were fully aware that under it the supreme authority passed to the Queen; but they were quite able to understand that their tribal lands were guaranteed to them. In other words, they were recognized as the owners in fee simple of the whole of New Zealand. As one of them afterwards expressed it, "The shadow passes to the Queen, the substance stays with us."

At the same time Governor Hobson had announced to the White settlers by proclamation that the Government would not recognize the validity of any of their land titles not given under the Queen's authority. It is not easy to see how else he could have dealt with the land-sharks, of whom there had been an ugly rush from Sydney on the news of the coming annexation, and most of whom as promptly retreated on finding the proclamation to be a reality. At the same time his treaty and his proclamation were bound to paralyse settlement, to exasperate the entire White population, and to plunge the infant colony into a sea of troubles. Outside the missionaries

and the officials everyone was uneasy and alarmed. All the settlers were either land-owners, land claimants, or would-be land purchasers. Yet they found themselves at one and the same time left without titles to all that they thought they possessed, and debarred from the right of buying anything more except from the Crown. And as the Governor was without funds, and the Crown, therefore, could not buy from the natives, there was a deadlock. Space will not admit here of a full discussion of the vexed question of the land clause in the Treaty of Waitangi. As a rule civilized nations do not recognize the right of scattered handfuls of barbarians to the ownership of immense tracts of soil, only a fraction of which they cultivate or use. However, from the noblest and most philanthropic motives an exception to this rule was made in the case of New Zealand, and by treaty some sixty to seventy thousand Maori were given a title guaranteed by England—the best title in the world—to some sixty-six million acres of valuable land. Putting aside the question of equity, it may be observed that, had not this been done, the Maori, advised by the missionaries, would certainly have refused their assent to the Treaty. The millions sterling which have had to be spent in New Zealand, directly and indirectly, in acquiring Maori land for settlement, supply, of course, no argument whatever against the equity of the Treaty. When honour is in the scale, it outweighs money. Yet had Captain Hobson been able to conceive what was entailed in the piecemeal purchase of a country held under tribal ownership, it is difficult to think that he would have signed the Treaty without hesitation. He could not, of course, imagine that he was giving legal force to a system under which the buying of a block of land would involve years of bargaining, even when a majority of its owners wished to sell; that the ascertainment of a title would mean tedious and costly examination by courts of experts of a labyrinth of strange and conflicting barbaric customs; that land might be paid for again and again, and yet be declared unsold; that an almost empty wilderness might be bought first from its handful of occupants, then from the conquerors who had laid it waste, and yet after all be reclaimed by returned slaves or fugitives who had quitted it years before, and who had been paid for the land on

which they had been living during their absence. Governor Hobson could not foresee that cases would occur in which the whole purchase money of broad lands would be swallowed up in the costs of sale, or that a greedy tribe of expert middlemen would in days to come bleed Maori and settler alike. Yet it would have been but reasonable for the Colonial Office to exert itself to palliate the effects of the staggering blows it thus dealt the pioneer colonists of New Zealand. They were not all land-sharks; most of them were nothing of the sort. It was but natural that they felt with extreme bitterness that the Queen's Government only appeared on the scene as the friend and protector of the aborigines. For the Whites the Government had for years little but suspicion and restraint.

It would have been only just and statesmanlike if the recognition of Maori ownership had been accompanied by a vigorous policy of native land purchase by the authorities. But it was not. Captain Hobson was only scantily supplied with money—he had £60,000 sent him in three years—and did not himself appear to recognize the paramount need for endowing the Dominion with waste land for settlement. He is said to have held that there need be no hurry in the matter, inasmuch as the steady decrease of the Maori would of itself solve the problem. Over eighty years have passed since then, and the Maori race is by no means extinct. But Captain Hobson, though a conscientious and gallant man, was no more imbued with the colonizing spirit than might be expected of any honest English naval officer. Of such money as he had he wasted £15,000 at the outset in buying a site for a town in the Bay of Islands on a spot which he quickly had to abandon. Moreover, he was just what a man in his irksome and difficult position should not have been—an invalid. Within a few weeks after the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi he was stricken with paralysis. Instead of being relieved he was left to be worried slowly to death at his post. To have met the really great difficulties and the combination of petty annoyances which beset him, the new governor should have had the best of health and spirits. The complications around him grew daily more entangled. In the north the excellent settlers, who with their children were to make the province

of Auckland what it is, were scarcely even beginning to arrive. The Whites of his day there were what tradesmen call a job lot. There were the old Alsatian ; the new speculator ; genuine colonists, *rari nantes ;* a coterie of officials and the missionaries, regarding all with distrust. The whole barely numbered two thousand. Confronting the Whites were the native tribes, who, if united and irritated, could have swept all before them. Hobson, a man accustomed to command rather than to manage, was instructed to control the Maori by moral suasion. He was to respect their institutions and customs when these were consistent with humanity and decency, otherwise not. How in the last resort he was to stamp out inhuman and indecent customs was left unexplained, though he asked for an explanation. Certainly not by force ; for it would have been flattery to apply such a term to the tiny handful of armed men at his back. Troops were not sent until the war of 1844. During the five years after that the defence of New Zealand probably cost the Imperial Government a round million, the result of the starving policy of the first five years.

Moreover, for the reasons already sketched, the English in New Zealand formed a house divided against itself. The differences in the north between Maori officials, Alsatians of the old school, and settlers of the new, were sufficient to supply the Governor with a daily dish of annoyance. But the main colony of New Zealand was not in the north round Governor Hobson, but in Cook's Straits. There was to be found daily increasing the large and antagonistic element being brought in by the New Zealand Company. With an energy quite unchecked by any knowledge of the real condition of New Zealand, the directors of the Company in London kept on sending out ship-load after ship-load of emigrants to the districts around Cook's Straits. The centre of their operations was Port Nicholson, but bodies of their settlers were planted at Wanganui, at the mouth of the fine river described in the first chapter ; at New Plymouth, hard by the Sugar-Loaves, in devastated, almost empty Taranaki ; and at pleasant but circumscribed Nelson in the South Island. Soon these numbered five times as many Whites as could be mustered in the north. Upon them at the very outset came the thunderbolt

of Governor Hobson's proclamation refusing recognition to their land purchases. Of this and of the land clause in the Treaty of Waitangi the natives were made fully aware by the missionaries. Rauparaha, before told of and still the most influential chief near Cook's Straits, was exactly the man to take advantage of the situation. He had taken the muskets and gunpowder of the Company, and was now only too pleased to refuse them the price they thought to receive. It was, as already said, impossible to justify all, or nearly all, of Colonel Wakefield's gigantic purchase. But it was certainly incumbent on the Government to find a *modus vivendi* with the least possible delay. On the one hand they had thousands of decent, intelligent English colonists newly landed in a savage country, and not in any way responsible for the Company's haste and ignorance. The settlers at any rate had paid ample value for their land. They had given £1 for each acre of it. Angry as the English Government had been with the New Zealand Company for the defiant dispatch of its settlers, Lord John Russell had instructed Hobson's superior, Sir George Gibbs, that the emigrants should be regarded with kindness and consideration. On the other side were the native tribes, who, as the price of land went in those days, had certainly received the equivalent for a considerable territory. There was room for an equitable arrangement, just as there was most pressing need for promptitude. Speed was the first thing needful, also the second, and the third. Instead of speed the settlers got a Royal Commission. A Commissioner was appointed, who did not arrive until two years after the Governor, and whose final award was not given for many months more. When he did give it, he cut down the Company's purchase of twenty million acres to two hundred and eighty-three thousand. As for land-claims of private persons, many of them became the subjects of litigation and petition, and some were not settled for twenty years. Why three or four Commissioners were not sent instead of one, and sent sooner, the official mind alone knows. Meantime, the weary months dragged on, and the unfortunate settlers of the Company were either not put in possession of their land at all, or had as little security for their farms as for their lives. They were not allowed to form volunteer corps, though living in face of

erocious and well-armed savages. Yet the Governor who forbade them to take means to defend themselves had not the troops with which to defend them. To show the state of the country it may be noted that the two tribes from whom Colonel Wakefield bought the land round Port Nicholson quarrelled amongst themselves over the sale. The Ngatiraukawa treacherously attacked the Ngatiawa, were soundly beaten, and lost seventy men. At first, it is true, settlers and natives got on excellently well together. The new-comers had money, and were good customers. But as time went on, and the settlers exhausted their funds and hopes, they ceased to be able to buy freely. And when they found the Maori refusing to admit them to the farms for which they had paid £1 an acre in London, feeling grew more and more acute. The Company's settlement at Port Nicholson was perversely planted just on that place in the inner harbour which is exposed to the force of the ocean. It had to be shifted to a more sheltered spot, and this the natives denied they ever sold. That was but one of a series of disputes which led to murder and petty warfare, and were hardly at an end seven years later. The settlers, though shut out of the back country, did, however, hold the townland on which they had squatted and which is now the site of Wellington, the capital of the Dominion.

Cooped up in their narrow plots by the sea, Colonel Wakefield and his settlers established a provisional Government. Captain Hobson, hearing probably some very exaggerated account of this, sent down his Lieutenant, Mr. Willoughby Shortland, in a Government vessel, with sailors and marines, to put down this act of insubordination. Mr. Shortland, who suffered from the not uncommon failing of a desire to magnify his office, made the process as ridiculous as possible. He began by stealthily sending a scout on shore at daybreak to haul down the Company's flag in Wellington and hoist the Union Jack instead. Then he landed amongst the settlers, who had gathered to welcome him, in the fashion of a royal commander sent to suppress a rebellion. The settlers consoled themselves by laughing at him. Apart from one circular visit occupying two months, Captain Hobson himself kept sedulously away from the southern settlements, and stayed

in the north, then a longer journey away from Wellington than Australia is now. Under the rather high-sounding title of Chief Protector of the Aborigines, Mr. Clarke, a missionary, was appointed to be the Governor's adviser on native matters; yet Mr. Clarke, the settlers complained, was a larger land claimant than any of themselves. It is not to be wondered at if a feeling grew up among the New Zealand settlers directed against both officials and missionaries, which at times intensified to great bitterness, and which took many years to die down. Fifty years later its faint relics might be observed in a vague feeling of dislike and contempt for the Colonial Office.

The New Zealand Company, however, cannot be acquitted of blame in more respects than one. The foundation of the Wakefield theory rested on a secure supply of useful land. This not available, the bottom dropped out of the whole scheme When the Company's estate in New Zealand was put into chancery, the Wakefield system could not, of course, work. Not only were the Company's purchases such as could not be sustained, not only did the directors hurry out thousands of settlers without proper knowledge or consideration, but they also committed a capital error in their choice of localities for settlements. Wellington, with its central position and magnificent harbour, is undeniably the key of the Islands. It was in after years very properly made the seat of government, and is always likely to remain so. But it was an almost criminal error on the part of the Company to plump down its settlers in districts that were occupied and certain to be stubbornly held by warlike natives. Nearly the whole of the South Island had no human occupants. Shut off by the Kaikoura mountains from the more dangerous tribes, the east and south-east of that island lay open to the first comer. Moreover, the country there was not only fertile, but in large part treeless, and therefore singularly suited for rapid and profitable settlement. It is quite easy to see now that had the New Zealand Company begun its first operations there, a host of failures and troubles would have been avoided. The settlement of the North Island should not have been begun until after an understanding had been come to with the Imperial authorities and missionaries, and on a proper

and legal system of land purchase. This and other things the Company might have found out if it had taken early steps to do so. The truth is that the first occupation of New Zealand was rushed, and, like everything else that is done in a hurry, it was in part done very badly.

So little was known or thought of the South Island that sovereignty was not proclaimed over it until four months after the Governor's arrival in the north, and even then the royal flag was not hoisted there. The consequence was a narrow escape from an attempt by the French to plant a colony at Akaroa in Banks's Peninsula. The French frigate *L'Aube* put in at the Bay of Islands in July 1840, bound for the south. Her captain, hospitably entertained by Hobson, let fall some incautious words about the object of his voyage. Hobson took the alarm, and promptly dispatched the *Britomart* to hoist the English flag at Akaroa. Thanks to bad weather, the *Britomart* only reached the threatened port a few days before the Frenchmen. Then it was found that an emigrant ship, with a number of French settlers, was coming with all the constituent parts of a small colony. The captain of *L'Aube*, finding himself forestalled, good-humouredly made the best of it. A number of the immigrants did indeed land. Some of them were afterwards taken away to the Marquesas Islands in the South Seas: others remained permanently settled at Akaroa. There around a bay, still called French Bay, they planted vineyards and built cottages in a fashion having some pathetic reminiscences of rural France. There they used to be visited from time to time by French men-of-war; but they gave no trouble to anyone, and their children, by removal or intermarriage, became blended with the English population which in later days surrounded them.

Captain Hobson had to choose a capital. After throwing away much good money at Russell in the Bay of Islands, he saw that he must come further south. A broader-minded man might have gone at once to Wellington, and planted himself boldly amongst the English settlers. But the prejudice of the officials and the advice of the missionaries combined with Hobson's own peculiar views of the Cook's Straits colonists to keep him in the north. From his dispatches it is clear that he regarded the immigrants in the south—one of the finest

bodies of settlers that ever left England—as dangerous malcontents of anarchical tendencies. As he would not go to Wellington and take his natural position at the head of the main English Colony and at the centre of New Zealand, he did the next best thing in going to Auckland. In pitching upon the Waitemata isthmus he made so good a choice that his name is likely to be remembered therefore as long as New Zealand lasts. By founding the city of Auckland he took up a strategic position which cut the Maori tribes almost in half, and selected a very fine natural trading centre. The narrow neck of land on which Auckland stands, between the winding Waitemata on the east and the broader Manukau Harbour on the west, will, before many years, be overspread from side to side by a great mercantile city. The unerring eye of Captain Cook had, seventy years before, noted the Hauraki Gulf as an admirable position. Hobson's advisers, in choosing it as his seat of government, are said to have been the missionary, Henry Williams, and Captain Symonds, a surveyor. As the capital of the Colony, it was the wrong place from the first. From every other standpoint the selection was a master-stroke. Twenty-four years later Auckland ceased to be the capital of the Colony; but though in this she had to yield to the superior claims of Wellington, she could afford to lose the privilege. First in size and beauty, she is to-day second to no other New Zealand city in prosperity and progress.

In 1841, however, by way of making as bad a start as possible, little Auckland began with a land boom. Forty-four acres were sold at auction by the Government for £24,275. Small suburban lots a few months later fetched £45 an acre, and cultivation lots £8 an acre. For one or two picked city frontages as much as £7 10s. a foot was paid. The hanging up of the northern land claims, and the inability of the Government to buy native land while it refused to let private persons do so, joined, with a trade collapse in Australia, to make the condition of the Auckland settlers soon almost as unenviable as that of their fellow-colonists in the Company's settlements.

Governor Hobson died at Auckland after ruling New Zealand for a little less than three years. His best monument is the city which he founded, and the most memorable verdict

on his life is written in a letter addressed by a Maori chief to the Queen. " Let not," said this petition, " the new Governor be a boy or one puffed up. Let not a troubler come amongst us. Let him be a good man like this Governor who has just died." When these words were written, the judgment of the English in New Zealand would have been very different. But time has vindicated Hobson's honesty and courage, and in some important respects even his discernment. He anticipated the French, baffled the land-sharks, kept the peace, was generous to the Maori, and founded Auckland. No bad record this for the harassed, dying sailor, sent to stand between his own countrymen and savages at the very end of the earth, and left almost without men or money! If under him the colonists found their lot almost unbearable, the fault was chiefly that of his masters. Most of his impolicy came from Downing Street; most of his good deeds were his own. It must be remembered that he was sent to New Zealand, not to push on settlement, but to protect the natives and assert the Queen's authority. An English sailor, he did his duty.[1]

[1] In 1916 New Zealand soldiers inhabited as portion of their Soldiers' Club in London the house in Russell Square in which Governor Hobson's daughter had lived for many years. She had died a few months before, and her husband, Sir Alexander Rendell, gladly gave his house to the New Zealanders free of rent.

CHAPTER XI

THROUGH WEAKNESS INTO WAR

> Awhile he makes some false way, undebarred
> By thwarting signs, and braves
> The freshening wind and blackening waves,
> And then the tempest strikes him.

IN 1842 it took eight months before an official, when writing from New Zealand to England, could hope to get an answer. The time was far distant when the results of a cricket match in the southern hemisphere could be proclaimed in the streets of London before noon on the day of play. It was not therefore surprising that Hobson's successor did not reach the Dominion for more than a year after his death. Meantime the Government was carried on by Mr. Secretary Shortland, not the ablest of his officials. He soon very nearly blundered into war with the Maori, some of whom had been killing and eating certain of another tribe—the last recorded instance of cannibalism in the country. The Acting-Governor was, however, held back by Bishop Selwyn, Chief Justice Martin, and Swainson the Attorney-General, a trio of whom more will be said hereafter. The two former walked on foot through the disturbed district, in peril but unharmed, to proffer their good advice. The Attorney-General advised that what the Acting-Governor contemplated was *ultra vires*, an opinion so palpably and daringly wrong that some have thought it a desperate device to save the country. He contended that as the culprits in the case were not among the chiefs who had signed the Treaty of Waitangi they were not subject to the law or sovereignty of England. Though it is said that Dr. Phillimore held the same opinion, the Colonial Office put its foot upon it heavily and at once. Her Majesty's rule, said Lord Stanley, having once been pro-

claimed over all New Zealand, it did not lie with one of her officers to impugn the validity of her government.

Mr. Shortland's day was a time of trial for the land claimants. After nearly two years' delay Mr. Spain, the Commissioner for the trial of the New Zealand Company's claims, had landed in Wellington in December 1841, and had got to work in the following year. As the southern purchases alone gave him work enough for three men, Messrs. Richmond and Godfrey were appointed to hear the Auckland cases. By the middle of 1843 they had disposed of more than half of 1,037 claims. Very remorselessly did they cut them down. A well-known missionary who had taken over a block of 50,000 acres to prevent two tribes going to war about it was allowed to keep 3,000 acres only. At Hokianga a purchaser who claimed to have bought 1,500 acres for £24 was awarded 96 acres. When we remember that among the demands of the greater land-sharks of the Dominion had been three for more than a million acres each, three for more than half a million each, and three for more than a quarter of a million each, we can appreciate what the early Governors and their Commissioners had to face. The Old Land Claims, now and afterwards looked into, covered some eleven million acres. Of these a little less than one twenty-second part was held to have passed from the natives, and was divided between the Crown and the claimants. A number of the Church of England missionaries had to go through the ordeal with the rest. Some twenty-four of these, together with members of their families, had, between 1830 and 1834, bought about 216,000 acres of land from the natives. The Commissioners cut down this purchase to about 66,000 acres. Even then there was some litigation and much bitterness. Some of the very missionaries who had been most prominent in thwarting and denouncing the land purchases of the New Zealand Company were themselves purchasers of land. As may be imagined, the criticisms directed at them were savage, noisy, and often unjust and exaggerated. Years afterwards Governor Grey became involved in this miserable controversy, which only slowly died away when he passed ordinances that did much to settle doubtful and disputed claims.

Not all the missionaries laid themselves open to these

attacks. Neither Hadfield, Maunsell, nor the printer Colenso were amongst the land-buyers, and the same honourable self-denial was shown by all the Catholic missionaries and by all the Wesleyans but two. Nor were the lay land-claimants always ravenous. Maning, the *Pakeha* Maori, had paid £222 for his 200 acres at Hokianga. At Tauranga £50 had been given for a building site fifty feet square, in a *pa*. At Rotorua the price given for half an acre had been £12 10s. Many of the most monstrous claims, it may be noted, were never brought into court.

In the Cook's Straits settlements Mr. Spain strove to do equity. The very sensible plan was adopted of allowing the Company to make some of their incomplete purchases good by additional payments. But this, which might have brought about a tolerable adjustment in 1840, led to little but delays and recriminations in 1843. After three years of stagnation the Company was as exasperated and impecunious as the settlers. The positions of Colonel Wakefield in Wellington, and his brother and fellow-agent, Arthur Wakefield, in Nelson, were almost unbearable. It is hardly to be wondered at that the latter, in June 1843, committed the very great mistake which led to the one misfortune from which the unhappy Dominion had so far escaped—war.

In the north-east corner of the South Island lies the grassy valley of the Wairau. Rich in alluvial soil, open and attractive to the eye, and near the sea, it wanted only greater extent to be one of the finest districts in the Islands. The Company claimed to have bought it from Rauparaha and Rangihaeata, whose ownership—for they did not live in it—was based on recent conquest and on occupation by some members of their tribe. The chiefs denied the sale, and, when the Company's surveyors came into the valley, warned them off, and burned down the huts they had put up. Commissioner Spain was coming almost at once to try the dispute as to the title. But the delays and vexations of the previous years had infuriated Captain Wakefield. He looked upon the chiefs as a pair of "travelling bullies" who wanted but firmness to cow them With hasty hardihood he obtained a warrant for the arrest of Rauparaha on a charge of arson, and set out to arrest him, accompanied by the Nelson police magistrate, at the head of

a *posse* of some fifty Nelson settlers very badly equipped. Rauparaha, surrounded by his armed followers, was found in a small clearing backed by a patch of bush, his front covered by a narrow but deep creek. The leaders of the arresting party crossed this, and called on the chief to give himself up. Of course he defied them. After an argument the police magistrate, an excitable man, made as though to arrest him. There was a scuffle ; a gun went off, and in the conflict which followed the undisciplined settlers, fired upon by hidden natives, and divided by the stream, became panic-stricken, and retreated in confusion, despite Wakefield's appeals and entreaties to them to stand. As he could do nothing with them, Wakefield held up a white handerkerchief, and with four gentlemen and four labourers gave himself up to Rauparaha. But Rangihaeata had a blood-feud with the English. A woman-servant of his—not his wife—had been accidentally shot in the fray. Moreover, some time before, another woman, a relative of his, had been murdered by a White, who, when tried in the Supreme Court, had been acquitted. Now was the hour for vengeance. Coming up wild with rage, Rangihaeata fell upon the unresisting prisoners and tomahawked them all. Captain Wakefield, thus untimely slain, was not only an able pioneer leader, but a brave man of high worth, of singularly fine and winning character, and one of whom those who knew him spoke with a kind of enthusiasm. Twenty-two settlers in all were killed that day and five wounded. The natives, superior in numbers, arms, and position, had lost only four killed and eight wounded. So easily was the first tussle between Maori and settler won by the natives. In the opinion of some the worst feature of the whole unhappy affair was that something very like cowardice had been shown on the losing side. Naturally the Wairau Massacre, as it was called, gave a shock to the young Dominion. The Maori triumphantly declared that the *mana* (prestige) of the English was gone.

A Wesleyan missionary and a party of whalers buried the dead. No attempt was ever made to revenge them. Commissioner Spain visited Rauparaha, at the request of the leading settlers of Wellington, to assure him that the matter should be left to the arbitrament of the Crown. The Crown, as

represented by Mr. Shortland, was, perhaps, at the moment more concerned at the defenceless position of Auckland, in the event of a general rising, than at anything else. Moreover, the philo-Maori officials held that Rauparaha and Rangihaeata were aggrieved persons. A company of fifty-three Grenadiers was sent to Wellington and a man-of-war to Nelson. Strict orders were given to the disgusted settlers not to meet and drill. On the whole, in the helpless state of the Colony, inaction was wisest. At any rate Mr. Shortland's successor was on his way out, and there was reason in waiting for him. Now had come the result of Hobson's error in fixing the seat of government in Auckland, and in keeping the leading officials there. Had Wellington been the seat of government in 1843, the Wairau incident could hardly have occurred.

Not the least of poor Mr. Shortland's troubles were financial. He inherited debts from his predecessor. Indeed, the New Zealand Treasury may be said to have been cradled in deficits. In 1841 Hobson's expenditure had been £81,000 against a revenue of £37,000, most of which was the product of land sales. In 1842 the revenue was £50,000, of which only £11,000 came from land sales; and in 1843 this source of income fell to £1,600. The southern settlers complained, truly enough, that whilst they found much of the money, nearly all of it was spent in Auckland. In 1844—if I may anticipate—Mr. Shortland's successor had the melancholy duty of warning the Colonial Office that to meet an inevitable outlay of £35,000 he could at the best hope for a revenue of £20,000. Mr. Shortland himself, in 1843, tried to replenish the treasury chest by borrowing £15,000 in Sydney. But New Zealand, which has borrowed many times that sum at about three per cent. interest, could not then raise the money at fifteen per cent. Mr. Shortland next drew bills on the English treasury, which were dishonoured, though the Mother-country afterwards relented so far as to lend the sum, adding it to the public debt of the Colony. Finally, the Governor, who on arrival superseded Mr. Shortland, made a beginning by publicly insulting that gentleman. With proper spirit the Secretary at once resigned, and was sent by Downing Street to govern a small island in the West Indies.

If neither Captain Hobson nor Mr. Shortland found official

life in New Zealand otherwise than thorny, their career was smooth and prosperous compared to that of the Governor who now appears on the scene. Admiral—then Captain—Robert Fitzroy will have a kind of immortality as the commander of the *Beagle*—Darwin's *Beagle*. His scientific work as a hydrographer at the Admiralty is still spoken of in high terms. He was unquestionably a well-meaning sailor. But his short career in New Zealand is an awful example of the evils which the Colonial Office can inflict on a distant part of the Empire by a bad appointment. It is true that, like his predecessors, Fitzroy was not fairly supported by the authorities at home. They supplied him with neither men nor money, and on them therefore the chief responsibility of the Colony's troubles rest. But a study of his two years of rule fails to reveal any pitfall in his pathway into which he did not straightway stumble.

Captain Fitzroy was one of those fretful and excitable beings whose manner sets plain men against them, and who, when they are not in error, seem so. Often wrong, occasionally right, he possessed in perfection the unhappy art of doing the right thing in the wrong way. Restless and irascible, passing from self-confidence to gloom, he would find relief for nerve tension in a peevishness which was the last quality one in his difficult position should have shown. An autocratic official amid little rough, dissatisfied communities of hard-headed pioneers was a king with no divinity to hedge him round. Without pomp, almost without privacy, everything he said or did became the property of local gossips. A ruler so placed must have natural dignity, and requires self-command above all things. That was just the quality Captain Fitzroy had not. It was said that the blood of a Stuart king ran in his veins ; and, indeed, there seemed to be about the tall, thin, melancholy man something of the bad luck, as well as the hopeless wrong-headedness, of that unteachable House.

For he landed at Auckland in November 1843, to find an ample legacy of trouble awaiting him. The loyal and patriotic address with which the Aucklanders welcomed him was such as few Viceroys have been condemned to receive at the outset of their term of office. It did not mince matters. It described the community as bankrupt, and ascribed its fate to the mistakes and errors of the Government. At New Plymouth

a similar address declared that the settlers were menaced with irretrievable ruin. Kororáreka echoed the wail. Nor was the welcome of Wellington one whit more cheerful—a past of bungling, a present of stagnation, a future of danger: such was the picture it drew. It was not much exaggerated. On the coasts of New Zealand some twelve thousand colonists were divided into eight settlements, varying in population from 4,000 at Wellington to 200 at Akaroa. Not one of them was defensible in military eyes. There were no troops, no militia, no money. Neither at Wellington nor Nelson had more than one thousand acres of land been cleared and cultivated. Labourers were riotously clamouring for work or rations. Within fifty miles of Wellington was Rauparaha, who, had he appealed to his race, could probably have mustered a force strong enough to loot and burn the town. Some wondered why he did not; perhaps Hadfield's influence amongst his tribe supplied the answer.

Governor Fitzroy began at his first *levée* at Wellington by scolding the settlers, inveighing against the local newspaper, and grossly insulting Gibbon Wakefield's son when he was presented to him. At Nelson he rated the Magistrates after such a fashion that they threw up their commissions. He then went to Rauparaha's *pa* at Waikanae, near Kapiti. A dozen Whites were with the Governor; five hundred Maori surrounded the chief. After lecturing the latter for the slaughter of the captives at Wairau, Fitzroy informed him that, as the slain men had been the aggressors, he was to be freely forgiven. Only one utterly ignorant of the Maori character could have fancied that this exaggerated clemency would be put down to anything but weakness. Even some missionaries thought that compensation should have been demanded for the death of the prisoners. As for the settlers, their disgust was deep. Putting together the haste, violence, and want of dignity of his proceedings, they declared that the new Governor could not be master of his own actions. That Gibbon Wakefield's brother should have been savagely butchered and not avenged was bad enough; that his fellow-settlers should be rated for their share in the disaster seemed a thing not to be endured. The Maori grew insolent, the settlers sullen, and for years

afterward a kind of petty warfare lingered on in the Wellington district.

Governor Fitzroy was no more successful in Taranaki. There the Company, after claiming the entire territory, had had their claim cut down by the Commissioners' award to 60,000 acres. Even this was now disputed, on the ground that it had been bought from a tribe—the Waikato—who had indeed conquered it, and carried away its owners as slaves, but had never taken possession of the soil by occupation. When Colonel Wakefield bought it, the land was virtually empty, and the few score of natives living at the Sugar-Loaves sold their interest to him readily enough. But when the enslaved Ngatiawa and Taranaki tribesmen were soon afterwards released through the influence of Christianity, they returned to the desolated land, and disputed the claim of the Company. Moreover, there were the Ngatiawa, who, led by Wiremu Kingi, had migrated to Cook's Straits in the days of devastation. They claimed not only their new possessions—much of which they sold to the Company—but their old tribal lands at Waitara, from which they had fled, but to which some of them now straggled back. On this nice point Captain Fitzroy had to adjudicate. He decided that the returned slaves and Ngatiawa fugitives were the true owners of the land. Instead of paying them fairly for the 60,000 acres—which they did not require—he handed the bulk of it back to them, penning the unhappy White settlers up in a miserable strip of 3,200 acres. The result was the temporary ruin of the Taranaki settlement, and the sowing of the seeds of an intense feeling of resentment and injustice which bore evil fruit in later days.

Nor did Captain Fitzroy do any better with finance than in his land transactions. His very insufficient revenue was largely derived from Customs duties. Trade at the Bay of Islands had, by this time, greatly fallen away. Whalers and timber vessels no longer resorted there as in the good old Alsatian days. Both natives and settlers grumbled at the change, which they chose to attribute to the Government Customs duties. To conciliate them, the Governor abolished Customs duties at Kororáreka. Naturally a cry at once went up from other parts of the Dominion for a similar conces-

sion. The unhappy Governor, endeavouring to please them all, like the donkey-owner in *Æsop's Fables*, abolished Customs duties everywhere. To take their place he devised an astounding combination of an income-tax and property-tax. Under this, not only would the rich plainly pay less in proportion than the poor, but a Government official drawing £600 a year, but owning no land, would pay just half the sum exacted from a settler who, having invested £1,000 in a farm, was struggling to make £200 a year thereby. The mere prospect of this crudity caused such a feeling in the Dominion that he was obliged to levy the Customs duties once more. His next error was the abandonment of the Government monopoly of land purchase from the Maori. As might be expected, the pressure upon all rulers in New Zealand to do this, and to allow private bargaining with the natives for land, has always been very strong, especially in the Auckland district. Repeated experience has, however, shown that the results are baneful to all concerned—demoralizing to the natives, and by no means always profitable to the White negotiators. When Fitzroy proclaimed that settlers might purchase land from the natives, he imposed a duty of ten shillings an acre upon each sale. Then, when this was bitterly complained of, he reduced the fee to one penny. Finally, he fell back on the desperate expedient of issuing paper money, a thing which he had no right to do. All these mistakes and others he managed to commit within two short years. Fortunately for the Colony, he, in some of them, flatly disregarded his instructions. The issue of paper money was one of the few blunders the full force of which Downing Street could apprehend. Hence his providential recall.

Before this reached him he had drifted into the last and worst of his misfortunes, an unsuccessful war, the direct result of the defeat at the Wairau and the weakness shown thereafter. It was not that he and his missionary advisers did not try hard enough to avert any conflict with the Maori. If conciliation pushed to the verge of submission could have kept the peace, it would have been kept. But conciliation, without firmness, will not impress barbarians. The Maori were far too acute to be impressed by the well-meaning, vacillating Governor. They set to work, instead, to impress him. They invited him to a

huge banquet near Auckland, and danced a war-dance before their guest with the deliberate intention of overawing him. Indeed, the spectacle of fifteen hundred warriors, stripped, smeared with red ochre, stamping, swaying, leaping, uttering deep guttural shouts, and brandishing their muskets while their wild rhythmic songs rose up in perfect time, and their tattooed features worked wildly, was calculated to affect even stronger nerves than the Governor's.

It was among the discontented tribes in the Bay of Islands, where Alsatia was now deserted by its roaring crews of whalers and cheated of its hoped-for capital, that the outbreak came.

In the winter of 1844 Honé Heké, son-in-law of the great Hongi, presuming on the weakness of the Government, swaggered into Kororáreka, plundered some of the houses, and cut down a flagstaff on the hill over the town on which the English flag was flying. Some White of the beach-comber species is said to have suggested the act to him by assuring him that the flagstaff represented the Queen's sovereignty—the evil influence which had drawn trade and money away to Auckland. Heké had no grievance whatever against the Government or colonists, but he and the younger braves of the Northern tribes had been heard to ask whether Rangihaeata was to do all the *Pakeha*-killing? At the moment Fitzroy had not two hundred soldiers in the country. He hurried up to the scene of disturbance. Luckily Heké's tribe—the Ngapuhi—were divided. Part, under Waka Nené, held with the English. Accepting Nené's advice, Fitzroy allowed Heké to pay ten muskets in compensation for the flagstaff, and then foolishly gave back the fine as a present and departed. Nené and the friendly chiefs undertook to keep peace, but failed, for Heké again cut down the flagstaff. This, of course, brought on war definitely. The famous flagstaff was re-erected, guarded by a block-house, and a party of soldiers and sailors were sent to garrison Kororáreka. As H.M.S. *Hazard* lay off the beach in the Bay and guns were mounted in three block-houses the place was expected to hold out. Heké, however, notified that he would take it—and did so. He marched against it with eight hundred men. One party attacked the flagstaff, another the town. The twenty defenders of the flagstaff were divided by a stratagem by which part were lured out to repel

a feigned attack. In their absence the stockade was rushed, and, for the third time, the flagstaff hewn down. During the attack the defenders of the town, however, under Captain Robertson, of the *Hazard*, stood their ground and repulsed a first attack. Even when Robertson fell, his thigh-bone shattered by a bullet, Lieutenant Philpotts, taking command, had the women and children sent safely on board the ships, and all was going well when the outnumbered garrison were paralysed by the blowing up of their powder magazine. The townsmen began to escape, and a council of war decided to abandon the place. This was done. Lovell, a gunner, would not leave his piece until he had spiked it, and was killed, but not before doing so. Bishop Selwyn, landing from his mission ship in the Bay, had been doing the work of ten in carrying off women and children and succouring the wounded, aided therein by Henry Williams. To Selwyn, as he toiled begrimed with smoke and sweat, came running a boy, young Nelson Hector, whose father, a lawyer, was in charge of a gun in position on one of the hillsides outside the town. The boy had stolen away unnoticed, and crept through the Maori to find out for his father how things stood. The bishop offered to take him on board with the women, but the youngster scouted the notion of leaving his father. "God bless you, my boy!" said the big-hearted Selwyn; "I have nothing to say against it"; and the lad running off, got back safely. Out in the Bay the American corvette *St. Louis* lay at anchor. Her men were keen to be allowed to "bear a hand" in the defence. Though this could not be, her captain sent boats through the fire while it was still hot to bring off the women and children, and gave them shelter on board. The scene became extraordinary. The victorious Maori, streaming gleefully into the town, began to plunder in the best of good tempers. Some of the townspeople went about saving such of their goods as they could without molestation, indeed, with occasional help from the Maori, who considered there was enough for all. Presently a house caught fire, the flames spread, and the glowing blaze, the volumes of smoke, and the roar of the burning under the red-lit sky gave a touch of dignity to the end of wicked little Kororáreka.

Loaded with booty, Heké's men went off inland in high

spirits. Three vessels crowded with the ruined Alsatians sailed to Auckland, where for a while the astonished people expected nightly to be roused from their beds by the yells of Ngapuhi warriors. Our loss had been thirty-one killed and wounded, and it was small consolation to know that, thanks to the ship's guns, the Maori's had been three times as great. The disaster was a greater blow to the English *mana* than even the Wairau Massacre. But the settlements showed spirit everywhere, and under the stress of the time the Governor forgot some of his prejudices. Even those much-suspected people, the Wellington settlers, were allowed to form themselves into a militia at last.

Thanks to the divisions among the Ngapuhi, Heké did not follow up his victory. Troops were procured from Sydney, but they had no artillery. The natives relied on their *pa* or stockades. These, skilfully constructed by means of double or triple rows of heavy palisades, masked by flax and divided by shallow ditches which did duty for rifle-pits, could not be carried without being breached by cannon. A fruitless attack upon one of them soon demonstrated this. The *pa*, called Okaihau, though strong in front, was weak in the rear. Four hundred soldiers, supported by as many Ngapuhi friendlies under Waka Nené, marched against it. Fruitlessly Nené advised the English colonel to assail the place from behind. The Colonel, who had seen Nené yelling in a war-dance, and looked upon him as a degraded savage, approached the front where Okaihau was really strong. As he had no guns he tried the effect of rockets, but, though terrified by the strange fire, the defenders gained heart when they found that the rockets hit nothing. They even charged the English in the open with long-handled tomahawks, and only fell back before a bayonet charge in regular form. After skirmishing all day and losing fifty-four in killed and wounded with but negative results, the English retreated to Auckland to request artillery. Waka Nené carried on the fighting on his own account, and in a skirmish with him Heké was badly wounded. Guns were fetched from Australia, and Heké's men were brought to bay at their principal *pa*, Ohaeawai. Colonel Despard commanded the besiegers, who outnumbered the defenders by more than three to one. After bombarding the palisades for some days,

the colonel, in defiance of the advice of his artillery officer —who declared there was no practicable breach—ordered an assault. Two hundred soldiers and sailors were told off for the duty, and at four o'clock on a pleasant, sunny afternoon they charged up a gentle, open slope to the simple-looking stockade. Only two or three got inside. In a quarter of an hour half the force were shot down, and the survivors only saved by the bugle-call which Despard ordered to be sounded. Forty, including a captain and two lieutenants, were killed on the spot or died of their wounds. Sixty-two others were wounded. Gallant Lieutenant Philpotts, the first through the stockade, lay dead, sword in hand, inside the *pa*. At the outset of the war he had been captured by the natives whilst scouting, and let go unharmed with advice to take more care in future. Through no fault of his own he had lost Kororáreka. Stung by this, or, as some say, by a taunt of Despard's, he led the way at Ohaewai with utterly reckless courage, and, to the regret of the brave Brown men, his enemies, was shot at close quarters by a mere boy. The wounded could not be removed for two days. During the night the triumphant Maori shouted and danced their war-dance. They tortured—with burning kauri gum—an unfortunate soldier whom they had captured alive, and whose screams could be plainly heard in the English camp. Despard, whose artillery ammunition had run short, remained watching the *pa* for several days. But when he was in a position to renew his bombardment, the natives quietly abandoned the place by night, without loss. According to their notions of warfare, such a withdrawal was not a defeat.

Such are the facts of one of the worst repulses sustained by our arms in New Zealand. It will scarcely be believed that after this humiliation Captain Fitzroy, on missionary advice, endeavoured to make peace—of course, without avail. Heké became a hero in the eyes of his race. The news of Ohaeawai reached England, and the Duke of Wellington's language about Colonel Despard is said to have been pointed. But already the Colonial Office had made up its mind for a change in New Zealand. Fitzroy was recalled, and Captain Grey, the Governor of South Australia, whose sense and determination had lifted that Colony out of the mire, was wisely selected to succeed him.

CHAPTER XII

GOOD GOVERNOR GREY

No hasty fool of stubborn will,
But prudent, wary, pliant still,
Who, since his work was good,
Would do it as he could.

CAPTAIN GREY came in the nick of time. That he managed because he wasted no time about coming. The dispatch, removing him from South Australia to New Zealand, reached Adelaide on the 15th of October, 1845, and by the 14th of November he was in Auckland.

He arrived to find Kororáreka in ashes, Auckland anxious, the Company's settlers in the south harassed by the Maori and embittered against the Government, the missionaries objects of tormenting suspicions, and the natives unbeaten and exultant. The colonists had no money and no hope. Four hundred Crown grants were lying unissued in the Auckland Land Office because land-buyers could not pay the fee of £1 apiece due on them.

But the Colonial Office, now that it at last gave the unfortunate settlements a capable head, did not do things by halves. It supplied him with sufficient troops and a certain amount of money. The strong hand at the helm at once made itself felt. Within a month the circulating debentures were withdrawn, the pre-emptive right of the Crown over native lands resumed, the sale of firearms to natives prohibited, and negotiations with Heké and his fellow insurgent chief, Kawiti, sternly broken off.

The Governor set to work to end the war. High in air, on the side of a thickly timbered hill, lay Kawiti's new and strongest *pa*, Rua-peka-peka (the Bat's Nest). Curtained by a double palisade of beams eighteen feet high by two feet

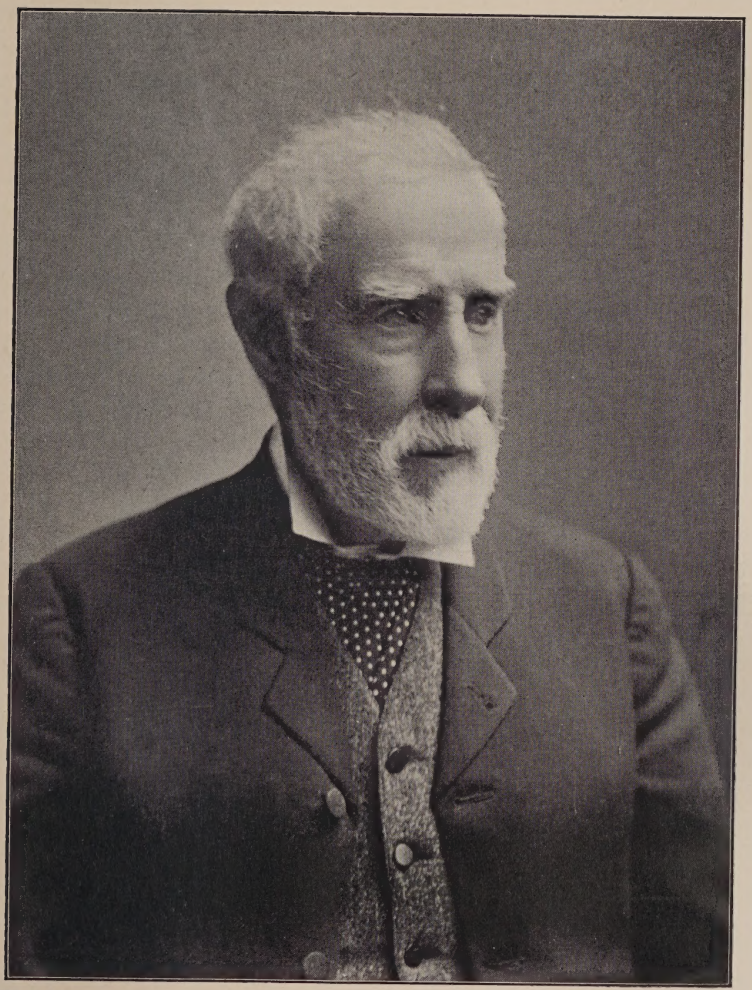

Photo by] [RUSSELL, Baker St., W.

SIR GEORGE GREY

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thick, strengthened by flanking redoubts, ditches, and traverses, honeycombed with rifle-pits and bomb-proof chambers below ground, "large enough to hold a whist-party," it was a model Maori fortification of the later style.

Against it the Governor and Despard moved with 1,200 soldiers and sailors, a useful native contingent, and what for those days and that corner of the earth was a strong park of artillery. The first round shot fired carried away the *pa's* flagstaff; but though palisades were splintered and sorties were repulsed, the stubborn garrison showed no sign of yielding, and the Bat's Nest, for all our strength, fell but by an accident. Our artillery fire, continued for several days, was—rather to the surprise of our Maori allies—not stopped on Sunday. The defenders, Christians also, wishing to hold divine service, withdrew to an outwork behind their main fort to be out of reach of the cannon balls. A few soldiers and friendly natives, headed by Waka Nené's brother, struck by the deserted aspect of the place, crept up and got inside before they were discovered. The insurgents, after a plucky effort to retake their own fortress, fled with loss. Our casualties were but forty-three. The blow thus given ended the war. Heké, weakened by his wound, sued for peace. Even tough little Kawiti wrote to the Governor that he was "full." Grey showed a wise leniency. Waka Nené was given a pension of £100 a year, and ostentatiously honoured and consulted. As time went on the Ngapuhi themselves re-erected the historic flagstaff in token of reconciliation. From that day to this there has been no rebellion amongst the tribes north of Auckland. Heké's relation and namesake, Honé Heké, M.H.R., became a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives, which he addressed in excellent English, and whilst he was there the good offices of Mr. Honé Heké were foremost in quelling what threatened to be a troublesome riot among the Ngapuhi on the Hokianga.

The petty warfare against Rangihaeata in the Cook's Straits district took longer to end. It was a series of isolated murders, trifling skirmishes, night surprises, marchings and counter-marchings. Their dreary insignificance was redeemed by the good-tempered pertinacity shown by our troops in enduring month after month of hardship and exposure in the

rain-soaked bush and the deep mud of the sloughs, miscalled tracks, along which they had to crawl through the gloomy valleys. And there was one story of heroism. An outpost of the fifty-eighth regiment had been surprised at dawn. The bugler, a lad named Allen, was raising his bugle to sound the alarm, when a blow from a tomahawk half severed his arm. Snatching the bugle with the other hand, he managed to blow a warning note before a second tomahawk stroke stretched him dead. Grey adopted the Fabian plan of driving the insurgents back into the mountain forests and slowly starving them out there. In New Zealand, thanks to the scarcity of wild food plants and animals, even Maori suffer cruel hardships if cut off long from their plantations.

Rauparaha, now a very old man, was nominally not concerned in these troubles. He lived quietly in a sea-coast village by the Straits, enjoying the reputation earned by nearly fifty years of fighting, massacring and plotting. The Governor, however, satisfied himself that the old chief was secretly instigating the insurgents. By a cleverly managed surprise he captured Rauparaha in his village, whence he was carried kicking and biting on board a man-of-war. The move proved successful. The *mana* of the Maori Ulysses was fatally injured in the eyes of his race by the humiliation. The chief, who had killed Arthur Wakefield and laughed under Fitzroy's nose, had met at length a craftier than himself. Detained at Auckland, or carried about in Grey's train, he was treated with a studied politeness which prevented him from being honoured as a martyr. His influence was at an end.

Peace quickly came. It is true that at the end of the year 1846 there came a small outbreak which caused a tiny hamlet, now the town of Wanganui, to be attacked and plundered. But the natives, who retired into the bush, were quietly brought to submission by having their trade stopped, and in particular their supply of tobacco cut off. Fourteen years of quiet now followed the two years of disturbance. During the fighting from the Wairau conflict onwards, our loss had been one hundred and seven Whites killed and one hundred and seventy-two wounded. To this must be added several "murders" of settlers and the losses of our native allies.

Small as the total was, it was larger than the casualties of the insurgents.

For his success Governor Grey was made Sir George, and greatly pleased the natives by chosing Waka Nené and Te Whero Whero, our old Waikato acquaintance, to act as esquires at his investiture. But it was in the use he made of the restored tranquillity that he showed his true capacity. He employed the natives as labourers in making roads, useful both for war and peace. They found wages better than warfare. As navvies, they were paid half a crown a day, and were reported to do more work as spade-men than an equal number of soldiers would. At no time did the Maori seem to make such material progress as during the twelve peaceful years beginning with 1848.

With his Brown subjects, Grey, after once beating them, trod the paths of pleasantness and peace. The chiefs recognized his imperturbable courage and self-control, and were charmed by his unfailing courtesy and winning manners. He found time to learn their language. The study of their character, their myths, customs, and art was to him a labour of love and bore practical fruit in the knowledge it gave him of the race. So good were the volumes in which he put together and published the fruits of his Maori studies that even at the present time students of Maori literature are content to follow in the way pointed out by this busy administrator. Few men have ever understood the natives better. He could humour their childishness and respect their intelligence. When a powerful chief refused to allow one of the Governor's roads to be pushed through his tribe's land, Grey said nothing, but sent the chief's sister a present of a wheeled carriage. Before long the road was permitted. Yet on the all-important question of the validity of the land clause in the treaty of Waitangi, the Governor gave the Maori the fullest assurance. Striving always to keep liquor and fire-arms from them, he encouraged them to farm, helped to found schools for them, and interested himself in the all-important question of their physical health, on which he consulted and corresponded with Florence Nightingale.

After a good deal of tedious litigation Grey was able to settle nearly all the outstanding land claims. By a misuse

of one of Fitzroy's freakish ordinances land-grabbers had got hold of much of the land near Auckland. Grey was able to make many of them disgorge. His influence with the Maori enabled him to buy considerable tracts of land. By him the Colonial Office was persuaded to have a reasonable force retained for the protection of the Colony. He put an end to the office of "Protector of the Aborigines," the source of much well-meant but unpractical advice. When Earl Grey sent out in 1846 a constitution prematurely conferring upon the colonists the right of governing themselves—and also of governing the Maori—Sir George had the moral courage and good sense to stand in the way of its adoption. For this, and for refusing to allow private purchase of native land, he was bitterly attacked, but stood his ground, to the advantage of both races. Especially in the settlements of the New Zealand Company was the agitation for free institutions carried on with vigour and ability.

It is scarcely needful now to scan in detail the various compromises and expedients by which Grey vainly endeavoured to satisfy the colonists, first with nominated councils, then with local self-governing powers; or how, finally, he completely changed front, went farther than Lord Grey, and drafted and sent home a constitution which, for that day, seemed the quintessence of Radicalism.

Meanwhile he remained an autocrat. Even an autocrat has his advisers, and in some of them he was fortunate. Mr. William Swainson, his Attorney-General, was an English lawyer of striking abilities of more than one kind. Fortunately one of these lay in drafting statutes. On him devolved the drawing-up of the laws of the infant Colony. In doing so he ventured to be much simpler in language and much less of a slave to technical subtleties than was usual in his day. By an ordinance dealing with conveyancing he swept away a host of cumbrous English precedents relating to that great branch of law. Other excellent enactments dealt with legal procedure and marriage. Mr. Swainson's ordinances were not only good in themselves, but set an example in New Zealand which later law reformers were only too glad to follow and improve upon. Another official of ability and high character was Sir William Martin, Chief Justice, long known, not only as a refined gentle-

man and upright judge, but as an enthusiastic and unswerving champion of what he believed to be the rights of the Maori race. A more commanding figure than either Martin or Swainson was George Augustus Selwyn, the first Bishop of the Colony. No better selection could have been made than that by which England sent this muscular Christian to organize and administer a Church of mingled savages and pioneers. Bishop Selwyn was both physically and mentally a ruler of men. When young, his tall, lithe frame, and long, clean-cut aquiline features were those of the finest type of English gentleman. When old, the lines on his face marked honourably the unresting toil of the intellectual athlete. Hard sometimes to others, he was always hardest to himself. When in the wilderness, he could outride or outwalk his guides, and could press on when hunger made his companions flag wearily. He would stride through rivers in his bishop's dress, and laugh at such trifles as wet clothes, and would trudge through the bush with his blankets rolled up on his back like any swagman. When at sea in his missionary schooner, he could haul on the ropes or take the helm—and did so.[1] If his demeanour and actions savoured at times somewhat of the dramatic, and if he had more of iron than honey in his manner, it must be remembered that his duty lay in wild places and amongst rough men, where strength of will and force of character were more needed than gentler virtues. For more than a generation he laboured strenuously amongst Maori and Europeans, loved by many and respected by all. He organized the Episcopal Church in New Zealand upon a basis which showed a rare insight into the democratic character of the community with which he had to deal. The basis of his system is found in the representative synods of clergy and laity which assemble

[1] The lines with which Mr. Punch in December 1867 saluted "Selwyn the pious and plucky," then just translated to Lichfield, had truth in them as well as fun :—

"Where lawn sleeves and silk apron had turned with a shiver,
From the current that roared 'twixt his business and him,
If no boat could be come at he breasted the river,
And woe to his chaplain who craned at a swim!

* * * * *

What to him were short commons, wet jacket, hard-lying,
The savage's blood-feud, the elements' strife,
Whose guard was the Cross, at his peak proudly flying,
Whose fare was the bread and the water of life?"

annually in each New Zealand diocese. The first draft of this Church constitution came indeed from the brain and hand of Sir George Grey; for the rest the credit of it belongs to Selwyn.

Among the many interesting figures on the stage of the New Zealand of the first generation three seem to me to rise head and shoulders above the crowd—Gibbon Wakefield, Grey, and Selwyn, the founder, the ruler, the pastor. Nor must it be supposed, because these towered above their fellow-actors, that the latter were puny men. Plenty of ability found its way to the Dominion, and under the stress of its early troubles wits were sharpened and faculties brightened. There is nothing like the colonial grindstone for putting an edge on good steel. Grey, Selwyn, and Wakefield, as unlike morally as they were in manner, had this in common, that they were leaders of men, and that they had men to lead. That for thirty years the representatives of the English Government, from Busby to Browne, were, with the exception of Grey, commonplace persons or worse, must not blind us to the interest of the drama or to the capacity of many of the men whom these commonplace persons were sent to guide.

Of the trio referred to, Grey is the greatest figure, and most attractive and complex study. Of such a man destiny might have made a great visionary, a capable general, an eloquent tribune, or a graceful writer. He had in him the stuff for any of these. But the south wing of the British Empire had to be built, and the gods made Grey a social architect in the guise of a pro-consul. Among the colonies of the southern hemisphere he is already a figure of history, and amongst them no man has played so many parts in so many theatres with so much success. Not only was he the saviour and organizer of New Zealand, South Australia, and South Africa; not merely was he an explorer of the deserts of New Holland, and a successful campaigner in New Zealand bush-warfare, but he found time, by way of recreation, to be an ethnologist, a literary pioneer, and an ardent book-collector who twice was generous enough to found libraries with the books which had been the solace and happiness of his working life. A mere episode of this life was the fanning of the spark of Imperialism into flame in England fifty years ago. There

are those who will think the eloquence with which he led the New Zealand democracy, the results he indirectly obtained for it, and the stand which at the extreme end of his career he made with success for a popular basis for the inevitable Australian Federation, among the least of his feats. To the writer they do not seem so. Before a life so strenuous, so dramatic, and so fruitful, criticism—at least colonial criticism —is inclined respectfully to lay down its pen. But when we come to the man himself, to the mistakes he made, and the misunderstandings he caused, and to the endeavour to give some sort of sketch of what he *was*, the task is neither easy nor always pleasant. I have known those who thought Grey a nobler Gracchus and a more practical Gordon ; and I have known those who thought him a mean copy of Dryden's Achitophel. His island-retreat, where Froude described him as a kind of evangelical Cincinnatus, seemed to others merely the convenient lurking-place of a political rogue-elephant. The Viceroy, whose hated household the Adelaide tradesmen would not deal with in 1844, and the statesman whose visit to Adelaide in 1891 was a triumphal progress, the public servant whom the Duke of Buckingham insulted in 1868, and the empire-builder whom Queen Victoria honoured in 1894, were one and the same man. So were the Governor against whom New Zealanders inveighed as an arch-despot in 1848, and the popular leader denounced as arch-demagogue by some of the same New Zealanders thirty years afterwards. In a long life of bustle and change his strong but mixed character changed and moulded circumstances, and circumstances also changed and moulded him. The ignorant injustice of some of his Downing Street masters might well have warped his disposition even more than it did. The many honest and acute men who did not keep step with Grey, who were disappointed in him, or repelled by and embittered against him, were not always wrong. Some of his eulogists have been silly. But the student of his peculiar nature must be an odd analyst who does not in the end conclude that Grey was on the whole more akin to the Christian hero painted by Froude and Olive Schreiner than to the malevolent political chess-player of innumerable colonial leader-writers.

Grey had the knightly virtues—courage, courtesy, and

self-command. His early possession of official power in remote, difficult, thinly-peopled outposts gave him self-reliance as well as dignity. Naturally fond of devious ways and unexpected moves, he learned to keep his own counsel and to mask his intentions. He never was frank; he never even seemed frank. Though wilful and quarrelsome, he kept guard over his tongue, but, pen in hand, became an evasive, obstinate controversialist with a coldly-used power of exasperation. He learned to work apart, and practised it so long that he became unable to co-operate, on equal terms, with any fellow-labourer. He would lead, or would go alone. Moreover, so far as persons went, his antipathies were stronger than his affections, and led him to play with principles and allies. Those who considered themselves his natural friends were never astonished to find him operating against their flank, to the delight of the common enemy. Fastidiously indifferent to money, he was greedy of credit; could be generous to inferiors, but not to rivals; could be grateful to God, but hardly to man.

When he landed in New Zealand, he was a pleasant-looking, blue-eyed, energetic young officer, with a square jaw, a firm but mobile mouth, and a queer trick of half closing one eye when he looked at you. For all his activity he suffered from a spear-wound received from an Australian blackfellow. He was married to a young and handsome wife; and, though this was not his first Governorship, was but thirty-three. The colonists around him were quite shrewd enough to see that this was no ordinary official, and that beneath the silken surcoat of courtesy and the breast-plate of self-confidence lay concealed a curious and interesting man. The less narrow of them detected that something more was here than a strong administrator, and that they had among them an original man of action, with something of the aloofness and mystery that belong to

> a mind for ever
> Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone.

None imagined that his connection with the Islands would not terminate for half a century, and that the good and evil of his work therein would be such as must be directly felt—to use his own pet phrase—by unborn millions in distant days.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PASTORAL PROVINCES

Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.

THE Company's settlements were no longer confined to the shores of Cook's Straits. In 1846 Earl Grey, formerly Lord Howick, came to the Colonial Office, and set himself to compensate the Company for former official hostility. He secured for it a loan of £250,000, and handed over to it large blocks of land in the South Island, which—less certain reserves—was in process of complete purchase from its handful of Maori owners. The Company, gaining thus a new lease of life, went to work. In 1848 and 1850 that was done which ought to have been done a decade sooner, and the void spaces of Otago and Canterbury were made the sites of settlements of a quasi-religious kind. The Otago settlement was the outcome of the Scottish Disruption; its pioneers landed in March 1848. They were a band of Free Kirk Presbyterians, appropriately headed by a Captain Cargill, a Peninsular veteran and a descendant of Donald Cargill, and by the Rev. Thomas Burns, a minister of sterling worth, who was a nephew of the poet. In the year 1898 Otago celebrated her jubilee, and the mayor of her chief city, Captain Cargill's son, was the first citizen of a town of nearly 50,000 inhabitants, in energy and beauty well worthy of its name—Dunedin. For years, however, the progress of the young settlement was slow. Purchasers of its land at the "sufficient price"—£2 an acre—were provokingly few, so few indeed that the regulation price had to be reduced. It had no Maori troubles worth speaking of, but the hills that beset its site, rugged and bush-covered, were troublesome to clear and settle; the winter climate is bleaker than that of northern or central New Zealand,

and a good deal of Scottish endurance and toughness was needed before the colonists won their way through to the more fertile and open territory which lay waiting for them, both on their right hand and on their left, in the broad province of Otago. Like General Grant in his last campaign, they had to keep on " pegging away," and they did. They stood stoutly by their kirk, and gave it a valuable endowment of land. Their leaders felt keenly the difficulty of getting good school teaching for the children, a defect so well repaired later on that the primary schools of Otago became, perhaps, the best in New Zealand, while Dunedin was the seat of the Colony's first university college. They had a gaol, the prisoners of which in early days were sometimes let out for a half-holiday, with the warning from the gaoler, Johnnie Barr, that if they did not come back by eight o'clock they would be locked out for the night.[1] The usual dress of the settlers was a blue shirt, moleskin or corduroy trousers, and a slouch hat. Their leader, Captain Cargill, wore always a blue " bonnet " with a crimson knob thereon. They named their harbour Port Chalmers, and a stream, hard by their city, the Water of Leith. The plodding, brave, clannish, and cantankerous little community soon ceased to be altogether Scottish. Indeed, the pioneers, called the Old Identities, seemed almost swamped by the flood of gold-seekers which poured in in the years after 1861. Nevertheless, Otago is still the headquarters of that large and very active element in the population of the Dominion which makes the features and accent of North Britain more familiar to New Zealanders than to most Englishmen.

[1] An amusing article might be written on the more primitive gaols of the early settlements. At Wanganui there were no means of confining certain drunken bush-sawyers whose vagaries were a nuisance; so they were fined in timber—so many feet for each orgie—and building material for a prison thus obtained. When it was put up, however, the sawyers had departed, and the empty house of detention became of use as a storehouse for the gaoler's potatoes.

In a violent gale in the Southern Alps one of these wooden " lock-ups " was lifted in air, carried bodily away and deposited in a neighbouring thicket. Its solitary prisoner disappeared in the whirlwind. Believers in his innocence imagined for him a celestial ascent somewhat like that of Elijah. What is certain is that he was never seen again in that locality.

A more comfortable gaol was that made for himself by a high and very ingenious provincial official. Arrested for debt, he proclaimed his own house a district prison, and as visiting Justice committed himself to be detained therein.

The next little colony founded in New Zealand dates its birth from 1850. Though it was to be Otago's next-door neighbour, it was neither Presbyterian nor Scottish, but English and Episcopalian. This was the Canterbury settlement. It owed its existence to an association in which the late Lord Lyttelton was prominent. As in the case of Otago, this association worked in conjunction with the New Zealand Company, and proposed to administer its lands on the Wakefield system. Gibbon Wakefield himself (his brother, the colonel, had died in 1847) laboured untiringly at its foundation, amid troubles which were all the more annoying in that the association was in financial difficulties from its birth.[1] Three pounds an acre was to be the price of land in the Canterbury Block, of which one pound was to go to the Church and education, two pounds to be spent on the work of development. The settlers landed in December 1850 from four vessels, the immigrants in which have ever since had in their new home the exclusive right to the name of Pilgrims. The dream of the founders of Canterbury was to transport to the Antipodes a complete section of English society, or, more exactly, of the English Church. It was to be a slice of England from top to bottom. At the top were to be an earl and a bishop; at the bottom the English labourer, better clothed, better fed, and contented. Their square, flat city they called Christchurch, and its rectangular streets by the names of the Anglican bishoprics. One schismatic of a street called High was alone allowed to cut diagonally across the lines of its clerical neighbours. But the clear stream of the place, which then ran past flax, koromiko, and glittering toé-toé, and now winds under weeping-willows, the founders spared from any sacerdotal name; it is called Avon. When wooden cottages and "shedifices" began to dot the bare urban sections far apart, the Pilgrims called their town the City of Magnificent Distances, and cheerfully told you how new-comers from London rode through

[1] It was when he was at this work that Dr. Garnett pictures him so vividly —"the sanguine, enthusiastic projector, fertile, inventive creator, his head an arsenal of expedients and every failure pregnant with a remedy, imperious or suasive as suits his turn; terrible in wrath or exuberant in affection; commanding, exhorting, entreating, as like an eminent personage of old he

> "With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,
> And swims, or wades, or sinks, or creeps, or flies."

and out of Christchurch and thereafter innocently inquired whether the town still lay much ahead. The Canterbury dream seems a little pathetic as well as amusing now, but those who dreamed it were very much in earnest in 1850, and they laid the foundation stones of a fine settlement, though not precisely of the kind they contemplated. Their affairs for some years were managed by John Robert Godley, a name still remembered at the War Office, where he afterwards became Under-Secretary. He had been the life and soul of the Canterbury Association, and as its agent went out to New Zealand, partly in search of health and partly with the honourable ambition to found a colony worthy of England. He made a strong administrator. Their earl and their bishop soon fled from the hard facts of pioneer life, but the Pilgrims as a rule were made of sterner stuff, and, sticking to their task, they soon spread over the yellow, sunny plains, high-terraced mountain valleys, and wind-swept hillsides of their province. Their territory was better suited than Otago for the first stages of settlement, and for thirty years its progress was remarkable.

On the surface there were certain differences between the Canterbury colonists and those of Otago, which local feeling intensified in a manner always paltry, though sometimes amusing. When the stiff-backed Free-Churchmen who were to colonize Otago gathered on board the emigrant ship which was to take them across the seas, they opened their psalm-books. Their minister, like Burns's cottar, "waled a portion wi' judicious care," and the Puritans, slowly chanting on, rolled out the appeal to the God of Bethel:—

> God of our fathers, be the God
> Of their succeeding race!

Such men and women might not be amusing fellow-passengers on a four months' sea-voyage—and, indeed, there is reason to believe that they were not—but settlers made of such stuff were not likely to fail in the hard fight with Nature at the far end of the earth; and they did not fail. The Canterbury Pilgrims, on the other hand, bade farewell to old England by dancing at a ball. In their new home they did not renounce their love of dancing, though their ladies had

sometimes to be driven in a bullock-dray to the door of the ball-room, and stories are told of young gentlemen, enthusiastic waltzers, riding on horseback to the happy scene clad in evening dress and with coat-tails carefully pinned up. But the Canterbury folk did not, on the whole, make worse settlers for not taking themselves quite so seriously as some of their neighbours. The English gentleman has a fund of cheery adaptiveness which often carries him through colonial life abreast of graver competitors. So the settler who built a loaf of station-bread into the earthen wall of his house, alleging that it was the hardest and most durable material he could procure, did not, we may believe, find a sense of humour encumber him in the troubles of a settler's life. For there were troubles. The pastoral provinces were no Dresden-china Arcadia. Nature is very stubborn in the wilderness, even in the happier climes, where she offers, for the most part, merely a passive resistance. An occasional storm or flood was about her only outburst of active opposition in south-eastern New Zealand. Nevertheless, an educated European who finds himself standing in an interminable plain or on a windy hillside where nothing has been done, where he is about to begin that work of reclaiming the desert which has been going on in Europe for thousands of years, and of which the average civilized man is the calm, self-satisfied, unconscious inheritor, finds that he must shift his point of view! The twentieth-century Briton face to face with the conditions of primitive man is a spectacle fine in the general, but often ludicrous or piteous in the particular. The loneliness, the coarseness, the everlasting insistence of the pettiest and most troublesome wants and difficulties, harden and brace many minds, but narrow most and torment some. Wild game, song-birds, fish, forest trees, were but some of the things of which there were few or none round nearly all the young pastoral settlements. Everything was to make. The climate might be healthy and the mountain outlines noble. But nothing but work, and successful work, could reconcile an educated and imaginative man to the monotony of a daily outlook over league after league of stony soil, thinly clothed by pallid, wiry tussocks bending under an eternal, uncompromising wind; where the only living creatures in sight might often be small lizards or a twittering grey bird

miscalled a lark; or where the only sound, save the wind aforesaid, might be the ring of his horse's shoe against a stone, or the bleat of a dull-coated merino, scarcely distinguishable from the dull plain round it. To cure an unfit new-comer, dangerously enamoured of the romance of colonization, few experiences could surpass a week of sheep-driving, where life became a prolonged crawl at the heels of a slow, dusty, greasy-smelling "mob" straggling along at a maximum pace of two miles an hour. If patience and a good collie helped the tyro through that ordeal, such allies were quite too feeble to be of service in the supreme trial of bullock-driving, where a long whip and a vocabulary copious beyond the dreams of Englishmen were the only effective helpers known to man in the management of the clumsy dray and the eight heavy-yoked, lumbering beasts dragging it. Wonderful tales are told of cultivated men in the wilderness, Oxonians disguised as station-cooks, who quoted Virgil over their dish-washing or asked your opinion on a tough passage of Thucydides whilst baking a batch of bread. Most working settlers, as a matter of fact, did well enough if they kept up a running acquaintance with English literature; and station-cooks, as a race, were ever greater at grog than at Greek.

Prior to about 1857 there was little or no intercourse between the various settlements. Steamers and telegraphs had not yet appeared. The answer to a letter sent from Cook's Straits to Auckland might come in seven weeks or might not. It would come in two or three days now. Dispatches were sometimes sent from Wellington to Auckland *via* Sydney, to save time. In 1850 Sir William Fox and Mr. Justice Chapman took six days to sail across Cook's Straits from Nelson to Wellington, a voyage which now occupies eight hours. They were passengers in the Government brig, a by-word for unseaworthiness and discomfort. In this vessel the South Island members of the first New Zealand Parliament spent nearly nine weeks in beating up the coast to the scene of their labours in Auckland. Yet the delight with which the coming of steamships in the fifties was hailed was not so much a rejoicing over more regular coastal communication, as joy because the English Mail would come sooner and oftener. How they did wait and watch for the letters and newspapers from Home,

those exiles of the early days! Lucky did they count themselves if they had news ten times a year, and not more than four months old. One of the best of their stories is of a certain lover whose gallant grace was not unworthy a courtier of Queen Elizabeth. One evening this swain, after securing at the post-office his treasured mail budget, was escorting his lady-love home through the muddy, ill-lighted streets of little Christchurch. A light of some sort was needed at an especially miry crossing. The devoted squire did not spread out his cloak, as did Sir Walter Raleigh. He had no cloak to spread. But he deftly made a torch of his unread English letters, and, bending down, lighted the way across the mud. His sacrifice, it is believed, did not go unrewarded.

One first-rate boon New Zealand colonists had—good health. Out of four thousand people in Canterbury in 1854 but twenty-one were returned as sick or infirm. It almost seemed that but for drink and drowning there need be no deaths. In Taranaki, in the North Island, among three thousand people in 1858–9 there was not a funeral for sixteen months. Crime, too, was pleasantly rare in the settlements. When Governor Grey, in 1850, appointed Mr. Justice Stephen to administer law in Otago, that zealous judge had nothing to do for eighteen months, except to fine defaulting jurors who had been summoned to try cases which did not exist and who neglected to attend to try them. Naturally the settlers complained that he did not earn his £800 a year of salary. His office was abolished, and for seven years the southern colonists did very well without a judge. Great was the shock to the public mind when, in March 1855, a certain Mackenzie, a riever by inheritance doubtless, "lifted" a thousand sheep in a night from the run of a Mr. Rhodes near Timaru, in South Canterbury, and disappeared with them among the Southern Alps. When he was followed and captured, it was found that he had taken refuge in a bleak but useful upland plain, a discovery of his which bears his name to this day. He was set on horseback, with his hands tied, and driven to Christchurch, 150 miles, by captors armed with loaded pistols. That he was a fellow who needed such precautions was shown by three bold dashes for freedom, which he afterwards made when serving a five years' sentence. At the third of these

attempts he was shot at and badly wounded. Ultimately, he was allowed to leave the country.

A sheep-stealer might easily have fallen into temptation in Canterbury at that time. In three years the settlers owned 100,000 sheep; in four more half a million. Somewhat slower, the Otago progress was to 223,000 in ten years.

Neither in Canterbury nor Otago were the plough and the spade found to be the instruments of speediest advance. They were soon eclipsed by the stockwhip, the shears, the sheep-dog, and the wire-fence. Long before the foundation of New Zealand, Macarthur had taught the Australians to acclimatize the merino sheep. Squatters and shepherds from New South Wales and Tasmania were quick to discover that the South Island of New Zealand was a well-nigh ideal land for pastoral enterprise, with a climate where the fleece of a well-bred merino sheep would yield 4 lb. of wool as against 2½ lb. in New South Wales. Coming to Canterbury, Otago, and Nelson, they taught the new settlers to look to wool and meat, rather than to oats and wheat, for profit and progress. The Australian *coo-ee*, the Australian buck-jumping horse, the Australian stock-whip, and wide-awake hat came into New Zealand pastoral life, together with much cunning in dodging land-laws, and a sovereign contempt for small areas. In a few years the whole of the east and centre of the island, except a few insignificant cultivated patches, was leased in great "runs" of from 10,000 to 100,000 acres to grazing tenants. The Australian term "squatter" was applied to and accepted good-humouredly by these. Socially and politically, however, they were the magnates of the Colony; sometimes financially also, but not always. For the price of sheep and wool could go down by leaps and bounds, as well as up; the progeny of the ewes bought for 30s. each in 1862 might have to go at 5s. each in 1868, and greasy wool might fluctuate in value as much as 6d. a lb. Two or three bad years would deliver over the poor squatter as bond-slave to some bank, mortgage company or merchant, to whom he had been paying at least 10 per cent. interest, *plus* 2½ per cent. commission exacted twice a year, on advances. In the end, maybe, his mortgagee stepped in; he and his children saw their homestead, with its garden and clumps of planted

eucalypts, willows, and poplars—an oasis in the grassy wilderness—no more. Sometimes a new squatter reigned in his stead, sometimes for years the mortgagee left the place in charge of a shepherd—a new and dreary form of absentee ownership. Meanwhile, in the earlier years the squatters were merry monarchs, reigning as supreme in the Provincial Councils as in the jockey clubs. They made very wise and excessively severe laws to safeguard their stock from infection, and other laws, by no means so wise, to safeguard their runs from selection, laws which undoubtedly hampered agricultural progress. The peasant cultivator, or "cockatoo" (another Australian word), followed slowly in the sheep-farmer's wake. As late as 1857 there were not fifty thousand acres of land under tillage in the South Island. Even wheat at 10s. a bushel did not tempt much capital into agriculture, though such were the prices of cereals that in 1855 growers talked dismally of the low price of oats—4s. 6d. a bushel. Labour, too, preferred in many cases, and not unnaturally, to earn from 15s. to £1 a day at shearing or harvest-time to entering on the early struggles of the cockatoo. Nevertheless, many workers did save their money and go on the land, and many more would have done so but for that curse of the pioneer working-man—drink.

The Colony's chief export now came to be wool. The wool-growers looked upon their industry as the backbone of the country. So, at any rate, for many years it was. But then the system of huge pastoral leases meant the exclusion of population from the soil. A dozen shepherds and labourers were enough for the largest run during most of the year. Only when the sheep had to be mustered and dipped or shorn were a band of wandering workmen called in. The work done, they tramped off to undertake the next station, or to drink their wages at the nearest public-house.

The endowed churches, the great pastoral leases, high-priced land (in Canterbury), and the absence of Maori troubles, were the peculiar features of the southern settlements of New Zealand. These new communities, while adding greatly to the strength and value of the Colony as a whole, brought their own special difficulties to its rulers. With rare exceptions the settlers came from England and Scotland, not from Aus-

tralia, and were therefore quite unused to despotic government. Having no Maori tribes in overwhelming force at their doors, they saw no reason why they should not at once be trusted with self-government. They therefore threw themselves heartily into the agitation for a free constitution, which by this time was in full swing in Wellington amongst the old settlers of the New Zealand Company. Moreover, in this, for the first time in the history of the Colony, the settlers were in accord with the Colonial Office. As early as 1846, Earl Grey had sent out the draft of a constitution the details of which need not detain us, inasmuch as it never came to the birth. Sir George Grey refused to proclaim it, and succeeded in postponing the coming-in of free institutions for six years. For many reasons he was probably right, if only because the Maori still much outnumbered the Whites; yet under Earl Grey's proposed constitution they would have been entirely governed by the White minority. Warlike and intelligent, and with a full share of self-esteem, they were not a race likely to put up with such an indignity. But Governor Grey's action, though justifiable, brought him into collision with the southern settlers. Godley, with questionable discretion, flung himself into the constitutional controversy.

Grey was successful in inducing the Maori to sell a fair amount of their surplus land. During the last years of his rule and the four or five years after he went, some millions of acres were bought in the North Island. This, following on the purchase of the whole of the South Island, had opened the way for real progress. The huge estate thus gained by the Crown brought to the front new phases of the eternal land problem. The question had to be faced as to what were to be the terms under which this land was to be sold and leased to the settlers. Up to 1852 the settlers everywhere, except in Auckland, had to deal, not with the Crown, but with the New Zealand Company. But in 1852 the Company was wound up, and its species of overlordship finally extinguished. By an English Act of Parliament its debt to the Imperial Government was forgiven. The Colony was ordered to pay it £263,000 in satisfaction of its land lien. This was commuted in the end for £200,000 cash, very grudgingly paid out of the first loan raised by a New Zealand Parliament. Thereafter

the Company, with its high aims, its blunders, its grievances, and its achievements, vanishes from the story of New Zealand.

In the Church settlements of the south the Wakefield system came into full operation under favourable conditions. Three pounds an acre were at the outset charged for land. One pound went to the churches and their schools. This system of endowment Grey set himself to stop, when the Company's fall gave him the opportunity, and he did so at the cost of embittering his relations with the southerners, relations already none too pleasant. For the rest, Canterbury continued within its original special area to sell land at £2 an acre. When Canterbury was made a province this area was enlarged by the inclusion of a tract in which land had been sold cheaply, and in which certain large estates had consequently been formed. Otherwise land has never been cheap in Canterbury. The Wakefield system has been adhered to there, has been tried under favourable conditions, and on the whole, at any rate up to the year 1871, could not be called a failure. As long as the value of land to speculators was little or nothing above the " sufficient price," things did not go so badly. The process of free selection at a uniform price of £2 an acre had amongst other merits the great advantage of entire simplicity. A great deal of good settlement went on under it, and ample funds were provided for the construction of roads, bridges, and other public works.

Meantime, Grey was called upon to devise some general system of land laws for the rest of the Colony. The result was the famous land regulations of 1853, a code destined to have lasting and mischievous effects upon the future of the country. Its main feature was the reduction of the price of land to ten shillings an acre. Had this been accompanied by stringent limitations as to the amount to be purchased by any one man, the result might have been good enough. But it was not ; nor did those who ruled after Grey think fit to impose any such check until immense areas of the country had been bought by pastoral tenants and thus permanently locked up against close settlement. Some of the Provincial governments, too, were just as blind. Grey's friends vehemently maintain that it was not he, but those who afterwards administered his regulations, who were responsible for this

evil. They point out that it was not until after his departure that the great purchases began. Possibly enough Sir George never dreamt that his regulations would bring about the bad results they did. More than that one can hardly say. In drawing them up his strong antipathy to the New Zealand Company and its system of a high price for land doubtless obscured his judgment. His own defence on the point, as printed in his life by Rees, is virtually no defence at all. It is likely enough that had he retained the control of affairs after 1853 he would have imposed safeguards. He is not the only statesman whose laws have effects not calculated by their maker.

CHAPTER XIV

LEARNING TO WALK

Some therefore cried one thing and some another; for the Assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together.

THE constitution under which the colonists were granted the management of their own affairs was partly based on Grey's suggestions, though it was drafted in England by Mr. Adderley under Gibbon Wakefield's supervision. Its quality may be judged from its duration. It worked almost without alteration for twenty-two years, and in the main well. Thereafter it was much cut about and altered. Briefly described, it provided the Colony with a dual system of self-government under a Viceroy appointed by the Colonial Office, who was to be Commander-in-Chief of the Queen's forces in the Dominion, and might reserve Bills for the consideration of Her Majesty—in effect for that of the Home Government. Under this proviso laws restricting immigration from other parts of the Empire or affecting mercantile marine have, it may be mentioned, been sometimes reserved and vetoed. Foreign affairs and currency were virtually excluded from the scope of the Colonial Government. The Viceroy might use his judgment in granting or withholding dissolutions of Parliament. Side by side with the central Parliament were to exist a number of provincial assemblies. The central Parliament was to have two Chambers, the Provincial Councils one. Over the Parliament was to be the Viceroy ruling through Ministers; over each Provincial Council, a Superintendent elected, like the Councils, by the people of his province. Each Superintendent was to have a small executive of officials, who were themselves to be councillors—a sort of small Cabinet. The central Parlia-

ment, called the General Assembly, was to have an Upper House called the Legislative Council, whose members were, Grey suggested, to be elected by the Provincial Councils. But in England, Sir John Pakington demurred to this, and decided that they should be nominated for life by the Crown. Their number was not fixed by law. Had Grey's proposal been carried out, New Zealand would have had a powerful Senate eclipsing altogether the Lower Chamber. The thirty-seven members of the Lower House were, of course, to be elected—on a franchise liberal though not universal. To be eligible, a member must be qualified to have his name on an electoral roll, must not have been convicted of any infamous offence, and would lose his seat by bankruptcy. Until 1880 the ordinary duration of Parliament was five years. The Provinces numbered six: Auckland, Taranaki, Nelson, Wellington, Canterbury, and Otago. The Maori had no special representation. They might register as landowners, and vote with the White electors, but as a matter of fact not many did so, and after a foolish and unfair delay of fifteen years they were given four members solely chosen by Maori, and who must themselves be Maori or half-castes. Two of their chiefs were at the same time called to the Legislative Council.

In 1853, the year of the land regulations, the Governor was entrusted with the task of proclaiming the constitution. He took the rather curious course of bringing the Provincial Councils into existence, and leaving the summoning of the central Parliament to his successor. He left the Dominion in December of the same year, praised and regretted by the Maori, regarded by the settlers with mixed feelings. Nevertheless, it would not be easy now to find anyone who would refuse a very high meed of praise to Governor Grey's first administration. It was not merely that he found the Colony on the brink of ruin, and left it in a state of prosperity and progress. Able subalterns, a rise in prices, the development of some new industry, might have brought about the improvement. Such causes have often made reputations for colonial rulers and statesmen. But in Grey's case no impartial student can fail to see that to a considerable extent the change for the better was due to him. Moreover, he not only grappled with the difficulties of his time, but with both foresight and

power of imagination built for the future, and—with one marked exception—laid foundations deep and well.

If the Colonial Office did not see its way to retain Grey in the Colony until his constitution had been put into full working order, it should, at least, have seen that he was succeeded by a capable official. This was not done. His successor did not arrive for two years, and meanwhile the Vice-regal office devolved upon Colonel Wynyard, a good-natured soldier, unfitted for the position. The first Parliament of New Zealand was summoned, and met at Auckland on the Queen's birthday in 1854. Many, perhaps most, of its members were well-educated men of character and capacity. The presence of Gibbon Wakefield, now himself become a colonist, added to the interest of the scene. At last, those who had been agitating so long for self-government had the boon apparently within their grasp. In their eyes it was a great occasion—the true commencement of national life in the Colony. The irony of fate, or the perversity of man, turned it into a curious anti-climax. The Parliament, indeed, duly assembled. But it dispersed after weeks of ineffectual wrangling and intrigue, amid scenes which were discreditable and are still ridiculous. Those who had drawn up the constitution had forgotten that government, through responsible Ministers forming a Cabinet and possessing the confidence of the elective Chamber, must be a necessary part of their system. Not only was no provision made for it in the written constitution, but the Colonial Office had sent the Governor no instructions on the subject. The Viceroy was surrounded by Patent Officers, some of whom had been administering since the first days of the Colony. No place of refuge had been prepared for them, and, naturally, they were not going to surrender their posts without a struggle. Colonel Wynyard was wax in the hands of the cleverest of these—Mr. Attorney-General Swainson. When the Parliament met, he asked three members to join with his old advisers in forming a Cabinet. They agreed to do so, and one of them, Mr. James Edward Fitzgerald, a Canterbury settler of brilliant abilities, figured as the Colony's first Premier. An Irish gentleman, an orator and a wit, he was about as fitted to cope with the peculiar and delicate imbroglio before him as Murat would have been to conceive

and direct one of Napoleon's campaigns. In a few weeks he and his Parliamentary colleagues came to loggerheads with the old officials in the Cabinet, and threw up the game. Then came prorogation for a fortnight and another hybrid ministry, known to New Zealand history as the " Clean-Shirt Ministry," because its leader ingenuously informed Parliament that when asked by the Governor to form an administration, he had gone upstairs to put on a clean shirt before presenting himself at Government House. The Clean-Shirt Ministry lived for just two days. It was born and died amid open recrimination and secret wire-pulling, throughout which Mr. Attorney Swainson, who had got himself made Speaker of the Upper House while retaining his post as the Governor's legal adviser, and Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, who was ostensibly nothing but a private member of the Lower House, pulled the strings behind the scenes. Wakefield began by putting himself at the head of the agitation for responsible Ministers. When later, after negotiating with the Governor's *entourage*, he tried compromise, the majority of the House turned angrily upon him. At last a compromise was arrived at. Colonel Wynyard was to go on with his Patent Officers until a Bill could be passed and assented to in England establishing responsible government; then the old officials were to be pensioned off and shelved. At one stage in this singular session the Governor sent a message to the House written on sheets of paper, one of the leaves of which the clerk found to be missing. Gibbon Wakefield thereupon coolly pulled the missing portion out of his pocket and proposed to hand it in—a piece of effrontery which the House could not stomach. On another occasion the door of the House had to be locked to prevent the minority running away to force on a count-out, and one honourable member assaulted another with his fists. Australia laughed at the scene, which, it may here be said, has never been repeated in the New Zealand Legislature. The greatest man in the Parliament was the greatest failure of the session. Gibbon Wakefield left Auckland unpopular and distrusted. Soon afterwards his health broke down, and the rest of his life was passed in strict retirement in the Colony which he had founded and in which he died.

The Colonial Office snubbed Colonel Wynyard and Mr.

Swainson, and informed them that responsible government could be initiated without an Act of Parliament. A year, however, passed before the General Assembly was summoned together, and then it merely did formal work, as the Acting-Governor had taken upon himself to ordain that there should be a dissolution previous to the establishment of responsible Ministers. This put everything off till the middle of 1856, by which time Colonel Wynyard had left the Colony. To his credit be it noted that he had kept out of native wars. Moreover, in his time, thanks to the brisk trade caused by the gold discoveries in Australia and the progress of sheep-farming in the South Island, the country was waxing prosperous.

The second Parliament met in 1856, and still for a time there was confusion. First, Mr. Sewell formed a ministry which lived for thirteen days; then Sir William Fox another which existed for thirteen days more. After that, Sir Edward Stafford took the helm and made headway. A loan of £600,000 was the fair wind that filled his sails. Judgment in choosing colleagues and officials, very fair administrative abilities, attention to business, and an indisposition to push things to extremes in the House were some of the qualities which enabled him to retain office for four years, and to regain it more than once afterwards. Until 1873 he and his rival, Mr. Fox, were considered inevitable members of almost any combination. Native affairs were in the forefront during that period. Mr. Fox, the most impulsive, pugnacious, and controversial of politicians, usually headed the peace party; Sir Edward Stafford, much more easy going in ordinary politics, was usually identified with those who held that peace could only be secured by successful war.

The other principal moving cause in public affairs between 1856 and 1876 was the Provincial system. That had had much to do with the confusion of the sessions of 1854 and 1856. Then and afterwards members were not so much New Zealanders, or Liberals, or Conservatives, as they were Aucklanders, or men of Otago, or some other Province. The hot, vigorous local life which Provincial institutions intensified was in itself an admirable thing. But it engendered a mild edition of the feelings which set Greek States and Italian cities at each others' throats. From the first many colonists were convinced

that Provincialism was unnatural and must go. But for twenty years the friends of the Provinces were usually ready to forego quarrelling with each other when the Centralists in Parliament threatened the Councils. There were able men in the Colony who devoted their energies by preference to Provincial politics. Such was Dr. Featherston, who was for eighteen years the trusted Superintendent of Wellington, and who, paternally despotic there, watched and influenced Parliament, and was ever vigilant on the Provinces' behalf.

In truth the Provinces had been charged with important functions. The management and sale of Crown lands, education, police, immigration, laws relating to live-stock and timber, harbours, the making of roads and bridges—almost the entire work of colonization—came within their scope. By a " compact " arrived at in the session of 1856 each Province was in effect given the entire control of its public lands—an immense advantage to those of the South Island, where these were neither forest-covered nor in Maori hands. On the other hand, it would have been grossly unfair to confiscate them for general purposes. The Wakefield system in Canterbury would have been unbearable had the £2 paid by the settlers for each acre been sent away to be spent elsewhere. The Wakefield price was a local tax, charged and submitted to to get a revenue to develop the lands for which it was paid. As it was, half-a-crown an acre was handed over by each Province to the Central Treasury as a contribution for national purposes. Loans were also raised by Parliament to buy native land for the North Island Provinces.

On the other hand, the Provinces enjoyed their land revenue —when there was any—their pastoral rents, a dog tax, and such fag-ends of Customs revenue as the central Government could spare them. Their condition was quite unequal. Canterbury, with plenty of high-priced land, could more than dispense with aid from the centre. Other Provinces, with little or no land revenue, were mortified by having to appear at Wellington as suppliants for special grants. When the Provinces borrowed money for the work of development, they had to pay higher rates of interest than the Colony would have had to pay. Finally, the colonial treasurer had not only to finance for one large Colony, but for half a dozen smaller

governments, and ultimately to guarantee their debts. No wonder that one of her Premiers has said that New Zealand was a severe school of statesmanship.

Yet for many years the ordinary dissensions of Liberal and Tory, of classes and the parties of change and conservatism, were hardly seen in the Parliament which sat at Auckland until 1864 and thereafter at Wellington. Throughout the settlements labour as a rule was in demand, often able to dictate its own terms, nomadic, and careless of politics. The land question was relegated to the Provincial councils, where round it contending classes and rival theories were grouped. It was in some of the councils, notably that of Otago, that the mutterings of Radicalism began first to be heard. The rapid change which bred a parliamentary Radical party after the fall of the Provinces in 1876 was the inevitable consequence of the transfer of the land problem to the central legislature and the destruction of those local safety-valves—the councils. Meanwhile, the ordinary lines of division were not found in the central legislature. According as this or that question came into the foreground, parties and groups in the House of Representatives shifted and changed like the cloud shown to Polonius. Politics made strange bed-fellows; Cabinets were sometimes the oddest hybrids. One serviceably industrious lawyer, Mr. Henry Sewell, was something or other in nine different Ministries between 1854 and 1872. The Premier of one year might be a subordinate Minister the next; or some subtle and persistent nature, like that of Sir Frederick Whitaker, might manage chiefs whom he appeared to follow, and be the guiding mind of parties which he did not profess to direct. Lookers-on asked for more stable executives and more definite lines of cleavage. Newly arrived colonists impatiently summed it all up as mere battling of Ins against Outs, and lamented the sweet simplicity of political divisions as they had known them in the Mother-country.

CHAPTER XV

GOVERNOR BROWNE'S BAD BARGAIN

In defence of the colonists of New Zealand, of whom I am one, I say most distinctly and solemnly that I have never known a single act of wilful injustice or oppression committed by anyone in authority against a New Zealander.—*Bishop Selwyn* (1862).

COLONEL GORE BROWNE took the reins from Colonel Wynyard. The one was just such an honourable and personally estimable soldier as the other. But though he did not involve his Parliament in ridicule, Governor Browne did much more serious mischief. In ordinary matters he took the advice of the Stafford Ministry, but in native affairs the Colonial Office had stipulated that the Governor was to have an over-riding power. He was to take the advice of his Ministers, but not necessarily to follow it. To most politicians, as well as the public, the Native Department remained a secret service, though, except as to a sum of £7,000, the Governor, in administering native affairs, was dependent for supplies on his Ministers, and they on Parliament. On Governor Browne, therefore, rests the chief responsibility for a disastrous series of wars which broke out in 1860, and were not finally at an end for ten years. The impatience of certain colonists to buy lands from the Maori faster than the latter cared to sell them was the simple and not too creditable cause of the outbreak. A broad survey of the position shows that there need have been no hurry over land acquisition. Nor was there any great clamour for haste except in Taranaki, where rather less than 3,000 settlers, restricted to 63,000 acres, fretted at the sight of 1,750 Maori holding and shutting up 2,000,000 acres against them. So high did feeling run there that Bishop Selwyn, as the friend of the Maori, was, in 1855, hooted in the streets of New Plymouth, where the local

newspaper wrote nonsense about his "blighting influence." Yet, as he tersely put it in his charge to his angry laity of the district guilty of this unmannerly outburst, the Taranaki Maori and others of their race had already sold 30,000 acres near New Plymouth for tenpence an acre, a million of acres at Napier for a penny three-farthings an acre, an extensive territory round Auckland for about fourpence an acre, and the whole South Island below the Kaikoura for a mite an acre. They had also—the bishop might have added—leased large tracts ultimately turned into freeholds. Yet the impatience of the Taranaki settlers, though mischievous, was natural. The Maori scarcely used a hundredth part of their lands. Moreover, members of the Taranaki tribes who were anxious to sell plots to the Whites were threatened, attacked, and even assassinated by their fellow-tribesmen.

Never bullied, and not much interfered with by the Government, the Maori tribes as a whole were prospering. They farmed and drove a brisk trade with the settlements, especially Auckland, where, in 1858, no less than fifty-three coasting vessels were registered as belonging to native owners. Still, the growing numbers of the colonists alarmed them. They saw their race becoming the weaker partner. Originating in Taranaki, a league was formed by a number of the tribes against further selling of land. To weld this league together, certain powerful Waikato chiefs determined to have a king. Of them the most celebrated was the son of Hongi's old antagonist, Te Waharoa. This leader, Wiremu Tamihana, usually known as William Thompson, was an educated Christian and a brown-skinned gentleman, far in advance of his race in breadth of view, logical understanding, and persistence. He honestly wanted to be at peace with us, but, regarding contact with our race as deadly to his own, desired to organize the Maori as a community dwelling apart from the *Pakeha* on ample and carefully secured territories. Had the Maori race numbered 500,000 instead of 50,000, and been capable of uniting under him for any purpose whatever, he might conceivably have established a counterpart to Basutoland. But the scanty dwindling tribes could not be welded together. New Zealand was, as she is, the land of jealousies, local and personal. It would seem as though every change of wind brought fresh

rivalry and division. The Waikato chiefs themselves were at odds. After years of argument and speech-making they came to the point of choosing their king. But they compromised on the old chief, Te Whero Whero. The once famous warrior was now blind, broken, and enfeebled. When, in 1860, he died, they made the still greater mistake of choosing as successor his son Matutaera (Methuselah), better known as Tawhiao, a dull, heavy, sullen-looking fool, who afterwards became a sot. They disclaimed hostility to the Queen, but would sell no land, and would allow no Whites to settle among them except a few mechanics whose skill they wished to use. They even expelled from their villages White men who had married Maori wives, and who now had to leave their families behind. They would not allow the Queen's writ to run beyond their *aukati* or frontier, or let boats and steamers come up their rivers. Amongst themselves the more violent talked of driving the *Pakeha* into the sea. Space will not permit of any sketch of the discussions and negotiations by which attempts were made to deal with the King Movement. Various mistakes were made. Thompson, while still open to conciliation, visited Auckland to see the Governor and ask for a small loan to aid his tribe in erecting a flour-mill. Governor Grey would have granted both the interview and the money with good grace. Governor Browne refused both, and the Waikato chief departed deeply incensed. A much graver error was the virtual repeal of the ordinance forbidding the sale of arms to the natives. Because a certain amount of smuggling went on in spite of it, the insane course was adopted of greatly relaxing its provisions instead of spending money and vigilance in enforcing them. The result was a rapid increase of the guns and powder sold to the disaffected tribes, who are said to have spent £50,000 in buying them between 1857 and 1860. Between July, 1857, and April, 1858, at any rate, 7,849 lb. of gunpowder, 311 double-barrelled guns, and 441 single-barrelled guns were openly sold to Maori.

Finally, in 1860, came the Waitara land purchase—the spark which set all ablaze. The name Waitara has been extended from a river both to a little seaport and to the surrounding district in Taranaki, the province where, as already said, feeling on the land difficulty had always been most

acute. Enough land had been purchased, chiefly by Grey, to enable the settlement to expand into a strip of about twenty miles along the seashore, with an average depth of about seven miles. During a visit to the district, Governor Browne invited the Ngatiawa natives to sell land. A chief, Teira, and his friends at once offered to part with six hundred acres which they were occupying. The head of their tribe, however, Wiremu Kingi, vetoed the sale. The Native Department and the Governor sent down commissioners, who, after inquiry, decided erroneously that Teira's party had a right to sell and the head chief none to interfere. A fair price was paid for the block, and surveyors sent to it. The Ngatiawa good-humouredly encountered these with a band of old women well selected for their ugliness, whose appalling endearments effectually obstructed the survey work. Then, as Kingi threatened war, an armed force was sent to occupy the plot. After two days' firing upon a stockade erected there, the soldiers advanced and found it empty. Kingi, thus attacked, astutely made the disputed piece over to the King tribes, and forthwith became their *protégé*. Without openly making war, they sent him numbers of volunteer warriors. He became the protagonist of the Maori land league. The Taranaki tribe hard by New Plymouth and the Ngatiruanui farther south joined him openly. Hostilities broke out in February, 1860.

It should be mentioned that while all this was going on, the Premier, Mr. Stafford, was absent in England, and that his colleagues supported the Governor's action. Parliament did not assemble until war had broken out, and then a majority of members conceived themselves bound to stand by what had been done. Nevertheless, so great was the doubt about the wisdom and equity of the purchase that most of the North Island members even then condemned it. Most of the South Island members, who had much to lose and nothing to gain by war, supported it. Very heavily had their island to pay for the Waitara purchase. It was not a crime, unless every purchaser who takes land with a bad title which he believes to be good is a criminal. But, probably wrong technically, certainly needless and disastrous, it will always remain for New Zealand the classic example of a blunder worse than a crime.

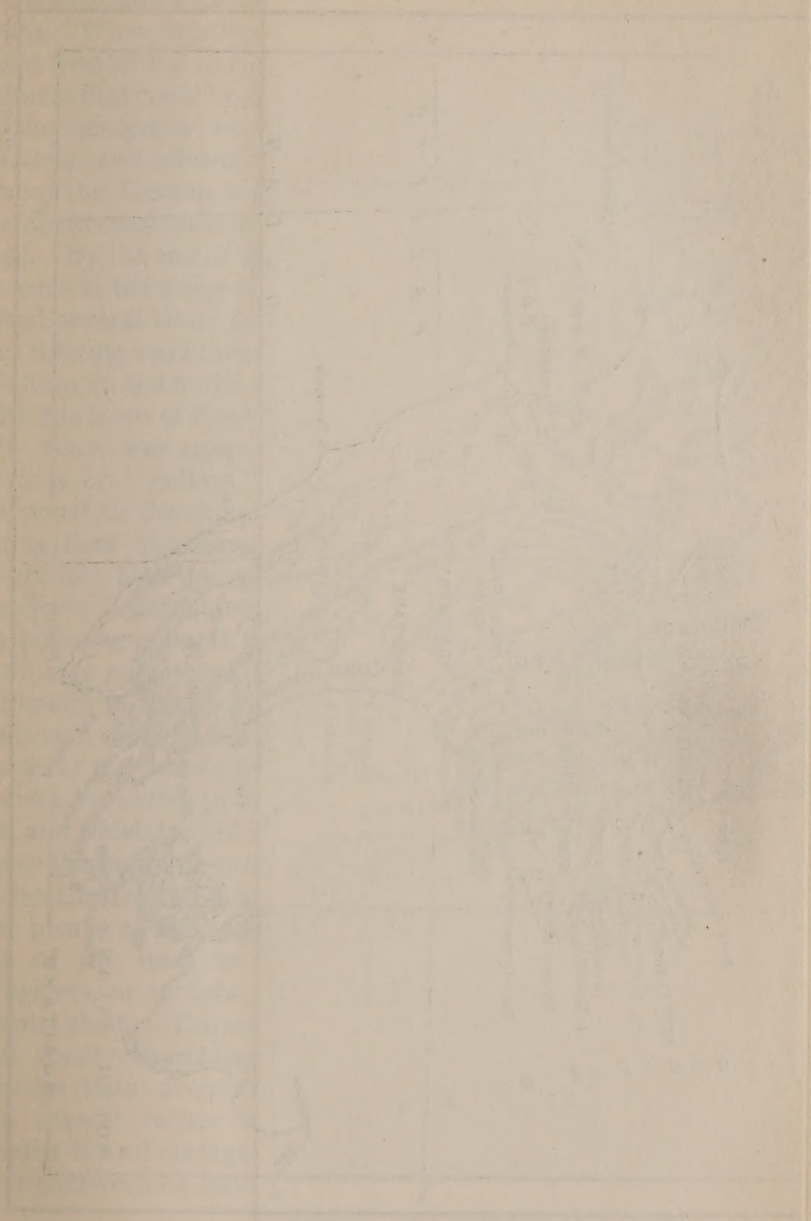
CHAPTER XVI

TUPARA [1] AGAINST ENFIELD

The hills like giants at a hunting lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay.

IN 1860 the Taranaki settlement was growing to be what it now is—a very pleasant corner of the earth. Curving round the seashore under the lofty, lonely, symmetrical cone of Egmont, it is a green land of soft air and many streams. After long delays and much hope deferred, the colonists—mostly English of the south-west counties—had begun to prosper and to line the coast with their little homesteads standing among peach orchards, grassy fields, and sometimes a garden gay with the flowers of old Devon. Upon this quiet little realm the Maori swept down, and the labour of twenty years went up in smoke. The open country was abandoned; the settlers took refuge in their town, New Plymouth. Some 600 of their women and children were shipped off to Nelson; about twice as many more who could not be induced to leave stayed huddled up in the little town, and the necessity of keeping a strong force in the place to defend them from a sudden dash by the Maori hampered the conduct of the campaign. Martial law was proclaimed—destined not to be withdrawn for five years. After a time the town was protected by redoubts and a line of entrenchment. Crowded and ill-drained, it became as unhealthy as uncomfortable. Whereas for sixteen months before the war there had not been a funeral in the district, they were now seen almost daily. On the alarm of some fancied Maori attack, noisy panics would break out, and the shrieks of women and cries of children embarrassed husbands and brothers on whom they called for help, and

[1] *Tupara* (two-barrel), the Maori name for the short double-barrelled guns which were their handiest weapons against us in bush warfare.



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whose duty as militiamen took them to their posts. The militia of settlers, numbering between four and five hundred, were soon but a minor portion of the defenders of the settlement. When fighting was seen to be inevitable, the Government sent for aid to Australia, and drew thence all the Imperial soldiers that could be spared. The Colony of Victoria, generous in the emergency, lent New Zealand the colonial sloop-of-war *Victoria*, and allowed the vessel not only to transport troops across the Tasman Sea, but to serve for many months off the Taranaki coast, asking payment for nothing except her steaming coal. By the end of the year there were some 3,000 Europeans in arms at the scene of operations, and they probably outnumbered several times over the fluctuating forces of the natives. The fighting was limited to the strip of sea-coast bounded by the Waitara on the north and the Tataraimaka plain on the south, with the town of New Plymouth lying about midway between. The coast was open and surf-beaten, the land seamed by ravines or "gulleys," down which the rainfall of Egmont streamed to the shore. Near the sea the soil was—except in the settlers' clearings—covered with tough bracken from two to six feet high and with other troublesome growths. Inland the great forest, mantling the volcano's flanks, and spreading its harassing network like a far-stretching spider's web, checked European movements. From the first the English officers in command in this awkward country made up their minds that their men could do nothing in the meshes of the bush, and they clung to the more open strip with a caution and a profound respect for native prowess which epithets can hardly exaggerate, and which tended to intensify the self-esteem of the Maori, never the least self-confident of warriors. A war carried on in such a theatre and in such a temper was likely to drag. There was plenty of fighting, mostly desultory. The Maori started out of the bush or the bracken to plunder, to cut off stragglers, or to fight, and disappeared again when luck was against them. Thirteen tiresome months saw much marching and counter-marching, frequent displays of courage—more courage than co-operation sometimes—one or two defeats, and several rather barren successes. For the first eight months the advantage inclined to the insurgents. After that their overweening conceit of their Waikato contingent enabled

our superior strength to assert itself. The Maori, for all their courage and knowledge of the country, were neither clever guerillas nor good marksmen. Their tribal wars had always been affairs of sieges or hand-to-hand encounters. Half the skill displayed by them in entrenching, half the pluck they showed behind stockades, had they been devoted to harassing our soldiers on the march or to loose skirmishing by means of jungle ambuscades, might, if backed by reasonably straight shooting, have trebled our losses and difficulties.

Early in the war we did none too well in an attack upon a hill *pa* at Waireka, a few miles south of New Plymouth. Colonel Murray was sent out from the town with some 300 troops and militia to take it, and at the same time to bring in some families of settlers who had stuck to their farms, and who, if we may believe one of them, did not want to be interfered with. The militia were sent by one route, the troops took another. The Maori watched the arrangements from the hills, let the militia cross two difficult ravines, and then occupied these, cutting off the Taranaki contingent. The militia officers, however, kept their men together, and passed the day exchanging shots with their enemy and waiting for Colonel Murray to make a diversion by assailing Waireka. This, however, Colonel Murray did not do. He sent Lieutenant Urquhart and thirty men to clear the ravines aforesaid, and give the militiamen a chance of retreat. But when the latter, still expecting him to attack the *pa*, did not retire, he rather coolly withdrew Urquhart's party and retraced his steps to the town, alleging that his orders had been not to go into the bush, and, in any case, to return by dusk. Great was the excitement amongst the wives, children, and friends of the settlers away in the fight when the soldiers returned without them, and when one terrified woman, who clutched at an officer's arm and asked their whereabouts, got for answer, "My good woman, I don't know!" Loud was the joy when by the light of the moon the militiamen were at length seen marching in. They had been rescued without knowing it by Captain Cracroft and a party of sixty bluejackets from H.M.S. *Niger*. These, meeting Colonel Murray in his retreat, and hearing of the plight of the colonial force, pushed on in gallant indignation, and in the dusk of the evening made that assault upon the *pa*

which the colonel had somehow not made during the day. Climbing the hill, the sailors chanced upon a party of natives, whom they chased before them pell-mell. Reaching the stockade at the heels of the fugitives, the bluejackets gave each other " a back " and scrambled over the palisades, hot to win the £10 promised by the captain to the first man to pull down the Maori flag. The defenders from their rifle-pits cut at their feet with tomahawks, wounding several nastily ; but in a few minutes the scuffle was over, and the *Niger's* people returned victorious to New Plymouth in high spirits. Moreover, their feat caused the main body of the natives to withdraw from the ravines, thus releasing the endangered militia. Among these, Captain Harry Atkinson—in after years the Colony's Premier and best debater—had played the man. Our loss had been small—that of the natives some fifty killed and wounded.

Month followed month, and still the settlers were pent up and the province infested by the marauding Taranaki, Ngatiawa, and Ngatiruanui Maori, and by sympathizers from Waikato, who, after planting their crops, had taken their guns and come over to New Plymouth to enjoy the sport of shooting *Pakeha*. The farms and homes of the devastated settlement lay a plundered wreck, and the owners complained bitterly of the dawdling and timidity of the Imperial officers, who on their side accused the settlers of unreason in refusing to remove their families, of insolence to native allies and prisoners, of want of discipline, and of such selfish greed for compensation from Government that they would let their cattle be captured by natives rather than sell them to the commissariat. On the other hand, the natives were far from a happy family. The Waikato had not forgotten that they had been aforetime the conquerors of the Province, now the scene of war, that the Ngatiawa and Taranaki had been their slaves, and that Wiremu Kingi had fled to Cook's Straits to escape their raids. They swaggered among their old foes and servants, and ostentatiously disregarded their advice, much to our advantage.

In June we were defeated at Puké-te-kauere on the Waitara. Three detachments were sent to surround and storm a *pa* standing in the fork of a Y made by the junction of two swampy ravines. The plan broke down ; the assailants went astray in the rough country and had to retreat ; Lieutenant Brooks

and thirty men were killed and thirty-four wounded. The Maori loss was little or nothing.

In August General Pratt came on the scene from Australia. He proceeded to destroy the plantations and to attack the *pa* of the insurgents. He certainly took many positions. Yet so long and laborious were his approaches by sapping, so abundant his precautions, that in no case did the natives stay to be caught in their defences. They evacuated them at the last moment, leaving the empty premises to us. Once, however, with an undue contempt for the British soldier, a contingent, newly arrived from the Waikato, occupied a dilapidated *pa* at Mahoe-tahi on the road from New Plymouth to Waitara. Their chief, Tai Porutu, sent a laconic letter challenging the troops to come and fight. "Make haste; don't prolong it! Make haste!" ran the epistle. Promptly he was taken at his word. Two columns marched on Mahoe-tahi from New Plymouth and Waitara respectively. Though the old *pa* was weak, the approaches to it were difficult, and had the Maori waylaid the assailants on the road, they might have won. But at the favourable moment Tai Porutu was at breakfast and would not stir. He paid for his meal with his life. Caught between the 65th regiment and the militia, the Maori were between two fires. Driven out of their *pa*, they tried to make a stand behind it in swamp and scrub. Half a dozen well-directed shells sent them scampering thence to be pursued for three miles. They lost over 100, amongst whom were several chiefs. Our killed and wounded were but 22. Here again Captain Atkinson distinguished himself. Not only did he handle his men well, but a prominent warrior fell by his hand.

This was in November 1860. For five months General Pratt, in the face of much grumbling, went slowly on sapping and building redoubts. He always reached his empty goal; but the spectacle of British forces worming their way underground and sheltering themselves behind earthworks against the fire of a few score or hundred invisible savages who had neither artillery nor long-range rifles was not calculated to impress the public imagination.

On the 23rd January, 1861, our respectful prudence again tempted the Maori to rashness. They tried a daybreak attack on one of the general's redoubts. But, though they had crept

into the ditch without discovery, and, scrambling thence, swarmed over the parapet with such resolution that they even gripped the bayonets of the soldiers with their hands, they were attacked, in the flank and rear, by parties running up to the rescue from neighbouring redoubts, and fled headlong, leaving fifty killed and wounded behind. In March hostilities were stopped after a not too brilliant year, in which our casualties in fighting had been 228, beside certain settlers cut off by marauders. Thompson, the king-maker, coming down from the Waikato, negotiated a truce. There seemed yet a fair hope of peace. Governor Browne had indeed issued a bellicose manifesto proclaiming his intention of stamping out the King Movement. But before this could provoke a general war, Governor Browne was recalled and Sir George Grey sent back from the Cape to save the position. Moreover, the Stafford Ministry, which headed the war party amongst colonists, fell in 1862, and Sir William Fox, the friend of peace, became Premier.

For eighteen months Grey and his Premier laboured for peace. They tried to conciliate the Kingite chiefs, who would not, for a long time, meet the Governor. They withdrew Governor Browne's manifesto. They offered the natives local self-government. At length the Governor even made up his mind to give back the Waitara land. But a curse seemed to cling to those unlucky acres. The proclamation of restitution was somehow delayed, and meanwhile Grey sent troops to resume possession of another Taranaki block, that of Tataraimaka, which fairly belonged to the settlers, but on which Maori were squatting. Under orders from the King natives, the Ngatiruanui retaliated by surprising and killing a party of soldiers, and the position in the province became at once hopeless. The war beginning again there in 1863 smouldered on for more than three long and wearisome years.

The main interest soon shifted from Taranaki. In the Waikato, relations with the King's tribes were drifting from bad to worse. Grey had been called in too late. His *mana* was no longer the influence it had been ten years before. His diplomatic advances and offers of local government were met with sheer sulkiness. The semi-comic incident of Sir John Gorst's newspaper skirmish at Te Awamutu did no good. Gorst

was stationed there as Commissioner by the Government, as an agent of peace and conciliation. In his charge was an industrial school. It was in the heart of the King Country. The King's advisers must needs have an organ—a broad-sheet called the *Hokioi*, a word which may be paraphrased by Phœnix. With unquestionable courage, Gorst, acting on Grey's orders, issued a sheet in opposition, entitled *Te Pihoihoi Mokémoké*, or The Lonely Lark. Fierce was the encounter of the rival birds. The Lark out-argued the Phœnix. But the truculent Kingites had their own way of dealing with *lèse majesté*. They descended on the printing-house, and carried off the press and type of *Te Pihoihoi Mokémoké*. The press they afterwards sent back to Auckland ; of the type, it is said, they ultimately made bullets. Gorst, ordered to quit the King Country, refused to budge without instructions. The Maori gave him three weeks to get them and depart, and very luckily for him Grey sent them.

The Governor pushed on a military road from Auckland to the Waikato frontier—a doubtful piece of policy, as it irritated the natives, and the Waikato country, as experience afterwards showed, could be best invaded with the help of river steamers. The steamers were not, however, procured at that stage. About the same time as the Gorst incident in the Upper Waikato, the Government tried to build a police-station and barracks on a plot of land belonging to a friendly native lower down the river. The King natives, however, forbade the erection, and, when the work went on, a party of them paddled down, seized the materials and threw them into the stream.

It was now clear that war was coming. The utmost anxiety prevailed in Auckland, which was only forty miles from the frontier and exposed to attack both from sea and land. Moreover, some hundreds of natives, living quite close to the town, had arms, and were ascertained to be in communication with the Waikato. The Governor attempted to disarm them, but the plan was not well carried out, and most of them escaped with their weapons to the King Country. The choice of the Government then lay between attacking and being attacked. They learned, beyond a doubt, that the Waikato were planning a march on Auckland, and in a letter written by Thompson about this time he stated this, and said that in the event

of an assault the unarmed people would not be spared. By the middle of the year 1863, however, a strong force was concentrated on the border, just where the Waikato River, turning from its long northward course, abruptly bends westward towards the sea. No less than twelve Imperial Regiments were now in New Zealand, and their commander, General Sir Duncan Cameron, a Crimean veteran, gained a success of some note in Taranaki. He was a brave, methodical soldier, destitute of originality, nimbleness, or knowledge of the country or of savage warfare. In July the invasion of the Waikato was ordered. On the very day before our men advanced, the Maori had begun what they meant to be their march to Auckland, and the two forces at once came into collision. In a sharp fight at Koheroa the natives were driven from their entrenchments with some loss, and any forward movement on their part was effectually stopped. But, thanks to what seemed to the colonists infuriating slowness, the advance up the Waikato was not begun until the latter part of October, and the conquest of the country not completed until February.

To understand the cause of this impatience on the part of the onlookers, it should be mentioned that our forces were now, as usual in the Maori wars, altogether overwhelming. The highest estimate of the fighting men of the King tribes is two thousand. As against this, General Cameron had ultimately rather more than ten thousand Imperial troops in the Dominion to draw upon. In addition to that, the colonial militia and volunteers were gradually recruited until they numbered nearly as many. About half of these were, at any rate after a short time, quite as effectual as the regulars for the peculiar guerilla war which was being waged. In armament there was no comparison between the two sides. The *Pakeha* had Enfield rifles and a good supply of artillery. The Maori were armed with old Tower muskets and shot-guns, and were badly off both for powder and bullets, while, as already said, they were not at all good marksmen. Their artillery consisted of two or three old ship's guns, from which salutes might have been fired without extreme danger to their gunners. If the war in the Waikato, and its off-shoot the fighting in the Bay of Plenty, had been in thick forest and a mountainous country, the disparity of numbers and equipment might have been counter-

balanced. But the Waikato country was flat or undulating, clothed in fern and with only patches of forest. A first-class high road—the river—ran right through it. The sturdy resistance of the natives was due first to their splendid courage and skilful use of rifle-pits and earthworks, and in the second place to our want of dash and tactical resource. Clever as the Maori engineers were, bravely as the Brown warriors defended their entrenchments, their positions ought to have been nothing more than traps for them, seeing how overwhelming was the White force. The explanation of this lies in the Maori habit of taking up their positions without either provisions or water. A greatly superior enemy, therefore, had only to surround them. They then, in the course of two or three days at the outside, had either to surrender at discretion or try the desperate course of breaking through the hostile lines.

General Cameron preferred the more slap-dash course of taking entrenchments by assault. A stubborn fight took place at Rangiriri, where the Maori made a stand on a neck of land between the lake and the Waikato River. Assaulted on two sides, they were quickly driven from all their pits and earthworks except one large central redoubt. Three times our men were sent at this, and three times, despite a fine display of courage, they were flung back with loss. The bravest soldier cannot—without wings—surmount a bank which rises eighteen feet sheer from the bottom of a broad ditch. This was seen next day. The attack ceased at nightfall. During the dark hours the redoubt's defenders yelled defiance, but next morning they surrendered, and, marching out, a hundred and eighty-three laid down their arms. Our loss was one hundred and thirty-two killed and wounded ; the Maori loss was fifty killed, wounded unknown. By January, General Cameron had passed beyond Ngaruawahia, the village which had been the Maori King's headquarters, and which stood at the fine river-junction where the brown, sluggish Waipa loses its name and waters in the light-green volume of the swifter Waikato. Twice the English beat the enemy in the triangle between the rivers. A third encounter was signalized by the most heroic incident in the Colony's history. Some three hundred Maori were shut up in entrenchments at a place called Orakau.

REWI, THE WAIKATO LEADER

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Without food, except a few raw potatoes; without water; pounded at by our artillery, and under a hail of rifle bullets and hand grenades; unsuccessfully assaulted no less than five times—they held out for three days, though completely surrounded. General Cameron humanely sent a flag of truce inviting them to surrender honourably. To this they made the ever-famous reply, "Enough! We fight right on, for ever!" (Heoi ano! Ka whawhai tonu, aké, aké, aké.) Then the General offered to let the women come out, and the answer was, "The women will fight as well as we." At length, on the afternoon of the third day, the garrison assembling in a body charged at quick march right through the English lines, fairly jumping (according to one account) over the heads of the men of the Fortieth Regiment as they lay behind a bank. So unexpected and amazing was their charge that they would have got away with but slight loss had they not, when outside the lines, been headed and confronted by a force of colonial rangers and cavalry. Half of them fell; the remainder, including the celebrated war-chief Rewi, got clear away. The earthworks and the victory remained with us, but the glory of the engagement lay with those whose message of "Aké, aké, aké," will never be forgotten in New Zealand.

The country round the middle and lower Waikato was now in our hands, and the King natives were driven to the country about its upper waters. They were not followed. It was decided to attack the Tauranga tribe, which had been aiding them. Tauranga lies on the Bay of Plenty, about forty miles to the east of the Waikato. It was in the campaign which now took place there that there occurred the noted repulse at the Gate *Pa*. The Maori, entrenched on a narrow neck of land between two swamps, were invested by our forces both in the front and rear. We were, as usual, immensely the stronger in numbers. Our officers, non-commissioned officers, and drummers by themselves almost equalled the garrison. After a heavy though not always very accurate bombardment, General Cameron decided to storm the works. The attacking parties of soldiers and sailors charged well enough and entered the front of the defences, and the Maori, hopeless and endeavouring to escape, found themselves shut in by the troops in their rear. Turning, however, with the courage of despair, they flung

themselves on the assailants of their front. These, seized with an extraordinary panic, ran in confusion, breaking from their officers and sweeping away their supports. The assault was completely repulsed, and was not renewed. In the night the defenders escaped through the swamps, leaving us the empty *pa*. Their loss was slight. Ours was one hundred and eleven, and amongst the killed were ten good officers. As a defeat it was worse than Ohaeawai, for that had been solely due to a commander's error of judgment.

The blow stung the English officers and men deeply, and they speedily avenged it. Hearing that the Tauranga warriors were entrenching themselves at Te Ranga, Colonel Greer promptly marched thither, caught them before they had completed their works, and charging into the rifle-pits with the bayonet, completely routed the Maori. The temper of the attacking force may be judged from the fact that out of the Maori loss of one hundred and forty-five no less than one hundred and twenty-three were killed or died of wounds. The blow was decisive, and the Tauranga tribe at once submitted.

CHAPTER XVII

THE FIRE IN THE FERN

But War, of its majestic mask laid bare,
The face of naked Murder seemed to wear.

FROM the middle of 1864 to January 1865 there was so little fighting that it might have been thought that the war was nearing its end. The Waikato had been cleared, and the Tauranga tribes crushed. Thompson, hopeless of further struggling, ceased to resist the irresistible, made his peace with us, and during the short remainder of his life was treated as became an honourable foe. Nevertheless, nearly two years of harassing guerilla warfare were in store for the Colony. Then there was to be another imperfect period of peace, or rather exhaustion, between October 1866 and June 1868, when hostilities were once more to blaze up and only to die out finally in 1870. This persistency was due to several causes, of which the first was the outbreak, early in 1864, of a curious superstition, the cult of the Hau-Hau. Their doctrine would be hard to describe. It was a wilder, more debased, and more barbaric parody of Christianity than the Mormonism of Joe Smith. It was an angry reaction, a kind of savage expression of a desire to revolt alike from the Christianity and civilization of the *Pakeha* and to found a national religion. For years it drove its votaries into purposeless outbreaks and acts of pitiless and ferocious cruelty. By the Hau-Hau two white missionaries were murdered—outrages unknown before in New Zealand. Their murderous deeds and the reprisals these brought about gave a darker tinge to the war henceforth. Their frantic faith led to absurdities as well as horrors. They would work themselves up into frenzy by dances and incantations, and in particular by barking like dogs—hence their name. At first they seem to have believed that

the cry *Hau! Hau!* accompanied by raising one hand above the head with palm turned to the front, would turn aside the *Pakeha's* bullets.

It was in April 1864 that they first appeared in the field. A Captain Lloyd, out with a reconnoitring party in Taranaki, fell, rather carelessly, into an ambuscade, where he and six of his people were killed and a dozen wounded. When Captain Atkinson and his rangers came up at speed to the rescue, they found that the heads of the slain had been cut off and carried away. Lloyd's, it appears, was carried about the island by Hau-Hau preachers, who professed to find in it a kind of diabolical oracle, and used it with much effect in disseminating their teaching. One of these prophets, or preachers, however, had a short career. Three weeks after Lloyd's death this man, having persuaded himself and his dupes that they were invulnerable, led them against a strong and well-garrisoned redoubt at Sentry Hill, between New Plymouth and Waitara. Early one fine morning, in solid column, they marched deliberately to within 150 yards of the fort, and before straight shooting undeceived them about the value of their charms and passes, thirty-four of the poor fanatics were lying beside their prophet in front of the redoubt. A number more were carried off hurt or dying, and thenceforward the Taranaki natives were reduced to the defensive.

In the summer of the same year another prophet met his death in the most dramatic fight of the war, that by which the friendly natives of the Wanganui district saved it from a Hau-Hau raid by a conflict fought on an island in the Wanganui River, after a fashion which would have warmed the heart of Sir Walter Scott had he been alive to hear of a combat so worthy of the clansmen in *The Fair Maid of Perth.* It came about a month after the repulse at the Gate *Pa.* For months the friendlies had been guarding the passage of the river against a strong Hau-Hau force. At last, tired of waiting, they challenged the enemy to a fair fight on the island of Moutoa. It was agreed that neither side should attempt to take advantage of the other by surprise or ambuscade. They landed at opposite ends of the islet. First came the friendlies, 100 strong; 50 formed their first line under three brave chiefs; 50 stood in reserve under Haimona (Simon) Hiroti; 150

friends watched them from one of the river banks. Presently the Hau-Hau sprang from their canoes on to the river-girt arena, headed by their warrior-prophet Matené (Martin). After much preliminary chanting of incantations and shouting of defiance, the Hau-Hau charged. As they came on, the friendly natives, more than half believing them to be invulnerable, fired so wildly that every shot missed. Three of the Wanganui leaders fell, and their line wavered and broke. In vain a fourth chief, Tamihana, shot a Hau-Hau with each barrel of his *tupara*, speared a third, and cleft the skull of yet another with his tomahawk. Two bullets brought him down. It was Haimona Hiroti who saved the day. Calling on the reserve, he stopped the flying, and, rallying bravely at his appeal, they came on again. Amid a clash of tomahawks and clubbed rifles, the antagonists fought hand to hand, and fought well. At length our allies won. Fifty Hau-Hau died that day, either on the island or while they endeavoured to escape by swimming. Twenty more were wounded. The Hau-Hau leader, shot as he swam, managed to reach the further shore. "There is your fish!" said Haimona, pointing the prophet out to a henchman, who, *meré* in hand, plunged in after him, struck him down as he staggered up the bank, and swam back with his head. His flag and ninety sovereigns were amongst the prizes of the winners in the hard trial of strength. The victors carried the bodies of their fallen chiefs back to Wanganui, where the settlers for whom they had died lined the road, standing bareheaded as the brave dead were borne past.

That three such blows as Sentry Hill, Moutoa, and Te Ranga had not a more lasting effect was due, amongst other things, to the confiscation policy.

To punish the insurgent tribes, and to defray in part the cost of the war, the New Zealand Government confiscated 2,800,000 acres of native land. As a punishment it may have been justified; as a financial stroke it was to the end a failure. Coming as it did in the midst of hostilities, it did not simplify matters. Among the tribes affected it bred despair, amongst their neighbours apprehension, in England unpleasant suspicions. At first both the Governor and the Colonial Office endorsed the scheme of confiscation. Then, when Mr. Cardwell

had succeeded the Duke of Newcastle, the Colonial Office changed front and condemned it, and their pressure naturally induced the Governor to modify his attitude.

An angry collision followed between him and his Ministers, and in November 1864 the Ministry, whose leaders were Sir William Fox and Sir Frederick Whitaker, resigned. They were succeeded by Sir Frederick Weld, upon whose advice Grey let the confiscation go on. Weld became noted for his advocacy of what was known as the Self-reliance Policy—in other words, that the Dominion should dispense with the costly and rather cumbrous Imperial forces, and trust in future to the militia and Maori auxiliaries. And, certainly, when campaigning began again in January 1865, General Cameron seemed to do his best to convert all colonists to Weld's view. He did indeed appear with a force upon the coast north of Wanganui. But his principal achievement was the extraordinary feat of consuming fifty-seven days in a march of fifty-four miles along the sea-beach, to which he clung with a tenacity which made the natives scornfully name him the Lame Seagull. At the outset he pitched his camp so close to thick cover that the Maori twice dashed at him, and though, of course, beaten off, despite astonishing daring, they killed or wounded forty-eight soldiers. After that the General went to the cautious extreme. He declared it was useless for regulars to follow the natives into the forest, and committed himself to the statement that two hundred natives in a stockade could stop Colonel Warre with five hundred men from joining him. He declined to assault the strong Weraroa *pa*—the key to the west coast. He hinted depressingly that 2,000 more troops might be required from England. In vain Sir George Grey urged him to greater activity. The only result was a long and acrid correspondence between them. From this—to one who reads it now—the General seems to emerge in a damaged condition. The best that can be said for him is that he and many of his officers were sick of the war, which they regarded as an iniquitous job, and inglorious to boot. They knew that a very strong party in England, headed by the Aborigines Protection Society, were urging this view, and that the Colonial Office, under Mr. Cardwell, had veered round to the same standpoint. This is probably the true explanation of General

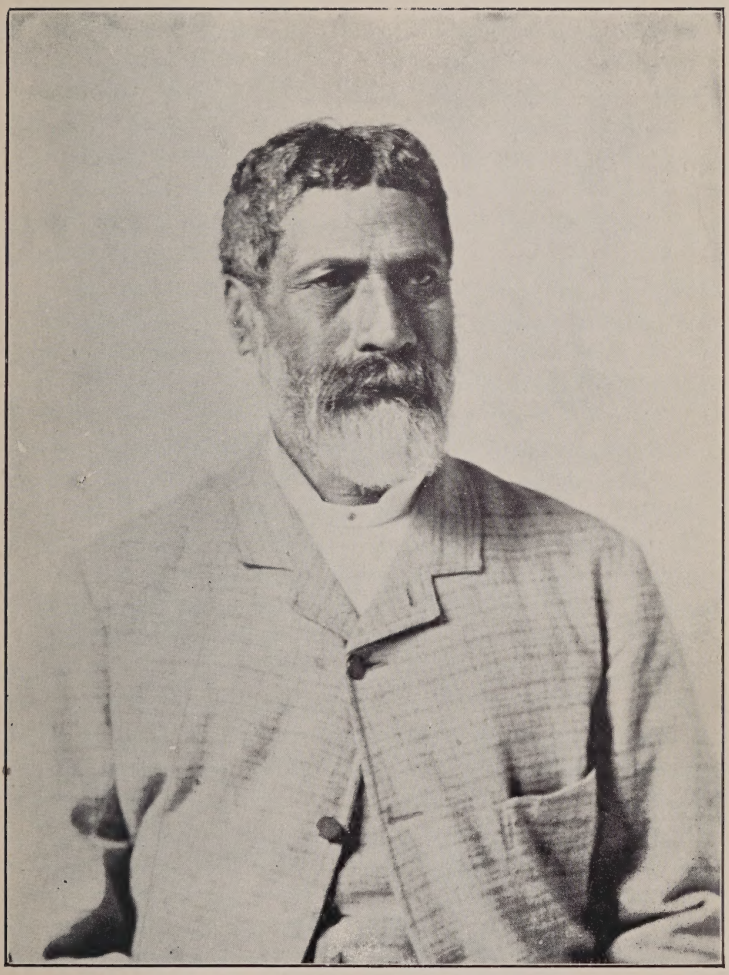
Cameron's singular slackness. The impatience and indignation of the colonists waxed high. They had borrowed three millions of money to pay for the war. They were paying £40 a year per man for ten thousand Imperial soldiers. They naturally thought this too much for troops that did not march a mile a day.

Whatever the colonists thought of Grey's warfare with his Ministers, they were heartily with him in his endeavours to quicken the slow dragging on of the military operations. He did not confine himself to exhortation. He made up his mind to attack the Weraroa *pa* himself. General Cameron let him have two hundred soldiers to act as a moral support. With these, and somewhat less than five hundred militia and friendly Maori, the Governor sat down before the fort, which rose on a kind of high, steep plateau, above a small river. But though too strong for front attack, it was itself liable to be commanded from an outwork on a yet higher spur of the hills. Bringing common sense to bear, Grey quietly dispatched a party, which captured this, and with it a strong reinforcement about to join the garrison. The latter fled, and the bloodless capture of Weraroa was justly regarded as among the most brilliant feats of the whole war. The credit fairly belonged to Grey, who showed, not only skill, but signal personal daring. The authorities at home must be assumed to have appreciated this really fine feat of his, for they made the officer commanding the two hundred moral supports a C.B. But Grey, it is needless to say, by thus trumping the trick of his opponent the General, did not improve his own relations with the Home authorities. He did, however, furnish another strong reason for a self-reliant policy. Ultimately, though gradually, the Imperial troops were withdrawn, and the colonists carried on the war with their own men, as well as their own money.

In January 1866, however, after General Cameron had by resignation escaped from a disagreeable position, but while the withdrawal of the troops was still incomplete, his successor, General Chute, showed that under officers of determination and energy British soldiers are by no means feeble folk even in the intricacies of the New Zealand bush. Setting out from the Weraroa aforesaid on 3rd January with three companies of regulars, a force of militia, and 300 Maori under the chief

Kepa, or Kemp, he began to march northward through the forest to New Plymouth. At first following the coast, he captured various *pa* by the way, including a strong position at Otapawa, which was fairly stormed in the face of a stout defence, during which both sides suffered more than a little. There, when one of the buttons on Chute's coat was cut off by a bullet, he merely snapped out the remark, "The niggers seem to have found me out." Both the coolness and the words used were characteristic of the rough, capable soldier. Further on the route Kemp in one day of running skirmishes took seven villages. Arriving at the southern side of Mount Egmont, the General decided to march round its inland flank through a country then almost unknown except to a few missionaries. Encumbered with pack-horses, who were checked by every flooded stream, the expedition took seven days to accomplish the sixty miles of the journey. But they did it, and met no worse foes than continual rain, short commons, deep mud, and the gloomy silence of the saturated forest, which then spread without a break over a country now entirely taken up by thriving dairy-farmers. Turning south again from New Plymouth by the coast-road, Chute had to fight but once in completing a march right round Mount Egmont, and thenceforward, except on its southern verge, long-distracted Taranaki saw no more campaigning.

Other districts were less fortunate. By the early part of 1865 the Hau-Hau craze was at work on the east as well as the west coast. It was in the country round the Wanganui River to the west, and in the part of the east coast between Tauranga on the Bay of Plenty and Hawkes Bay, that the new mischief gave the most trouble. The task of coping with it devolved on the New Zealand Militia, and the warriors of certain friendly tribes, headed by the chiefs called by the Europeans Ropata and Kemp. In this loose and desultory but exceedingly arduous warfare, the irregulars and friendlies undoubtedly proved far more efficient than the regular troops had usually been permitted to be. They did not think it useless to follow the enemy into the bush; far from it. They went there to seek him out. They could march many miles in a day, and were not fastidious as to commissariat. More than once they gained food and quarters for the night by taking them



MAJOR KEMP

MEIHA KEPA TE RANGI-HIWINUI

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from their opponents. In a multitude of skirmishes in 1865 and 1866 they were almost uniformly victorious. Of the laurels gained in New Zealand warfare, a large share belongs to Ropata, to Kemp, and to Militia officers like Tuke, McDonnell, and Fraser. Later in the war, when energetic officers tried to get equally good results out of inexperienced volunteers, and when, too—in some cases—militia discipline had slackened, the consequences were by no means so satisfactory. It did not follow that brave men ready to plunge into the bush were good irregulars merely because they were not regulars. Nor were all friendly natives by any means as effective as the Wanganui and Ngatiporou, or all chiefs as serviceable as Ropata and Kemp.

The east coast troubles began in March 1865 with the murder at Opotiki, on the Bay of Plenty, of Mr. Volckner, a missionary and the most kindly and inoffensive of mankind. At the bidding of Kereopa, a Hau-Hau emissary, the missionary's people suddenly turned on him, hung him, hacked his body to pieces, and smeared themselves with his blood. At another spot in the same bay a trading schooner was seized just afterwards by order of another Hau-Hau fanatic, and all on board killed save two half-caste boys. A force of militia soon dealt out condign punishment for these misdeeds, but meanwhile Kereopa and his fellow fire-brands had passed down the coast and kindled a flame which gradually crept southward even to Hawkes Bay. In village after village the fire blazed up, and a rising equal to that in the Waikato seemed imminent. It was, indeed, fortunate that much the ablest warrior on that side of the island at once declared against the craze. This was Ropata Te Wahawaha, then and afterwards the most valuable Maori ally the Government had, and one of the very few captains on either side who went through the wars without anything that could be called a defeat. Without fear or pity, he was a warrior of the older Maori type, who with equal enjoyment could plan a campaign, join in a hand-to-hand tussle, doom a captive to death, or shoot a deserter with his own rifle. As he would not join the Hau-Hau, they and their converts made the mistake of attacking him. After beating them off he was joined by Major Biggs and a company of militia. Together they advanced against the stronghold of the insurgents,

perched on a cliff among the Waiapu hills. By scaling a precipice with twenty picked men, Ropata and Biggs gained a crest above the *pa*, whence they could fire down into the midst of their astonished adversaries, over 400 of whom surrendered in terror to the daring handful. But the mischief had run down the coast. Spreading from point to point, dying down and then starting up, it was as hard to put out as fire abroad in the fern. The amiable Kereopa visited Poverty Bay, three days' journey south of the Waiapu, and tried hard to persuade the natives to murder Bishop Williams, the translator of the Scriptures into Maori. Though they shrank from this, the Bishop had to fly, and his flock took up arms, stood a siege in one of their *pa*, and lost over a hundred men before they would surrender to the militia. Further south still the next rising flared up on the northern frontier of the Hawkes Bay province. Once more Ropata stamped it under, and the generalship with which he repaired the mistakes made by others, and routed a body of 500 insurgents, was not more remarkable than the cold-blooded promptitude with which after the fight he shot four prisoners of note with his own hand. It took ten months for the spluttering fire to flame up again. Then it was yet another stage farther south, within a few miles of Napier, amid pastoral plains, where, if anywhere, peace, it would seem, should have an abiding-place. The rising there was but a short one-act play. To Colonel Whitmore belonged the credit of dealing it a first and final blow at Omaranui, where, with a hastily raised force of volunteers and some rather useless friendlies, he went straight at the insurgents, caught them in the open, and quickly killed, wounded, or captured over ninety per cent. of their number.

After this there was a kind of insecure tranquillity until June 1868. Then fighting began again near the coast between Wanganui and Mount Egmont, where the occupation of confiscated lands bred bitter feelings. Natives were arrested for horse-stealing. Straggling settlers were shot. A chief, Titokowaru, hitherto insignificant, became the head and front of the resistance. In June a sudden attack was made by his people upon some militia holding a tumble-down redoubt—an attack so desperate that out of twenty-three in the work, only six remained unwounded when help came, after two

hours' manful resistance. Colonel McDonnell, then in command on the coast, had proved his dash and bravery in a score of bush-fights. In his various encounters he killed ten Maori with his own hand. He was an expert bushman, and a capital manager of the friendly natives. But during the eighteen months of quiet the trained militia, which had done such excellent work in 1865 and 1866, had been in part dispersed. The force which in July McDonnell led into the bush to attempt Titokowaru's *pa*, at Ngutu-o-te-manu (Beak-of-the-bird), was to a large extent raw material. The Hau-Hau were found fully prepared. Skilfully posted, they poured in a hot cross fire, both from the *pa* and from an ambush in the neighbouring thickets. Broken into two bodies, McDonnell's men were driven to make a long and painful retreat, during which two died of exhaustion. They lost twenty-four killed and twenty-six wounded. McDonnell resigned in disgust. Whitmore, who took his place, demanded better men, and got them, but to meet with no better success. At Moturoa his assault on another forest stockade failed under a withering fire; the native contingent held back sulkily; and again our men retreated, with a loss this time of forty-seven, of which twenty-one were killed. This was on 5th November. Before Whitmore could try again he was called to the other side of the island by evil tidings from Poverty Bay.

These had their cause in the strangest story of the Maori wars. Amongst the many blunders in these, some of the oddest were the displays of rank carelessness which repeatedly led to the escape of Maori prisoners. Three times did large bodies get away and rejoin their tribes—once from Sir George Grey's island estate at Kawau, where they had been turned loose on parole; once from a hulk in Wellington Harbour, through one of the port-holes of which they slipped into the sea on a stormy night; the third time from the Chatham Islands. This last escape, which was in July 1868, was fraught with grave mischief.

The officer in charge of prisoners there had fruitlessly protested against being left with twenty men to control three hundred and thirty captives. The leader of these, Te Kooti, one of the ablest as well as most ferocious partisans the colonists ever had to face, had been deported from Poverty Bay to the

Chathams two years before, without trial. Unlike most of his fellow-prisoners, he had never borne arms against us. The charge against him was that he was in communication with Hau-Hau insurgents in 1865. His real offence seems to have been that he was regarded by some of the Poverty Bay settlers as a disagreeable, thievish, disaffected fellow, and there is an uncomfortable doubt as to whether he deserved his punishment. During his exile he vowed vengeance against those who had denounced him, and against one man in particular. In July 1868 the schooner *Rifleman* was sent down to the Chathams with supplies. The prisoners took the chance thus offered. They surprised the weak guard, killed a sentry who showed fight, and seized and tied up the others, letting the women and children escape unharmed. Going on board the *Rifleman*, Te Kooti gave the crew the choice between taking his people to New Zealand and instant death. They chose the former, and the schooner set sail for the east coast of New Zealand with about one hundred and sixty fighting men and a number of women and children. The outbreak and departure were successfully managed in less than two hours. When head winds checked the runaways, Te Kooti ordered an old man, his uncle, to be bound and thrown overboard as a sacrifice to the god of winds and storms. The unhappy human sacrifice struggled for awhile in the sea and then sank. At once the wind changed, the schooner lay her course, and the *mana* of Te Kooti grew great. After sailing for a week, the fugitives had their reward, and were landed at Wharé-onga-onga (Abode-of-stinging-nettles), fifteen miles from Poverty Bay. They kept their word to the crew, whom they allowed to take their vessel and go scot-free. Then they made for the interior. Major Biggs, Poverty Bay magistrate, got together a force of friendly natives and went in pursuit. The Hau-Hau showed their teeth to such effect that the pursuers would not come to close quarters. Even less successful was the attempt of a small band of White volunteers. They placed themselves across Te Kooti's path; but after a long day's skirmishing were scattered in retreat, losing their baggage, ammunition, and horses. Colonel Whitmore, picking them up next day, joined them to his force and dragged them off after him in pursuit of the victors. It was winter, and the weather and country both of the roughest. The

exhausted volunteers, irritated by Whitmore's manner, left him half-way. For himself the little colonel, all wire and leather, knew not fatigue. Even the best of his men, however, were pretty well worn out when they did at last catch a Tartar in the shape of the enemy's rearguard. The latter made a stand under cover, in an angle of the narrow bed of a mountain-torrent floored with boulders and shut in by cliffs. Our men, asked to charge in single file, hung back, and a party of native allies sent round to take the Hau-Hau in flank made off altogether. Though Te Kooti was shot through the foot, the pursuit had to be given up. The net result of the various skirmishes with him had been that we had lost twenty-six killed and wounded, and that he had got away.

Whitmore went away to take command on the west coast. Thus Te Kooti gained time to send messengers to the tribes, and many joined him. He spoke of himself as God's instrument against the *Pakeha*, preached eloquently, and kept strict discipline amongst his men. In November, after a three months' lull, he made his swoop on his hated enemies, the settlers in Poverty Bay, and in a night surprise took bloody vengeance for his sojourn at the Chathams. His followers massacred thirty-three white men, women, and children, and thirty-seven natives. Major Biggs was shot at the door of his house. Captain Wilson held out in his till it was in flames. Then he surrendered under promise of life for his family, all of whom, however, were at once bayoneted, except a boy who slipped into the scrub unnoticed. McCulloch, a farmer, was shot as he sat milking. Several fugitives owed their lives to the heroism of a friendly chief, Tutari, who refused to gain his life by telling their pursuers the path they had taken. The Hau-Hau killed him and seized his wife, who, however, adroitly saved both the flying settlers and herself by pointing out the wrong track. Lieutenant Gascoigne, with a hasty levy of friendly natives, set out after the murderers, only to be easily held in check at Makaretu with a loss of twenty-eight killed and wounded. Te Kooti, moreover, intercepted an ammunition train and captured eight kegs of gunpowder. Fortifying himself on a precipitous forest-clad hill named Ngatapa, he seemed likely to rally round him the disaffected of his race. But his red star was about to wane. Ropata with his

Ngatiporou now came on the scene. A second attack on Makaretu sent the insurgents flying. They left thirty-seven dead behind, for Ropata gave no quarter, and had not his men loitered to plunder, Te Kooti, who, still lame, was carried off on a woman's back, must have been among their prizes. Pushing on to Ngatapa, Ropata found it a very formidable stronghold. The *pa* was on the summit of an abrupt hill, steep and scarped on two sides, narrowing to a razor-backed ridge in the rear. In front three lines of earthwork rose one above another, the highest fourteen feet high, aided and connected by the usual rifle-pits and covered way. Most of Ropata's men refused to follow him against such a robbers' nest, and though the fearless chief tried to take it with the faithful minority, he had to fall back, under cover of darkness, and return home in a towering passion. A month later his turn came. Whitmore arrived. Joining their forces, he and Ropata invested Ngatapa closely, attacked it in front and rear, and took the lowest of the three lines of entrenchment. A final assault was to come next morning. The Hau-Hau were short of food and water, and in a desperate plight. One cliff, however, had been left unwatched, and over that they lowered themselves by ropes as the storming party outside sat waiting for the grey dawn. They were not, however, to escape unscathed. Ropata at once sent his men in chase. Hungry and thirsty, the fugitives straggled loosely, and were cut down by scores or brought back. Short shrift was theirs. The Government had decided that Poverty Bay must be revenged, and the prisoners were forthwith shot, and their bodies stripped and tossed over a cliff. From first to last at Ngatapa the loss to the Hau-Hau was 136 killed outright, ours but 22, half of whom were wounded only. It was the last important engagement fought in New Zealand, and ended all fear of a general rising. Yet in one respect the success was incomplete: Te Kooti once more escaped. This time he reached the fastnesses of the wild Urewera tribe, and made more than one blood-stained raid thence. In April he pounced on Mohaka, at the northern end of the Hawkes Bay Province, killed seven Whites, fooled the occupants of a native *pa* into opening their gates to him, and massacred 57 of them. Then the collapse of the insurrection on the west coast enabled attention to be

concentrated upon the marauder. He fell back on the plateau round Lake Taupo. There, in June 1869, he outwitted a party of militiamen by making his men enter their camp, pretending to be friendlies. When the befooled troopers saw the trick and tried to seize their arms, nine were cut down. McDonnell, however, was at the heels of the Hau-Hau, and in three encounters in the Taupo region Te Kooti was soundly beaten with a loss of 50 killed. He became a hunted fugitive Ropata and Kemp chased him from district to district, backward and forwaıd, across and about the island, for a high price had been put on his head. For three years the pursuit was urged or renewed. Every band Te Kooti got together was scattered. His wife was taken ; once he himself was shot in the hand ; again and again the hunters were within a few yards of their game. Crossing snow-clad ranges, wading up the beds of mountain torrents, hacking paths through the tangled forest, they were ever on his track, only to miss him. It was in the Urwera wilderness that Te Kooti lost his congenially bloodthirsty crony Kereopa, who was caught there and hung. Left almost without followers, he himself at last took refuge in the King Country, where he stayed quiet and unmolested. In the end he received a pardon, a Minister for Native Affairs shook hands with him, and he died in peace after living for some twenty years after his hunters had abandoned their chase.

Colonel Whitmore, crossing to the Wanganui district after the fall of Ngatapa, had set off to deal with Titokowaru, who, however, threw up the game and fled to the interior, where he was wisely left alone, and, except for the fruitless pursuit of Te Kooti, the year 1870 may be marked as the end of warfare in New Zealand.

The interest of the Maori struggle, thus concluded, does not spring from the numbers engaged. To a European eye the combats were in point of size mere battles of the frogs and mice. What gave them interest was their peculiar and picturesque setting, the local difficulties to be met, and the boldness, rising at moments to herosim, with which clusters of badly armed savages met again and again the finest fighting men of Europe. It was the race conflict which gave dignity to what Colonel Gudgeon in his chronicle truthfully reduces to

"expeditions and skirmishes grandiloquently styled campaigns." Out of a multitude of fights between 1843 and 1870, thirty-seven (exclusive of the raid on Poverty Bay, which was a massacre) may be classed as of greater importance than the rest. Out of these we were unmistakably beaten nine times, and a tenth encounter, that of Okaihau, was indecisive. Of twenty-seven victories, however, those of Rangi-riri and Orakau were dearly bought; in the double fight at Nukumaru we lost more than the enemy, and at Waireka most of our forces retreated, and only heard of the success from a distance. Two disasters and six successes were wholly or almost wholly the work of native auxiliaries. The cleverness and daring of the Maori also scored in the repeated escapes of batches of prisoners.

By 1871 it was possible to try and count the cost of the ten years' conflict. It was not so easy to do so correctly. The killed alone amounted to about 800 on the English side and 1,800 on the part of the beaten natives. Added to the thousands wounded, there had been many scores of "murders" and heavy losses from disease, exposure, and hardship. The Maori were for many years left without hope and without self-confidence. The missionaries never fully regained their old moral hold upon the race, nor has it yet shown much zeal and enthusiasm in industrial progress. On the other side, the colonists had spent between three and four millions in fighting, and for more than fifteen years after the war they had to keep up an expensive force of armed police. There had been destruction of property in many parts of the North Island, and an even more disastrous loss of security and paralysis of settlement. Since 1865, moreover, the pastoral industry in the south had been depressed by bad prices. It is true that some millions of acres of Maori land had been gained by confiscation, but of this portions were handed over to loyal natives. Much more was ultimately given back to the insurgent tribes, and the settlement of the rest was naturally a tardy and difficult process. Farmers do not rush upon land to be the mark of revengeful raids. The opening of the year 1870 was one of New Zealand's dark hours.

Nevertheless, had the colonists but known it, the great native difficulty was destined to melt fast away. Out of the

innumerable perplexities, difficulties, and errors of the previous generation a really capable Native Minister had been evolved. This was Sir Donald McLean, who, from the beginning of 1869 to the end of 1876, took almost entire direction of the native policy. A burly, patient, kindly-natured Highlander, his Celtic blood helped him to sympathize with the proud, warlike, clannish nature of the Maori. It was largely owing to his influence that Ropata and others aided us so actively against Te Kooti. It was not, however, as a war Minister, but as the man who established complete and lasting peace through New Zealand, that his name should be remembered. By liberal payment for service, by skilful land purchases, by showing respect to the chiefs, and tact and good-humour with the people, McLean acquired a permanent influence over the race. The war party in the Dominion might sneer at his "Flour and Sugar Policy"; but even the dullest had come to see by this time that peace paid. Into the remnant of the King Country McLean never tried to carry authority. He left that and the Urewera country further east discreetly alone. Elsewhere the Queen's writ ran, and roads, railways, and telegraphs, coming together with a great tide of settlement, made the era of war seem like an evil dream. It is true that the delays in redeeming promises concerning reserves to be made and given back from the confiscated Maori territory were allowed to remain a grievance for more than another decade, and led, as late as 1880, to interference by the natives with road-making in some of this lost land of theirs in Taranaki. There, round a prophet named Te Whiti, flocked numbers of natives sore with a sense of injustice. Though Te Whiti was as pacific as eccentric, the Government, swayed by the alarm and irritation thus aroused, took the extreme step of pouring into his village of Parihaka an overwhelming armed force. Then, after reading the Riot Act to a passive and orderly crowd of men, women, and children, they proceeded to make wholesale arrests, to evict the villagers, and to destroy houses and crops. Public opinion, which had conjured up the phantom of an imminent native rising, supported the proceeding. There was no such danger, for the natives were not supplied with arms, and the writer is one of a minority of New Zealanders who thought that our neglect to make the reserves

put us in the wrong in the affair. However, as the breaking up of Parihaka was at last followed up by a reasonable and liberal settlement of the long-delayed Reserves question, a settlement in which Sir William Fox and Sir F. Dillon Bell did humane and honourable service, it may be classed as the last of the long series of native alarms. There will be no more Maori wars.

CHAPTER XVIII

GOLD-DIGGERS AND GUM-DIGGERS

Fortune, they say, flies from us: she but wheels
Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skiff,
Lost in the mist one moment, and the next
Brushing the white sail with a whiter wing
As if to court the aim. Experience watches,
And has her on the turn.

WHEN the Waitara war broke out the White population did not number more than seventy-five thousand. When Te Kooti was chased into the King Country it had grown to nearly four times that total, in the face of debt, doubt, and the paralysing effects of war. A great ally of settlement had come upon the scene. In 1861 profitable gold-fields were discovered in Otago. The little Free Church colony, which in thirteen years had scarcely increased to that number of thousands, was thunderstruck at the news. For years there had been rumours of gold in the river beds and amongst the mountains of the South Island. From 1857 to 1860 about £150,000 had been won in Nelson. In 1858 a certain Asiatic, Edward Peters, known to his familiars as Black Pete, who had somehow wandered from his native Bombay through Australia to Otago, had struck gold there; and in March 1861 there was a rush to a short-lived gold-field at the Lindis, another spot in that province. But it was not until the winter of that year that the prospector, Gabriel Read, found in a gully at Tuapeka the indubitable signs of a good alluvial field. Digging with a butcher's knife, he collected in ten hours nearly five-and-twenty pounds' worth of the yellow metal. Then he sunk hole after hole for some distance, finding gold in all. Unlike most discoverers, Read made no attempt to keep his fortune to himself, but wrote

frankly of it to Sir John Richardson, the superintendent of the province. For this he was ultimately paid the not extravagant reward of £1,000. The good Presbyterians of Dunedin hardly knew in what spirit to receive the tidings. But some of them did not hesitate to test the field. Very soberly, almost in sad solemnity, they set to work there, and the result solved all doubts. Half Dunedin rushed to Tuapeka. At one of the country kirks the congregation was reduced to the minister and precentor. The news went across the seas. Diggers from Australia and elsewhere poured in by the thousand. Before many months the province's population had doubled, and the prayerful and painful era of caution, the day of small things, was whisked away in a whirl of Victorian enterprise. For the next few years the history of Otago became a series of rushes. Economically, no doubt, " rush " is the proper word to apply to the old stampedes to colonial goldfields. But in New Zealand, at any rate, the physical methods of progression thither were laborious in the extreme. The would-be miner tramped slowly and painfully along, carrying as much in the way of provisions and tools as his back would bear. Lucky was the man who had a horse to ride, or the rudest cart to drive in. When, as time went on, gold was found high up the streams amongst the ice-cold rivers and bleak tussock-covered mountains of the interior, the hardships endured by the gold-seekers were often very great. The country was treeless and wind-swept. Sheep roamed over the tussocks, but of other provisions there were none. Hungry diggers were thankful to pay half-a-crown for enough flour to fill a tin pannikin ; £120 a ton was charged for carting goods from Dunedin. Not only did fuel fetch siege prices, but £5 would be paid for an old gin-case, for the boards of a dray, or any few pieces of wood out of which a miner's " cradle " could be patched up. The miners did not exactly make light of these obstacles, for, of the thousands who poured into the province after the first discoveries, large numbers fled from the snow and starvation of the winters, when the swollen rivers rose, and covered up the rich drift on the beaches under their banks. But enough remained to carry on the work of prospecting, and the finds were rich enough to lure new-comers. In the year 1863 the export of

gold from Otago rose to more than two millions sterling. Extraordinary patches were found in the sands and drift of the mountain torrents. It is recorded of one party that, when crossing a river, their dog was swept away by the current on to a small rocky point. A digger went to rescue it, and never was humanity more promptly rewarded, for from the sands by the rock he unearthed more than £1,000 worth of gold before nightfall. Some of the more fortunate prospectors had their footsteps dogged by watchful bands bent on sharing their good luck. One of them, however, named Fox, managed to elude this espionage for some time, and it was the Government geologist—Sir James Hector—who, while on a scientific journey, discovered him and some forty companions quietly working in a lonely valley.

The gold-fields of Otago had scarcely reached the zenith of their prosperity before equally rich finds were reported from the west coast of the Canterbury province. From the year 1860 it was known that gold existed there, but the difficulties of exploring a strip of broken surf-beaten coast, cut off from settled districts by range upon range of Alps, and itself made up of precipitous hills, and valleys covered with densest jungle and cloven by the gorges of bitterly cold and impassable torrents, were exceptionally great. More than one of the Government officers sent there to explore were either swept away by some torrent or came back half-crippled by hunger and rheumatism. One surveyor who stuck to his work for months in the soaking, cheerless bush, existing on birds, bush-rats, and roots, was thought a hero, and with cause. Even Maori dreaded parts of this wilderness, and believed it to be the abode of dragons and a lost tribe of their own race. They valued it chiefly as the home of their much-prized jade or greenstone. Searching for this, a party of them, early in 1864, found gold. Later on in the same year a certain Albert Hunt also found paying gold on the Greenstone creek. Hunt was afterwards denounced as an impostor, and had to fly for his life from a mob of enraged and disappointed gold-seekers ; but the gold was there nevertheless. In 1865 the stream which had been pouring into Otago was diverted to the new fields in Westland, and in parties or singly, in the face of almost incredible natural difficulties,

adventurous men worked their way to every point of the west coast. In a few months 30,000 diggers were searching its beaches and valleys with such results that it seemed astonishing that the gold could have lain unseen so long. Many lost their lives, drowned in the rivers or starved to death in the dripping bush. The price of provisions at times went to fabulous heights, as much as £150 being paid for a ton of flour and a shilling apiece for candles. What did prices matter to men who were getting from 1 oz. to 1 lb. weight of gold-dust a day, or who could stagger the gold-buyers sent to their camps by the bankers by pouring out washed gold by the pannikin? So rich was the wash-dirt in many of the valleys, and the black sand on many of the sea-beaches, that for years £8 to £10 a week was regarded as only a fair living wage. In 1866 the west coast exported gold to the value of £2,140,000.

On a strip of sand-bank between the dank bush and the bar-bound mouth of the Hokitika river a mushroom city sprang up, starting into a bustling life of cheerful rashness and great expectations. In 1864 a few tents were pitched on the place; in 1865 one of the largest towns in New Zealand was to be seen. Wood and canvas were the building materials —the wood unseasoned pine, smelling fresh and resinous at first, anon shrinking, warping, and entailing cracked walls, creaking doors, and rattling window-sashes. Every second building was a grog-shanty, where liquor, more or less fiery, was retailed at a shilling a glass, and the traveller might hire a blanket and a soft plank on the floor for three shillings a night. Under a rainfall of more than 100 inches a year, tracks became sloughs before they could be turned into streets and roads. All the rivers on the coast were bar-bound. Food and supplies came by sea, and many were the coasting-craft which broke their backs crossing the bars or which ended their working-life on shoals. Yet when hundreds of adventurers were willing to pay £5 apiece for the twelve hours' passage from Nelson, high rates of insurance did not deter ship-owners. River floods joined the surf in making difficulties. Eligible town sections bought at speculative prices were sometimes washed out to sea, and a river now runs over the first site of the prosperous town of Westport.

It was striking to note how quickly things settled down into a very tolerable kind of rough order. Among the diggers themselves there was little crime or even violence. It is true that a Greymouth storekeeper when asked "How's trade?" concisely pictured a temporary stagnation by gloomily remarking, "There ain't bin a fight for a week!" But an occasional bout of fisticuffs, and a good deal of drinking and gambling, were about the worst sins of the gold-seekers. Anyone who objected to be saluted as "mate!" or who was crazy enough to dream of wearing a long black coat or a tall black hat, would find life harassing at the diggings. But, at any rate, in New Zealand diggers did not use revolvers with the playful frequency of the Californians of Mr. Bret Harte. Nor did they shoe the horse of their first Member of Parliament with gold, or do a variety of the odd things done in Australian gold-fields. They laughed heartily when the Canterbury Provincial Government sent over the Alps an escort of strapping mounted policemen, armed to the teeth, to carry away gold securely in a bullet-proof cart. They preferred to send their gold away in peaceful coasting steamers. When, in 1867, one or two Irish rows were dignified with the title of Fenian Riots, and a company of militia was sent down from its more serious Maori work in the North Island to restore order in Hokitika, they encountered nothing more dangerous than a hospitality too lavish even for their powers of absorption. One gang of bushrangers, and one only, ever disturbed the coast. The four ruffians who composed it murdered at least six men before they were hunted down. Three were hung; the fourth, who saved his neck by turning Queen's evidence, was not lynched. No one ever has been lynched in New Zealand. For the rest the ordinary police-constable was always able to deal with the sharpers, drunkards, and petty thieves who are among the camp-followers of every army of gold-seekers. So quietly were officials submitted to that sometimes, when a police-magistrate failed to appear in a gold-fields' court through some accident of road or river, his clerk would calmly hear cases and impose fines, or a police-sergeant remand the accused without authority and without resistance. In the staid Westland of a later day it was so impossible to find offenders enough to make a show of filling

the Hokitika prison that the Premier, Mr. Richard Seddon, who sat for Hokitika, was upbraided in Parliament for sinful extravagance in not closing the establishment.

No sooner had the cream been skimmed off the southern gold-fields than yields of almost equal value were reported from the north. The Thames and Coromandel fields in the east of the Auckland province differed from those in the South Island. They were from the outset not alluvial but quartz mines. So rich, however, were some of the Thames mines that the excitement they caused was as great as that roused by the alluvial patches of Otago and Westland. The opening up of the northern fields was retarded throughout the sixties by Maori wars, and the demands of peaceful but hard-fisted Maori landlords. £1 a miner had to be paid to these latter for the right to prospect their country. They delayed the opening of the important Ohinemuri field until 1875. When on March 3rd of that year the Gold-fields' Warden declared Ohinemuri open, the declaration was made to an excited crowd of hundreds of prospectors, who pushed jostling and fighting round the Warden's table for their licences, and then galloped off on horseback across country in a wild race to be first to " peg out " claims. Years before this, however, the shores of the Hauraki Gulf had been systematically worked, and in 1871 the gold export from Auckland had risen to more than £1,100,000.

New Zealand still remains a gold-producing colony, albeit the days of the solitary adventurer working in the wash-dirt of his claim with pick, shovel, and cradle are things of the past. The nomadic digger who called no man master is a steady-going wage-earner now. Company management, trade unions, conciliation cases, and laws against Sunday labour have succeeded the rough, free-and-easy days of glittering possibilities for everybody. The alluvial fields are now systematically worked by hydraulic sluicing companies. They are no longer poor men's diggings. In Otago steam-dredges used successfully to search the river bottoms, and in 1899 a boom in gold-dredging began. By the following year over 200 dredges were working in the rivers of Otago and Southland. Considerable fortunes were made by the few, but thousands of people lost all they put into the industry. To-

Photo by] [J. MARTIN, Auckland

KAURI PINE-TREE

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day only a dozen dredges are working, and in view of the gradual and general exhaustion of the accessible deposits now taking place, gold-mining is destined soon to take but an unimportant position in the industries of the Dominion.

The gold-digger is found in many parts of the earth ; the gum-digger belongs to New Zealand alone. With spade, knife, and gum-spear he has long wandered over certain tracts of the province of Auckland, especially the long, deeply-indented, broken peninsula, which is the northern end of New Zealand. The so-called gum for which he searches is the turpentine, which, oozing out of the trunk of the kauri pines, hardens into lumps of an amber-like resin. Its many shades of colour darken from white through every kind of yellow and brown to jet. A little is clear, most is clouded. In the early wars, when the English soldiers campaigning against Heké had to spend rainy nights in the bush without tent or fire, they made shift to get light and even warmth by kindling flame with pieces of the kauri-gum, which in those days could be seen lying about on the ground's surface. Still, the chips and scraps which remain when kauri-gum has been cleaned and scraped for market are used in the making of fire-kindlers. But for the resin itself a better use was long ago found—the manufacture of varnish. At the moment when, under Governor Fitzroy, the infant Auckland settlement was at its lowest, a demand for kauri-gum from the United States shone as a gleam of hope to the settlers, while the Maori near the town became too busied in picking up gum to trouble themselves about appeals to join Heké's crusade against the *Pakeha*. Though the trade seemed to die away so completely that in a book written in 1848 I find it briefly dismissed with the words, " The bubble has burst," nevertheless it remains to-day in good demand, and has many a time and oft stood Auckland in good stead.

The greater kauri pines show smooth grey trunks of from eight to twelve feet in diameter. Even Mr. Gladstone would have recoiled from these giants, which are laid low, not with axes, but with heavy double saws, worked on scaffolds six feet high erected against the doomed trees. As the British ox, with his short horns and cube-like form, is the result of generations of breeding with a single eye to meat, so that huge candelabrum, the kauri, might be fancied to be the outcome

of thousands of years of experiment in producing the perfection of a timber tree. Its solid column may rise a hundred feet without a branch ; its small-leaved, patchy foliage seems almost ludicrously scanty ; it is all timber—good wood. It takes perhaps 800 years for the largest pines to come to their best. In 1909 the kauri forests, through wastefulness and merciless cutting and burning, were within measurable distance of disappearing altogether. However, the Government became alarmed at the prospect and took steps to preserve them from total destruction. A State Forest Department has now been called into existence and some useful work has been done. But no effort of man can ever restore to their stately grandeur the primeval forests of New Zealand.[1]

The resin may be found in tree-forks high above the ground. Climbing to these by ropes, men have taken thence lumps weighing as much as a hundredweight. But most and the best resin is found in the earth, and for the last generation the soul of the North has been probed and turned over in search of it, until whole tracts look as though they had been rooted up by droves of wild swine. In many of these tracts not a pine is standing now. How and when the forests disappeared, whether by fire or otherwise, and how soil so peculiarly sterile could have nourished the finest of trees, are matters always in dispute. There is little but the resin to show the locality of many of the vanished forests. Where they once were the earth is hungry, white, and barren, though dressed in deceptive green by stunted fern and mánuka. In the swamps and ravines, where they may thrust down their steel-pointed flexible spears as much as eight feet, the roaming diggers use that weapon to explore the field. In the hard open country they have to fall back upon the spade. Unlike the gold-seeker, the gum-digger can hope for no great and sudden stroke of fortune. But without anything to pay for house-room, fuel, or water, he can live economically and save a portion of his small earnings, while he can at least fancy that he is his own master. Many of the hunters for gum are Bosnians, Croats, and Dalmatians—good diggers, but often not colonists ; for years of work do not attach them to the country, and in many instances they take their savings

[1] See Appendix II.

home to the great plains of the Save or the fringing islands and warm bays of the Adriatic. Up to the end of 1922 gum valued at £20,000,000 had been shipped out of the country. There has been a decrease in the output during recent years, but a new process has been discovered for separating the debris from the gum, and much of the ground already worked will be subjected to further treatment. Companies have come on the scene to work the ground with machinery. Shafts are sunk and buried strata explored. The primitive men and methods described above are passing away.

CHAPTER XIX

VOGEL AND THE PUBLIC WORKS POLICY

SIR GEORGE GREY had been dropped by Downing Street in the early part of 1868. His friends may fairly claim that at the time of his departure the Dominion was at peace, and that he left it bearing with him the general esteem of the colonists. True, his second term of office had been in some ways the antithesis of his first. He had failed to prevent war, and had made mistakes. But from amid a chaos of confusion and recrimination four things stand out clearly: (1) he came upon the scene too late; (2) he worked earnestly for peace for two years; (3) the part that he personally took in the war was strikingly successful; (4) he was not well supported by the Colonial Office.

He was the last Viceroy who took an active and distinct share in the government of the country. Since 1868 the Governors have been strictly constitutional representatives of a constitutional Sovereign. They have been without exception honourable and courteous noblemen or gentlemen. They have almost always left the Dominion with the good wishes of all with whom they have come into contact. They have occasionally by tact exercised a good deal of indirect influence over some of their Ministers. They have sometimes differed with these about such points as nominations to the Upper House, or have now and then reserved Bills for the consideration of the Home Government. But they have not governed the country, which, since 1868, has enjoyed as complete self-government as the constitution broadly interpreted can permit.

When peace at last gave the colonists time to look round, the constitution which Grey and Wakefield had helped to draw up was still working. Not without friction, however. Under the provincial system New Zealand was rather a federation

of small settlements than a unified Colony. This was in accord with natural conditions, and with certain amendments the system might have worked exceedingly well. But no real attempt was ever made to amend it. Its vices were chiefly financial. The inequalities and jealousies caused by the rich landed estate of the southern provinces bred ill-feeling all round. The irregular grants doled out by the Treasurer to the needier localities embarrassed the giver without satisfying the recipients. The provinces without land revenue looked with hungry eyes at those which had it. There was quarrelling, too, within each little provincial circle. The elective superintendents were wont to make large promises and shadow forth policies at the hustings. Then when elected they often found these views by no means in accord with those of their council and their executive. Yet, but for one great blunder, the provinces should and probably would have existed now.

1870 is usually named as the birth-year of the colonial policy of borrowing and public works. This is not strictly true. In that year the central and provincial exchequers already owed about seven millions and a quarter between them. The provincial debts, at any rate, had been largely contracted in carrying out colonizing work, and some of that work had been exceedingly well done, especially in Canterbury and Otago. What the Central Government did do in 1870 was to come forward boldly with a large and continuous policy of public works and immigration based on borrowed money.

The scheme was Sir Julius Vogel's. As a politician this new figure may not unfairly be defined as an imaginative materialist who was a Conservative Protectionist with a belief in State enterprise, a constructive financial administrator and an Imperialist somewhat ahead of his time. The first of his race to come to the front in New Zealand public life, he had to fight against a certain prejudice. Talked of behind his back as an adventurer, he rose by sheer ability, chiefly quick synthetic power, helped by a persuasive manner and by genuine good nature. His policy of carrying out Public Works, Immigration, and Land Purchase by large loans raised in London, was virtually the beginning of State Socialism in New Zealand. McLean, who made peace with

the Maori, was his colleague and attended to the land purchases. Other lieutenants managed the railway construction and minor works carefully and well. Vogel's opponents spoke of his finance as an orgy of gambling and extravagance. Nothing could be more unjust. He raised his loans on fair terms and showed skill in such matters as the inscription and conversion of stocks. The amount he borrowed was not at all excessive, though it seemed large to the older settlers of the small, scattered communities then beginning to spread through the Islands. Sound judgment was shown in the choice of the railways and other works pushed on. His finance was a fair compromise between the "Roots and Water policy" of the Skinflints, to be mentioned later on, and the "Butter and Borrowing" specific of more recent days.

If the Dominion had always got as good value for its expenditure as for that part of it for which Vogel was responsible, it would have had very little to grumble at. Of the land speculation to which the Public Works policy undoubtedly led, something is said farther on. The worst that can be said of Vogel under that head is that he did not save from themselves people who were determined not to be saved. And that would have been a hard task. Have we not seen in this century land speculators clamour for the fullest right to traffic in land; kick aside all restrictions; ruin or burden themselves; and then blame everyone else from commission-agents and bankers to politicians and Providence? In any case the harm done by the speculation in the seventies passed away, albeit slowly; the good results of the Public Works policy were permanent.

Imaginative and not afraid of a new thing that seemed likely to be useful in a practical way, Sir Julius Vogel had a hand in establishing State Life Insurance, the Public Trust Office, and the State Transfer of Land. He abolished the provincial councils and centralized the Government. He did his best to establish steam communication with the United States and a mail service with England by that route. As early as 1874 he tried to anticipate the Germans by pushing and controlling commerce in the South Seas under the British flag. In 1885 he, with Sir Robert Stout, tried to annex Samoa. A little later he moved the first Government Bill for the granting of female suffrage. His last proposal was of

a Protectionist tariff. He lived to see Protection carried by his opponents and women's franchise by his old friends, but had been long in his grave before Samoa was seized by New Zealand troops and placed under New Zealand tutelage. Far ahead of his time, he tried to establish a Forestry Department. All through his public life he had to struggle against deafness and increasing infirmity, and towards the end to be wheeled to Parliament House in a bath-chair. When he spoke, deafness made his delivery monotonous, but his tones were naturally pleasant, his words well chosen, and his best speeches so full of matter that when the history of the Dominion comes to be written in detail they will be well worth study.

Such was Vogel, one of the short list of statesmen whose work has left a permanent mark on the Dominion, and one of whom it may be said that almost all that he did or tried to do was wise.

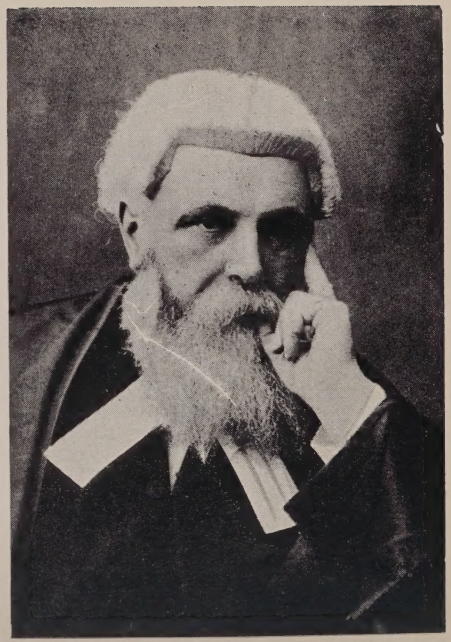
As Treasurer in 1870 he proposed to borrow ten millions to be expended on railways, roads, land purchase, immigration, and land settlement. With great wisdom he suggested that the cost of the railways should be recouped from a public estate created out of the Crown lands through which they might pass. With striking unwisdom the Provincialists defeated the proposal. This selfish mistake enabled them to keep their land for five years longer, but it spoilt the Public Works policy and converted Vogel from the friend into the enemy of the Provinces.

His policy, *minus* the essential part relating to land settlement, was accepted and actively carried out. Millions were borrowed, hundreds of miles of railways and roads were made, immigrants were imported by the State or poured in of their own accord. Moreover, the price of wool had risen, and wheat, too, sometimes yielded enormous profits. Farmers were known who bought open land on the downs or plains of the South Island at £2 an acre, and within twelve months thereafter made a net profit of £5 an acre from their first wheat crop. Labour-saving machinery from the United States came in to embolden the growers of cereals. The export of wheat rose to millions of bushels; and the droning hum of the steam threshing-machine and the whir

of the reaper-and-binder began to be heard in a thousand fields from northern Canterbury to Southland. In the north McLean steadfastly kept the peace, and the Dominion bade fair to become rich by leaps and bounds. The modern community has perhaps yet to be found which can bear sudden prosperity coolly. New Zealand in the seventies certainly did not. Good prices and the rapid opening up of the country raised the value of land. Acute men quickly bought fertile or well-situated blocks and sold them at an attractive profit. So men less acute began to buy pieces less fertile and not so well situated. Pastoral tenants pushed on the process of turning their leaseholds into freeholds. So rapid did the buying become that it grew to be a feverish rush of men all anxious to secure some land before it had all gone. Of course, much of this buying was legitimate and not in any invidious sense speculative. Companies and individuals bought Crown land cheaply and set to honestly work to "break it in." If they embarrassed themselves it was by sinking money in draining swamps, clearing forest or fern, and otherwise improving their estate. Then when embarrassed they were caught by low prices. Still, other buying was really speculative, and much was done with borrowed money. The fever was hottest in Canterbury, where the Wakefield system of free selection without limit as to area or condition as to occupation, and with the fixed price of £2 an acre, interposed less than no check at all to the speculators. Hundreds of thousands of acres were bought each year. The revenue of the Provincial Council rose to half a million; the country road-boards hardly knew how to spend their money. Speculation, extravagance, reaction—such were the fruits the last years of Wakefield's system bore there. Not that the fault was Gibbon Wakefield's. It rests with the men who could not see that his system, like every other devised for a special purpose, wanted to be gradually changed along with the gradual change of surrounding circumstances.

The southern land revenue, thus swollen, was a glittering temptation to politicians at Wellington. As early as 1874 it was clear that more colonial revenue would be wanted to pay the interest on the growing public debt. Vogel decided to appeal to the old Centralist party and overthrow the Pro-

SIR JULIUS VOGEL



SIR ROBERT STOUT

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vinces. Their hour was come. The pastoral tenants nearly everywhere disliked the democratic note growing louder in some of them. New settlers were overspreading the country, and to the new settlers the Provincial Councils seemed cumbrous and needless. Fresh from Great Britain, and with the ordinary British contempt for the institutions of a small community, they thought it ridiculous that a Colony with less than half a million of people should want nine Governments in addition to its central authority. The procedure of the Provincial Councils, where Mr. Speaker took the chair daily and a mace was gravely laid on the table by the clerk, seemed a Lilliputian burlesque of the great Mother of Parliaments at Westminster.

Nevertheless, the Provinces did not fall without a struggle. In both Otago and Auckland the older colonists mostly clung to their local autonomy. Moreover, Sir George Grey had taken up his abode in the Dominion, and was living quietly in an islet which he owned near Auckland. Coming out of his retirement he threw himself into the fight, and on the platform spoke with an eloquence that took his audiences by storm all the more because few had suspected him of possessing it. Keen was the fight; Major Atkinson, *quondam* militia officer of Taranaki, made his mark therein and rose at a bound to take command of the Centralists; the Provincialists were fairly beaten; the land passed to the Central Government. The management of local affairs was minutely subdivided and handed over to some hundreds of boards and councils which varied a good deal in efficiency, though most of them did their special work fairly enough on conventional lines.

Though colonists join in complaining of the number of these, no serious attempt has, however, been yet made to amalgamate them, much less to revive any form of Provincialism. Municipal enterprise has made gradually some attempts to follow in the wake of the great urban councils of England and Scotland. Water companies indeed are unknown, but many of the towns depend upon contractors for their supplies of light; recreation grounds are fairly plentiful, but are not by any means always managed by the municipality of the place. Dunedin has an electric power system, and made £50,000 profit last year out of what might be styled trading enterprise, Wellington has organized a

milk supply. Town councils have nothing to do with education, though some think of entertainment. The rural county councils and road boards concern themselves almost solely with road-making and bridge-building. The control of hospitals and charitable aid, though entirely a public function not left in any way to private bounty, is entrusted to distinct boards. Indeed, the minute subdivision of local administration has been carried to extreme lengths in New Zealand, where the hundreds of petty local bodies, each with its functions, officers, and circle of friends and enemies, are so many stumbling-blocks to thorough-going amalgamation and rearrangement. In New Zealand the English conditions are reversed; the municipal lags still behind the central authority on the path of experiment. This is no doubt due, at least in part, to the tendency in New Zealand to bring such matters as Education, Public Health, Hospitals, Charitable Aid, etc., more directly under the control of State departments than is the case in England.

A few words will be in place here about the continuance and outcome of the Public Works policy. Sir Julius Vogel quitted the Dominion in 1876, but borrowing for public works did not cease. It goes on apace, though it has slackened at times. In 1879 a commercial depression overtook the Dominion. The good prices of wool and wheat sank lower and lower; the output of gold, too, had greatly gone down. There had been far too much private borrowing to buy land or to set up or extend commercial enterprises. The rates of interest had often been exorbitant. Then there happened on a small scale what happened in Victoria on a larger scale twelve years later. The boom burst amid much suffering and repentance. In some districts three-fourths of the prominent colonists were ruined, for the price of rural produce continued on the whole to fall relentlessly year after year until 1894. The men who had burdened themselves with land, bought wholly or largely with borrowed money, nearly all went down. Some were ruined quickly, others struggled on in financial agony for a decade or more. Then when the individual debtors had been squeezed dry the turn of their mortgagees came. Some of these were left with masses of unsaleable property on their hands. At last, in 1894, the directors of the bank which

was the greatest of the lenders—the Bank of New Zealand—had to come to the Government of the day to be saved from instant bankruptcy. In 1895 an Act was passed which, while guaranteeing the bank, virtually placed it beneath State control. This, to be mentioned in its place later on, was the last episode in the long drama of inflation and depression which was played out in New Zealand between 1870 and 1895. No story of the Dominion, however brief, can pretend to be complete which does not refer to this. The blame of it is usually laid upon the Public Works policy. The money borrowed and spent by the Treasury is often spoken of as having been wasted in political jobs, and as having led to nothing except parliamentary corruption and an eternal burden of indebtedness and taxation. This is not true. It was not the public borrowing of the Dominion, but the private debts of the colonists, which, following the extraordinary fall in the prices of their raw products between 1873 and 1895, plunged so many thousands into disaster. Nine-tenths of the money publicly borrowed during these years was very well spent. No doubt the annual distribution of large sums through the Lands and Public Works departments year after year had disagreeable effects on public life. In every Parliament certain members are to be pointed out—usually from half-settled districts—who hang on to the Ministry's skirts for what they can get for their electorates. It would be better if the purposes for which votes of borrowed money are designed were scrutinized by a board of experts, or at least a strong committee of members. It would be better still if loans had to be specially authorized by the taxpayers. But when the worst is said that can be said of the Public Works policy, its good deeds still outweigh its evil. Take it as it worked in the last century. It is true that between 1870 and 1900 the public debt had been multiplied more than six times; but the White population had nearly tripled, the exports had more than doubled, and the imports increased by 75 per cent. Moreover, of the exports at the time when the Public Works policy was initiated, about half were represented by gold, which in 1898 represented but a tenth of the Dominion's exports. In 1870 the colonists were without the conveniences and in many cases comforts of modern civilization. They had scarcely

any railways, few telegraphs, insufficient roads, bridges, and harbours. Education was not universal, and the want of recreation and human society was so great as to lead notoriously to drunkenness and coarse debauchery. New Zealand by the end of the century was a pleasant and highly civilized country. That she became so in the course of thirty years was due chiefly to the much-criticized Public Works policy.

New Zealand has travelled a long way in her borrowing policy since the days of Sir Julius Vogel, but the growth of the public debt has by no means been entirely due to the carrying out of public works. The year 1891 marks the inception of a new stage in the financial history of the Dominion, for then began a period of State activity in new directions, and the Government became authorized to render direct financial assistance to individuals and to provide other services for the benefit of the community at large. Acts were passed empowering the Government to grant loans to settlers on the security of their farms, to workers to enable them to purchase their own homes, and to local bodies for the furtherance of municipal enterprises; the compulsory re-purchase of lands by the State for closer settlement was also authorized, and State coal-mines, State fire and accident insurance offices were established.

Under these circumstances a large increase in the public debt became inevitable, but so far as the expenditure has been upon State undertakings that are either directly reproductive or are entitled to be considered as in the nature of investments, the growth of the Dominion's debt is not a matter which need give its creditors the slightest uneasiness, though it is something which the New Zealand taxpayers themselves should watch with the greatest care. It may be pointed out that a scheme was adopted in 1910 whereby in the case of every new loan raised after that date a sinking fund must be established whereby such loan will be automatically extinguished in seventy-five years. The Public Debt at the end of this year, 1924, may be set down as round about £215,000,000. For more than half this the Dominion receives excellent value, directly or indirectly. The smaller moiety, mainly War Debt, is dead weight and a heavy burden.

CHAPTER XX

IN PARLIAMENT

Shapes of all sorts and sizes, great and small,
That stood upon the floor or by the wall,
And some loquacious Vessels were, and some
Listened, perhaps, but never talked at all.

WHEN we come to look at the men as distinct from the measures of the Parliament of New Zealand between 1870 and to-day, the first interesting and curious feature is the Continuous Ministry. With some approach to accuracy it may be said to have come into office in August 1869, and to have finally expired in January 1891. Out of twenty-one years and a half it held office for between sixteen and seventeen years. Sir Edward Stafford turned and kept it out for a month in 1872; Sir George Grey for two years, 1877–9; Sir Robert Stout for three years, 1884–7. None of the Ministries which thus for longer or shorter periods supplanted it ever commanded strong majorities, or held any thorough control over the House. The Continuous Ministry was a name given to a shifting combination, or rather series of combinations, amongst public men, by which the Cabinet was from time to time modified without being completely changed at any one moment. It was possible because New Zealand was still more or less of an oligarchy. The franchise was broadened from time to time. The masses were getting votes. But not until 1890 did they begin to be organized or self-assertive. The Continuous Ministry might be likened to the pearly nautilus, which passes, by gradual growth and movement, from cell to cell in slow succession; or, more prosaically, to that oft-repaired garment, which at last consisted entirely of patches. Like the nautilus, too, it had respectable sailing and floating powers. The continuous

process was rather the outcome of rapidly changing conditions and personal exigencies than of any set plan or purpose. With its men, its opinions and actions underwent alterations. Naturally the complete transformation which came over the Dominion during the two decades between 1870 and 1890 had its effect on the point of view of colonists and their public men. The Continuous Ministry began by borrowing, and never really ceased to borrow; but its efforts at certain periods of the second of these two decades to restrict borrowing and retrench ordinary expenditure were in striking contrast to the lavishness of the years between 1872 and 1877. At its birth under Sir William Fox its sympathies were provincial and mildly democratic. It quickly quarrelled with and overthrew the Provinces, and became identified with Conservatism as that term is understood in New Zealand. From 1869 to 1872 its leaders were Fox, Vogel, and McLean. Fox left it in 1872; Major Atkinson joined it in 1874; Vogel quitted it in 1876; McLean died in 1877. Put out of office by Sir George Grey, it was for a short time led once more by Sir William Fox. It came back again in 1879 as a Hall-Atkinson-Whitaker combination. Hall retired in 1881, but Atkinson and Whitaker, helped by his advice, continued to direct it to the end.

More interesting and less of a passing phase was the appearance on the stage of definite Liberalism. Rallying under Sir George Grey in 1876, the beaten Provincialists formed a party of progress, taking the good old name of Liberal. Though Sir George had failed to save their Provinces, his eloquent exhortations rapidly revived in the House of Representatives the democratic tendencies of some of the Councils. Hitherto any concessions to Radicalism or Collectivism made by the House had been viewed in the most easy-going fashion. Vogel in his earlier years had adopted the ballot, and had set up a State Life Insurance Department, which has been successfully managed, and has now seventeen millions assured in it. More interesting and valuable still was his establishment of the office of Public Trustee. So well has the experiment worked that it may be said as a plain truth that in New Zealand, the best possible Trustee, the one least subject to accidents of fortune, and most exempt from the errors which beset man's honesty and judgment, has been

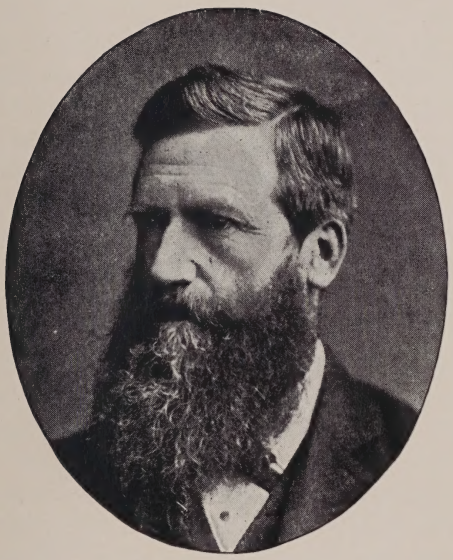
found by experience to be the State. The Public Trust Office of the Dominion worked at first in a humble way, chiefly in taking charge of small intestate estates. Experience, however, showed its advantages so clearly that it has now property approaching thirty millions' worth in its care. Any owner of property, whether he resides in the Dominion or not, wishing to create a trust, may use the Public Trustee, subject, of course, to that officer's consent. Anyone who desires so to do may appoint him the executor of his will. Anyone about to leave, or who has left the country, may make him his attorney. The Public Trustee may step in and take charge not only of intestate estates, but of an inheritance where no executor has been named under the will, or where those named will not act. He manages and protects the property of lunatics. Where private trust estates become the cause of disputes and quarrels, between trustees and beneficiaries, the parties thereto may relieve themselves by handing over their burden to the public office. The Public Trustee never dies, never goes out of his mind, never leaves the Dominion, never becomes disqualified, and never becomes that extremely disagreeable and unpleasant person—a trustee whom you do not trust. That the Public Trustee is gaining more and more the confidence of the public is evidenced by the fact that in 1923 the number of wills deposited with him was more than five times greater than in 1914. Naturally, the class which has the most cause to be grateful to the Public Trust Office is that composed of widows and orphans and other unbusinesslike inheritors of small properties, persons whose little inheritances are so often mismanaged by private trustees or wasted in law costs.

Another reform carried out by Vogel had been the adoption of the Torrens system of land transfer. Henceforth, under the Land Transfer Law, Government officers did nearly all the conveyancing business of the Dominion. Land titles were investigated, registered, and guaranteed, and sales and mortgages then became as simple and almost as cheap as the transfer of a parcel of shares in a company.

Even earlier the legislature had done a creditable thing in being the first in the Empire to abolish the scandal of public executions.

1877 may be accounted the birth year of more militant and systematic reform.

Grey's platform speeches in the summer of 1876–7 brought home the new Radicalism to the feelings of the mass of the electors, and to the number, then considerable, who were not electors. To back him Grey had Stout and Ballance. For the first time a group of leaders appealed to the mass of the colonists with a policy distinctly and deliberately democratic. The result was awakening. Then and subsequently Grey advocated triennial Parliaments, one man one vote, a land tax, and a land policy based upon the leasing of land rather than its sale, and particularly upon a restriction of the area which any one man might acquire. The definite views of the Radicals bore fruit at once in the session of 1877. It was necessary to establish a national system of education to take up the useful but ill-jointed work done piecemeal by the Provinces. A Bill—and not a bad Bill—was introduced by Sir Charles Bowen, a gentleman honourably connected with the founding of education in Canterbury. This measure the Radicals took hold of and turned it into the free, secular, compulsory system of primary school-teaching of which the people are to-day justly proud, and under which the State educates thirteen-fourteenths of the children of the Dominion. Now, in 1924, out of an estimated population of about 1,377,000 all told, some 280,000 are at school or college. Of children between ten and fifteen years of age the proportion unable to read is but 0·43. The annual average of attendance is much higher in New Zealand than in any of the Australian States. The primary school system is excellent on its literary, and equally so on its technical side. Nearly three-fourths of the Roman Catholic children do not take advantage of it. Their parents prefer to support the schools of their church, though without State aid of any kind. These, and a proportion of the children of the wealthier, are the only exceptions to the general use made of the public schools. It is not likely that any change, either in the direction of teaching religion in these, or granting money to church schools, will be made. Each political party in turn is only too eager to charge the other with tampering with the National system—a sin the bare hint of which is like suspicion of witchcraft or heresy in the Middle Ages.



SIR HARRY ATKINSON

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Grey gained office in 1877, but with a majority too small to enable him to carry his measures. Ballance, his Treasurer, did indeed carry a tax upon land values. But its chief result at the time was to alarm and exasperate owners of land, and to league them against the Radicals, who after a not very brilliant experience of office without power fell in 1879. Thereafter, so utterly had Grey's angry followers lost faith in his generalship, that they deposed him—a humiliation which it could be wished they had seen their way to forego, or he to forgive. Yet he was, it must be confessed, a very trying leader. His cloudy eloquence would not do for human nature's daily food. His opponents, Atkinson and Hall, had not a tithe of his emotional power, but their facts and figures often riddled his fine speeches. Stout and Ballance became estranged from him ; others of his friends were enough to have damned any Government. It is impossible to acquit Grey of blame for the anti-climax with which his only term of office ended. Stout, though a fiery Shetlander, was a man of honour and a reasonable and sincere politician. Ballance was a placable, almost gentle, colleague. The leader of a colonial party should have certain qualities which Sir George Grey did not possess. He may dispense with eloquence, but must be a debater ; whether able or not able to rouse public meetings, he must know how to conduct wearisome and complicated business by discussion ; he must not only have a grasp of great principles, but readiness to devote himself to the mastery of uninteresting minds and unappetizing details ; above all, he must be generous and considerate to lieutenants who have their own views and their own followers, and who expect to have their full share of credit and influence. A man may be a very successful Premier without having quite all these qualities, but he cannot afford to be without every one of them. Nevertheless, one of Grey's courage, talent, culture, and prestige was not likely to fail to leave his mark upon the politics of the country ; nor did he. Though he failed to pass the reforms just mentioned, he had the satisfaction of seeing them adopted and carried into law, some by his opponents, some by his friends. Only one of his pet proposals has been altogether lost sight of, his oft-repeated demand that the Governor of the Dominion should be elected by the people.

John Ballance, of whom a brief sketch will be given later, died thirty years ago. Sir Robert Stout, the last survivor of the politicians of the seventies, still lives in New Zealand where he holds the distinguished position of Chief Justice. A man who after beginning life as a schoolmaster in a remote northern islet crossed the earth to a country where he became in turn leader of the Bar, Prime Minister, and Chief Justice must have the stuff that commands success, and Sir Robert has been very successful. But for one obstacle he would—so far as politics are concerned—have been more successful still. His difficulty was that he was unable to devote himself to public life continuously. He had to try and serve two masters, both equally exacting. No sooner had he made his mark in the House than the claims of Advocacy took him back to the law courts. After returning to Parliament for some years he had the bad luck to lose his election when Prime Minister. That misfortune could soon have been repaired, but once out of the House he had again to yield to the pressure of professional duties for a long term. And though in 1893 he came back a second time, absence caused him to miss the leadership of his party. Nevertheless from 1876 to 1899 he was, whether in office or out, in Parliament or outside it, a force to be reckoned with and an influence which made itself felt. When at his best, say about 1887, he had no real rival as an all-round public speaker. For he was equally good on the platform and in the House. When facing a public meeting his strong physique, good presence, and obvious courage put him on terms with his audience at once. He wasted no time over circumlocution, went straight on with the case that he had to state, and stated it in good plain English, delivered with plenty of action and vigour. Without Grey's emotional art and thrilling *tremolo*, he trusted to carefully arranged arguments, driven energetically home, and usually, though not invariably, paid his audience the compliment of appealing to their reason. In the House too he was a fighter, "as het as ginger and as stieve as steel." Prompt, intensely combative, and with an advocate's knack of scoring points, he had the advantage of a strong memory and a knowledge of procedure and statute law. Other assets were the fiery energy that compelled attention, and a lucidity

which very rarely deserted him. He was a trenchant critic, who with a touch of humour and a little lightness of treatment would have been a great rhetorician. As it was, he was a most formidable antagonist—how formidable those knew best who had to cross swords with him. He was just as undaunted too when an almost solitary critic on a cross bench as when speaking as a Prime Minister able to put on the Government boots and use them. Of his five years' parliamentary duel with Mr. Seddon—that long encounter between Norse fire and horse sense—nothing need be written here: it belongs to the past.

Quis justior induit arma
Scire nefas.

Suffice it to say that when in 1898 he quitted Parliament for the last time, his departure left the House both a more pacific and a much less interesting place.

The Grey Ministry had committed what in a Colonial Cabinet is the least pardonable of crimes—it had encountered a commercial depression, with its concomitant, a shrunken revenue. When Hall and Atkinson succeeded Grey with a mission to abolish the land-tax, they had at once to impose a different but more severe burden. They also reduced—for a time—the cost of the public departments by the rough-and-ready method of knocking ten per cent. off all salaries and wages paid by the Treasury, a method which, applied as it was at first equally to low and high, had the unpopularity as well as the simplicity of the poll-tax. That retrenchment and fresh taxation were unpleasant necessities, and that Hall and Atkinson more than once tackled the disagreeable task of applying them, remains true and to their credit.

Between 1880 and 1890 the colonists were for the most part resolutely at work adapting themselves to the new order of things—to lower prices and slower progress. They increased their output of wool and coal—the latter a compensation for the falling-off of the gold. They found in frozen meat an export larger and—ultimately—more profitable than wheat. Later on they began, with marked success, to organize co-operative dairy factories and send cheese and butter to England. Public affairs during the decade resolved themselves chiefly into a series of expedients for filling the treasury

and carrying on the work of land settlement. Borrowing went on, but more and more slowly. Bad times grew no better.

In 1885 and 1886 the industrial outlook was perhaps at its worst. In 1887 Atkinson and Whitaker, coming again into power, with Hall as adviser, administered a second dose of taxation-cum-retrenchment. They cut down the salaries of the Governor and the Ministers and the size and pay of the elected chamber. They made efforts, more equitable this time, to reduce the cost of the public departments. They stiffened the property-tax, and for the second time raised the Customs duties, giving them a distinctly Protectionist complexion. The broad result was the achievement of financial equilibrium. For twenty-five years there was no deficit in New Zealand. Apart from retrenchment, Atkinson had to rely upon the Opposition in forcing his financial measures through against the Free Traders amongst his own following. This strained his party. Moreover, in forming his cabinet in 1887 he had not picked some of his colleagues well. In particular, the absence of Mr. Rolleston's experience and knowledge from the House and the Government weakened him. Mr. Rolleston had his limitations, and his friends did the enemy a service when, after his return to public life in 1891, they put him at the head of an angry Opposition and tried to make a guerilla chief out of a scrupulous administrator. But he was a capable and far-sighted Minister of Lands, and his value at that post to his party may be gauged by what they suffered when they tried to do without him. The lands administration of the Atkinson Cabinet became deservedly unpopular, and the discontent therewith found a forcible exponent in an Otago farmer, Mr. John McKenzie, a gigantic Gael, in grim earnest in the cause of close settlement, and whose plain-spoken exposures of monopoly and " dummyism " not only woke up the Radicals, but went home to the smaller settlers far and wide. It may be that these things hastened the breaking-down of Sir Harry Atkinson's health in 1890. At any rate fail it did, unhappily. His colleague, Sir Frederick Whitaker, was ageing palpably. Nor did Sir John Hall's health allow him to take office.

With their *tres Magi* thus disabled, the Conservative Party

began to lose ground. More than one cause, no doubt, explains how it was that up to 1891 the Liberals hardly ever had a command of Parliament equal to their hold upon the country. But the abilities of the three men just named had, I believe, a great share in holding them in check. Sir John Hall's devotion to work, grasp of detail, and shrewd judgment were proverbial. He was the most businesslike critic of a Bill in committee the House of Representatives ever had, and was all the more effective in politics for his studiously conciliatory manner. Astute and wary, Sir Frederick Whitaker was oftener felt than seen. But with more directness than Whitaker, and more fighting force than Hall, it was Atkinson who, from 1875 to his physical collapse in 1890, was the mainstay of his party. He carried through the abolition of the Provinces; he twice reorganized the finances; he was the protagonist of his side in their battles with Grey, Ballance, and Stout, and they could not easily have had a better. This chief of Grey's opponents was as unlike him in demeanour and disposition as one man can well be to another. The two seemed to have nothing in common, except inexhaustible courage. Grey had been trained in the theory of war, and any part he took therein was as leader. Atkinson had picked up a practical knowledge of bush-fighting by exchanging hard knocks with the Maori as a captain of militia. Grey was all courtesy; the other almost oddly tart and abrupt. Grey's oratory consisted of high-pitched appeals to great principles, which were sometimes eloquent, sometimes empty. His antagonist regarded Parliament as a place for the transaction of public business. When he had anything to say, he said it plainly; when he had a statement to make, he made it, and straightway went on to the next matter. His scorn of the graces of speech did not prevent him from being a punishing debater. Theories he had—of a quasi-socialistic kind. But his life was passed in confronting hard facts. Outside the House he was a working colonist; inside it a practical politician. It was his misfortune to hold office almost always in years of depression. When, with tragic suddenness, he died in harness, in the Legislative Council in 1892, there was not alone sincere sorrow among the circle of friends and allies who knew his sterling character, but, inasmuch as however

hard he had hit in debate it had never been below the belt, his opponents joined in regretting that so brave and faithful a public servant had not been spared to enjoy the rest of which death robbed him so soon after his fighting had ceased.

Mr. Rolleston, referred to above, was a different and much less pugnacious person. He was a dignified figure in public life for at least thirty years. A man who can remain in the arena for that time can do good service, and who, when he quits the field, does so with the respect of friends and foes, cannot be termed altogether unlucky in politics. Yet in some respects Mr. Rolleston was an unlucky politician, and in one respect his ill-luck was a very bad thing for his country. He first made a name for himself as Superintendent of the province of Canterbury where, for many years, he controlled affairs, both in bad times and good, with care, prudence, and most punctilious honesty. In the House of Representatives he managed to profess unpopular opinions without forfeiting confidence, and as his administrative gifts were too valuable to be ignored he became in due course Minister of Lands. Still he was more often than not in opposition, where he prophesied evil things of the Public Works policy of Sir Julius Vogel and the "socialistic" measures of the Ballance and Seddon Ministries. An intelligent, diligent critic may be of service even when on the losing side, but it was Mr. Rolleston's peculiar misfortune to be baffled even when in office. He was that interesting politician, a Conservative by instinct, who, as the result of practical experience, becomes a reluctant but convinced Reformer. Mr. Rolleston became a Reformer where the land question was concerned. He convinced himself that the ideal method of disposing of the Colony's public estate was to let it on perpetual lease subject to periodical revaluation. Unhappily, though he had converted himself, he was unable to convert most of his own party or even the whole of the Liberals of the other side. I have often wondered what he might have done if he had possessed the gift of persuasive and impressive speech. A gentleman and a scholar, who could quote Horace more than respectably, he gave us conscientious speeches that contained good matter and, without any surgical aid from the *Hansard* staff, read well enough. But few people read speeches, and Mr. Rolleston was a hard

man to listen to. A spark or two of fire and life, or even a moderate amount of rhetorical skill, and he might have managed to impress New Zealand with what was in truth an excellent case. Like other Britons, New Zealanders profess to despise oratory; yet it moves them, as Grey, for instance, showed. What the rejection of Mr. Rolleston's views has cost the country is not easy to compute. Already a heavy price has been paid for the mistake, and the reckoning is not yet settled.

What kind of an assembly, it may be asked, is the New Zealand Parliament which Atkinson's force of character enabled him to lead so long, and which has borne undivided rule over the Dominion—as it is now—since 1876? The best answer can be found in the story of the Dominion, for the General Assembly, at all events, has never been a *fainéant* ruler. It has done wrong as well as right, but it has always done something. After the various false starts before referred to, it has, since getting fairly to work in 1856, completed sixty-eight years of talk, toil, legislation, and obstruction. It may fairly be claimed that its life has been interesting, laborious, and not dishonourable. It has more than doubled in size since Governor Wynyard's day. Old settlers say that it has not doubled its ability. But old settlers, with all their virtues, are incorrigible *laudatores temporis acti*. The industry of the members, the difficulties they had to cope with two generations ago, and the number and variety and novelty of the questions they have essayed to solve in this, are undoubted. Their laws, inasmuch as they are meant to be practical, are soon tested. Many have already borne good fruit, and any that does manifest harm is not likely to cumber the earth long. If laws in colonies are more quickly passed, they are also more easy to amend than in older countries.

The Lower House of a Colonial Parliament resembles, in most ways, the London County Council more than the House of Commons. But in New Zealand members have always been paid—their salary is now £450 a year. Farmers and professional men make up the largest element. In the present Parliament there are 27 farmers, 9 lawyers, 6 agents, and a varied assortment of tradesmen and artisans. In the more

important debates speeches are now limited to an hour, otherwise to half an hour. The length of speeches in committee must not exceed ten minutes. About twenty per cent. of the speaking is good ; most of it is made with little or no preparation, and suffers—together with its hearers—accordingly. Bores are never shouted or coughed down—the House is too small, and nearly all the members are on friendly terms with each other. Until the adoption of the time limit in 1894, business was in daily danger of being arrested by speeches of phenomenal length and dreariness. Anthony Trollope, who listened to a debate at Wellington in 1872, thought the New Zealand parliamentary bores the worst he had known. The discussions in committee, though, were quite businesslike, except when there was obstruction, as there frequently was. As elsewhere, special committees do much work and get little thanks therefor. As compared with the House of Commons in the days of Pitt or Peel, the debates would seem to lack dignity ; as compared with the proceedings in the Mother of Parliaments in 1923, they would appear mild and spiritless. The House supports a strong Speaker, but is disposed to bully weakness in the chair.

For more than sixty years the Maori race has returned four members to the House. They usually speak through an interpreter. In spite of that, when discussing native questions they often show themselves fluent and even eloquent. Outside local and private Bills, nearly all important legislation is conducted by Government. Private members often profess to put this down to the jealousy and tyranny of Ministers, but the truth is that Parliament, as a whole, has always been intolerant of members' public Bills. There is no direct personal corruption. If the House were as free from small-minded jealousy and party disloyalty as it is from bribery and idleness, it would be a very noble assembly. In character, the politicians have been at least equal to the average of their fellow-colonists. But party ties are much looser than in England. Members will sometimes support Governments for what they can get for their districts, or leave them because they have not been given a portfolio. Attempts to form a third party were incessant but, until the coming of a Labour Party in 1914, unsuccessful. Before 1891 Ministries,

if not strangled at the birth—as was the "Clean Shirt" Cabinet—usually lasted for three years. Since January 1891 there has virtually been but one change of the party in power. Reconstructions owing to death or retirement of a Premier now and then added to the number of apparently new Cabinets. Of the seven or eight Ministers who make up a Cabinet, four or five are usually able and overworked men. The stress of New Zealand public life has told on many of her statesmen. Beside Governor Hobson, McLean, Featherston, Crosbie Ward, Atkinson, Ballance, McKenzie, and Seddon died in harness, and Hall had to save his life by resigning. Most of the Dominion's leaders have lived and died poor men. Parliaments are triennial, and about one-third of the constituencies are pretty certain to return new members at a general election. All the elections take place on one day, and if a member—even the leader of a party—loses his seat, he may be cut out for years. This is a misfortune, as experience is a quality of which the House is apt to run short. Fanatical block votes frequently prevent elections from being fought on the practical questions of the hour. The contests are inexpensive, and there is very little of the cynical blackmailing of candidates and open subsidizing by members which jar so unpleasantly on the observer of English constituencies. Indeed, cynicism is by no means a fault of New Zealand political life. The most marked failings used to be the savagely personal character of some of its conflicts, and a general over-strained earnestness and lack of sense of proportion or humour. Newspapers and speeches of the last century teemed with denunciations which might have been in place if hurled at the corruption of Walpole, the bureaucracy of Prussia, the finance of the *Ancien Régime*, or the treatment of native races by the Spanish conquerors of the New World. Nor was bitterness confined to wild language in or out of Parliament. The terrible saying of Gibbon Wakefield, many years ago, that in colonial politics "everyone strikes at his opponent's heart," long had, unhappily, some truth in it.

CHAPTER XXI

SOME BONES OF CONTENTION

Now who shall arbitrate ?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive ;
Ten who in ears and eyes
Match me ; we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that ; whom shall my soul believe ?

DURING the ten years beginning in 1879 New Zealand finance was little more than a series of attempts to avert deficits. In their endeavours to raise the revenue required for interest payments on the still swelling public debt, and the inevitably growing departmental expenditure, various Treasurers turned to the Customs. In raising money by duties they received support both from those who wished to protect local industries and from those who wished to postpone the putting of heavy taxation upon land. Sir Harry Atkinson, the Treasurer who carried the chief protectionist duties, used to disclaim being either a Protectionist or a Free Trader. The net result of various conflicts has been a tariff which is protectionist, but not highly protectionist. The duties levied on New Zealand imports represent about twenty per cent. of the declared value of the goods. But the highest duties, those on spirits, wine, beer, sugar, tea, and tobacco, are not intentionally protectionist ; they are simply revenue duties, though that on beer has undoubtedly helped large and profitable colonial breweries to be established. English free-traders accept as an axiom that Customs duties cannot produce increased revenue and at the same time stimulate local manufactures. Nevertheless, under the kind of compromise by which duties of fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five per cent. are levied on so many articles, it does come about that the

Dominion's treasurer gets his revenue while, sheltered by the fiscal hedge, certain colonial manufactures steadily grow up. The Dominion factories now employ some 70,000 hands, and their annual output is estimated at 80 millions sterling. Much of this would, of course, have come had the ports been free; but the factories engaged in the woollen, printing, clothing, iron and steel, tanning, boot, furniture, brewing, jam-making, and brick and tile-making industries owe their existence in the main to the duties. Nor would it be fair to regard New Zealand's Protection as simply a gigantic job managed by the more or less debasing influence of powerful companies and firms. It was adopted before such influences and interests were. It could not have come about, still less could it last, were there not an honest and widespread belief that without duties the variety of industries needful to make a civilized and prosperous nation could not be attained in young countries where nascent enterprises are almost certain to be undercut and undersold by the giant capitalists and cheaper labour of the Old World. Its Protection, such as it is, was the outcome of compromises, stands frankly as a compromise, and is likely for the present to remain as that.

Imperial Preference has always been a principle of the New Zealand Customs tariff, but it took a more definite form through the passing of Mr. Seddon's Preferential and Reciprocal Trade Act in 1903, which is more fully dealt with in a later chapter. In revising the tariff in 1922 the Government still further extended the system of preference to British goods, and in the same year entered into a reciprocal tariff agreement with Australia.

So long as the Provinces lasted the General Assembly had little or nothing to do with land laws. When, after abolition, the management of the public estate came into the hands of the central authority the regulations affecting it were a bewildering host. Some fifty-four statutes and ordinances had to be repealed. Nor could uniformity be substituted at once, inasmuch as land was occupied under a dozen different systems in as many different provincial districts. Only very gradually could these be assimilated, and it was not until the year 1892 that one Land Act could be said to contain the law on the subject, and to be equally applicable to all New Zealand. In

the meantime the statute-books of 1877, 1878, 1883, 1885, and 1887 bore elaborate evidence of the complexity of the agrarian question, and the importance attached to it. On it more than on any other difference party divisions were based. Over it feelings were stirred up which were not merely personal, local, or sectional. It became, and over an average of years remained, the matter of chief moment in the Dominion's politics. Finance, liquor reform, labour Acts, franchise extension might take first place in this or that session, but the land question, in one or other of its branches, was always second. The discussions on it roused an enduring interest in Parliament given to no other subject. The Minister of Lands ranked with the Premier and the Treasurer as one of the leaders in every Cabinet. Well might he do so. Many millions of acres and many thousands of tenants are comprised in the Crown leases alone. Outside these come the constant land sales, the purchases from the Maori tribes, and the buying back of estates from private owners, and the settlement thereof. These form most, though not all, of the business of the Minister of Lands, his officers, and the administrative district boards attached to his department. If there had been no land question in New Zealand, there might have been no Liberal Party. It was the transfer of the land from the Provinces to the central Parliament in 1876 which chiefly helped Grey and his lieutenants to get together a democratic following.

Slowly but surely the undying agrarian controversy passed with the Dominion's progress into new stages. In the early days we have seen the battle between the "sufficient price" of Gibbon Wakefield and the cheap land of Grey, the good and evil wrought by the former, the wide and lasting mischief brought about by the latter. By 1876 price had ceased to be the main point at issue. It was agreed on all hands that town and suburban lands parted with by the Crown should be sold by auction at fairly high upset prices; and that rural agricultural land should be divided into classes—first, second, and third—and should not be sold by auction, but applied for by would-be occupants prepared to pay from £2 10s. an acre, according to quality. More and more the land laws of the Dominion were altered so as to favour occupation by small farmers, who were not compelled to purchase their land for

cash, but permitted to remain State tenants at low rentals, or allowed to buy the freehold by gradual instalments, termed deferred payments. Even the great pastoral leaseholds were to some extent sub-divided as the leases fell in. The efforts of the land reformers were for many years devoted to limiting the acreage which any one person could buy or lease, and to ensuring that any person acquiring land should himself live thereon, and should use and improve it, and not leave it lying idle until the spread of population enabled him to sell it at a profit to some monopolist or, more often, some genuine farmer. As early as 1856 Otago had set the example of insisting on an outlay of 30s. an acre in improvement by each purchaser of public land. Gradually the limiting laws were made more and more stringent, and were partly applied even to pastoral leases. No person can nowadays select more than 666 acres of first-class, 2,000 acres of second-class land, or 5,000 acres of third-class land, including any land he is already holding. In other words, no considerable landowner can legally acquire public land. Pastoral "runs"—*i.e.* grazing leases—must not be larger than 20,000 acres, and no one can hold more than one run. The attempts often ingeniously made in the past to evade these restrictions by getting land in the names of relatives, servants, or agents were called "dummyism," and are still punishable by imprisonment—never inflicted—by fines, and by forfeiture of the land "dummied."

The political battles over the land laws of New Zealand during the latter part of last century did not, however, centre round the limitation of the right of purchase, or insistence on improvements, so much as round the respective advantages of freehold and perpetual leasehold, and round the compulsory repurchase of private land for settlement. Roughly speaking, the political party which had taken the name of Liberal urged on the adoption of the perpetual lease as the main or sole tenure under which State lands should in the future be acquired. As a rule the party which the Liberals called Conservative advocated that would-be settlers should be allowed to choose their tenure for themselves, and to be leaseholders or freeholders as they pleased. Then there arose, too, important questions affecting the perpetual lease itself. Should the perpetual leaseholders retain the right of converting

at any time their leasehold into a freehold by paying down the cash value of their farm, or should the State always retain the fee simple? Next, if the State should retain this, ought there to be periodical revisions of the rent, so as to reserve the unearned increment for the public? Fierce were the debates and curious the compromises arrived at concerning these debatable points. The first consolidated legislation in 1892 provided for the lease of Crown lands for 999 years at a rent of four per cent. on the prairie value of the land at the time of leasing. Purchase of the freehold, though not prohibited, was much discouraged, and it was not until 1908 that modifications in this respect were made. One of the first changes carried out in 1912 by the Reform Party —the old Conservative Opposition—was the granting of the right of acquisition of the freehold, and to-day Crown lands may be taken up on freehold tenure for cash on occupation licence with right of purchase for twenty-five years or on renewable lease for sixty-six years with no right of purchase. There are also other tenures in the case of special classes of land.

Quite as keen was the fighting over the principle of State repurchase of private lands with or without the owner's consent. It was a favourite project of Sir George Grey's; but it did not become law until he had left public life, when it was carried by the most successful and determined of the Liberal Ministers of Lands, John McKenzie, who administered it in a way which will leave an enduring mark on the face of the Dominion. The principle was followed vigorously by the Liberal-Labour Government until their fall in 1911, and as keenly by their successors, the Reform (or Conservative) Party at present in power. Under this law £13,000,000 has been spent in buying six hundred estates, or portions of estates, for close settlement. The area bought is nearly two million acres. A few of these have, at the time of writing, not yet been thrown open for settlement; on the rest some 8,000 settlers are already living. Even taking into account interest on the purchase money of land not yet taken up, a margin remains in favour of the Treasury. As a rule there is no difficulty in buying by friendly arrangement between Government and proprietor. The latter is commonly as ready to sell

as the former to buy. The price is usually settled by bargaining of longer or shorter duration. Where a few negotiations have failed the matter has been laid before the Supreme Court, which has statutory power to fix the price when the parties fail to agree. It must be remembered that as a rule large holdings of land mean something quite different in New Zealand from anything they signify to the English mind. In England a great estate is peopled by a more or less numerous tenantry. When the Act was passed in New Zealand large estates were, as a rule, not peopled at all. Sheep roamed over grassy leagues, cared for by a manager and a few shepherds. Natural and proper as this might be on the wilder hills and poorer soils, it is easy to see how unnatural and intolerable it appeared in fertile and accessible districts. In 1891 there were nearly twelve and a half million acres held in freehold. Of these rather more than seven millions were in the hands of 584 owners, none of whom held less than five thousand acres. There are still some 220 estates of 20,000 acres or more, but most of these are in mountainous and inaccessible regions and carry only a sheep to several acres.

One of the largest of the estates purchased by the Government came into their hands in an odd way, and not under the Act just described. The Cheviot property was an excellent example of what the old cheap-land regulations led to. It was a fine tract of 84,000 acres of land, on which up to 1893 some eighty human beings and about 80,000 sheep were to be found. Hilly but not mountainous, grassy, fertile, and lying against the sea-shore, it was exactly suited for fairly close settlement. Under the provisions of the land-tax, a landowner who thinks the assessors have over-valued his property may call upon the Government to buy it at his own lower valuation. A difference of £50,000 between the estimate of the trustees who held the Cheviot estate and that of the official valuers caused the former to give the Government of the day the choice between reducing the assessment or buying the estate. Mr. McKenzie, however, was just the man to pick up the gauntlet thus thrown down. He had the Cheviot bought, cut up, and opened by roads. A portion was sold, but most leased; and within a year of purchase a thriving yeomanry, numbering nearly nine hundred souls and owning

74,000 sheep, 1,500 cattle, and 500 horses, were at work in the erstwhile empty tract. Prosperous years added to their numbers, and the rent they paid more than recouped the Treasury for the interest on its outlay in the purchase and settlement.

In 1886, John Ballance, then Minister of Lands, made a courageous endeavour to place a number of workmen out of employment on the soil in what were known as village settlements. In various parts of the Dominion blocks of Crown land were taken and divided into allotments of from twenty to fifty acres. These were let to the village settlers on perpetual lease at a rental equal to five per cent. on the prairie value of the land. Once in a generation there was to be a revision of the rental. The settlers, many of whom were quite destitute, were helped at first not only by two years' postponement of their rent, but by small advances to each to enable them to buy seed, tools, food, and building material. Ballance was fiercely attacked in 1887 for his experiment, and his opponents triumphantly pointed to the collapse of certain of his settlements. Others, however, turned out to be successes, and, as more prosperous conditions obtained in the Dominion after Ballance's time, most of those who took up land under the Village Settlements scheme were able afterwards to acquire the freehold. The Land-for-Settlements policy of the country has so developed of late years that the requirements of those wishing to take up land are now usually met in other ways, and village settlements have rather fallen into desuetude.

It should be mentioned here that New Zealand has made more than generous provision for settling her discharged soldiers on the land, and considerably over a million acres have been proclaimed under the Discharged Soldiers Settlement Act. Financial assistance is also given to enable the ex-soldiers to improve their lands, build houses for themselves on their holdings and buy stock, and more than £26,000,000 has been authorized for these purposes.

Sir John McKenzie, mentioned above, is one of the very few instances in New Zealand of a Minister who makes a more than ordinary reputation without becoming Premier. As a rule no Minister but the Premier counts for much: he gets most of the credit for anything that his colleagues do: outside the

SIR JOHN MCKENZIE

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country only his name is heard of. But with McKenzie it was different at once within the Dominion. His devotion to the Land Question and his beloved Department of Agriculture was so absolute, his battle against monopoly and to put the people on the land was so sternly waged, so spectacular and so important, that he became and remained a popular hero not yet forgotten. A working farmer, he had the details of his subject at his fingers' end. So to a grim but quite single-minded zeal for agrarian reform he joined the practical knowledge which prevented him from wasting money on fantastic experiments. The tall, heavy, bronzed, hard-featured Highlander became the idol of the small farmers for whom he did so much. He liberalized the settlement laws, stamped out "dummying," reduced the size of the area alloted to each Crown tenant or purchaser, and, above all, initiated and carried through a huge system of repurchasing and sub-dividing the immense, almost empty estates. So long as he lived, the system was carefully and prudently worked. In after years, after land values had soared, prices much too high were often paid to landowners, and a State repurchase was ultimately made—perhaps unconsciously—an instrument to intensify land speculation. McKenzie's only serious mistake was his abandonment of his design to dispose of Crown lands under the system of perpetual lease with periodical revaluations—that which Rolleston had favoured. In its place he put the very unsatisfactory "eternal lease" with a light, fixed rent. Nor did he stop the sale of lands in freehold, though he discouraged it. Both these mistakes played afterwards into the hands of land speculation. Both were partly due to a section of his own party, never entirely sound on land reform. McKenzie's Department of Agriculture should alone be enough to keep his name in remembrance. So long as he lived he held what was virtually a separate command. Ballance—for whom he had a real attachment—alone dared to differ from him. Had Ballance lived ten years longer, the Liberal land policy, good as it was, would, in my belief, have been better and in particular the number of peasant proprietors would have been much larger than it is now. Land in New Zealand is still in too few hands.

The Liquor Question has held for many years a more

important place than Land in the public interest. It has introduced an element of picturesque enthusiasm and, here and there, a passion of hatred rarely seen before in New Zealand politics. It brought division into the Liberal Party in 1893, at the moment when the Progressive movement seemed to have reached its high-water mark, and the feeling it roused was found typified in the curious five years' duel between Mr. Seddon and Sir Robert Stout, which began in 1893 and ended only with Sir Robert's retirement at the beginning of the year 1898. It has strangely complicated New Zealand politics, is still doing so, and is the key to much political manœuvring with which it might seem to have nothing whatever to do.

In 1882 a mild form of local option went on to the statute-book, while the granting of licences was handed over to boards elected by ratepayers. For the next ten years no marked result roused attention. Then, almost suddenly, the Prohibition movement was seen to be advancing by leaps and bounds. Two clergymen, the Rev. Leonard Isitt and the Rev. Edward Walker, were respectively the voice and the hand of the Prohibitionists. An able young propagandist, Mr. T. E. Taylor—popularly and inevitably known as "Tea Taylor"—forced the pace of the party. As speakers he and Mr. Isitt might have been the better for a less liberal use of the bludgeon, but remarkable energy and force on the platform, and bold and thorough sincerity, made them a power in the land. Mr. Walker had much to do with securing tangible results for the force which Mr. Isitt's harangues aroused, and in which the Liberal Party was to a large extent enrolled. In 1893 the temperance leaders thought themselves strong enough to make sweeping demands of Parliament. Ballance, the Liberal Premier, had just died ; his party was by many believed to be disorganized. In Sir Robert Stout, the Brougham of New Zealand public life, the Prohibitionists had a spokesman whose boundless energy and uncommon hitting power exactly expressed their temper. He tabled a Bill briefly embodying their complete demands, and it was read a second time. Old parliamentary hands knew full well that the introduction of so controversial and absorbing a measure in the last session before a General Election meant the sacrifice for that

year, at least, of most of the policy Bills on labour, land, and other matters. But, whether it would or would not have been better to postpone Licensing Reform to a Parliament elected to deal with it, as matters came to stand, there was no choice. The Ministry tried to deal with the question on progressive, yet not unreasonable lines. A Local Option Bill was passed, therefore, and nearly every other important policy measure, except the Female Franchise Bill, went by the board —blocked or killed in one Chamber or the other. The hurried Government licensing measure of 1893 had of course to be expanded and amended in 1895 and 1896. Though it failed to satisfy the more thorough-going Prohibitionists, it embraced a complete and elaborate system of local option. Except under certain extraordinary conditions, the existing number of licences could not be increased. The licensing districts were coterminous with the parliamentary electorates. Every adult male and female resident might vote: (1) to retain all existing licences; or (2) to reduce the number of licences, and (3) to abolish all licences within the district. To carry No. 3 a majority of three to two was requisite. No compensation was granted to any licensed house thus closed. The first poll resulted in the closing of some seventy houses and the carrying of a total prohibition of retail liquor sales in the district of Clutha. The second general Licensing Poll was held in December 1896. Then for the first time it was taken on the same day as the parliamentary elections. In consequence the Prohibitionist vote nearly doubled. But the Moderate vote more than trebled, and the attacking abstainers were repulsed all along the line, though they, on their side, defeated an attempt to recapture Clutha.

A later poll brought about local prohibition in Southland and in other smaller districts, and there are now in all thirteen no-licence districts in the Dominion. Never, however, has the enthusiasm of the Prohibition Party waned, nor the vigilance and organized defence of the "Trade" weakened. One excellent result of this continuous contest has been the real zeal displayed by the hotel-proprietors in the strict observance of the licensing laws, for general opinion has ever been critical, and only by conducting their premises on most careful lines have the publicans been able to prevent the tide

of public feeling setting overwhelmingly against them. Every triennial contest finds the forces of the opposing parties preparing vigorously for the campaign, and it is the custom for the newspapers throughout the country to open their columns freely for the battle royal. Had a bare majority only been required originally instead of a three to two vote, Prohibition might, and very possibly would, have been carried long ago. In 1919 the Prohibition Party had their chance, for an amendment of the Licensing Act was passed in 1918 which provided that a Referendum should be taken in the following year on the question of National Prohibition. Two polls were provided for, the issues in the first poll being between National Prohibition, with compensation to those engaged in the "Trade," on the one hand, and National Continuance of the sale of liquor on the other. If Prohibition were not carried in the first poll, the issues to be submitted in the second poll were (i) National Continuance, (ii) National Prohibition *without* compensation, and (iii) State Purchase and Control. In order that Prohibition or State Purchase should be carried at either poll, the Act provided that the votes in favour of these respective proposals should amount to more than one-half of the total votes recorded; otherwise Continuance would win the day. As there were only two issues in the first poll, it followed that, had the Prohibition Party secured a bare majority of votes, no further poll would have been necessary, and New Zealand would to-day have been a no-licence country. Continuance was, however, carried by the small margin of a little over ten thousand votes out of a total of nearly 520,000 votes cast. The poll was taken before the soldiers serving in the New Zealand Expeditionary Force had got back to their homes, and though every care was taken to ensure that they should have an opportunity of recording their votes, whether on land or at sea on transports, they very openly expressed their resentment at what they conceived to be the undue haste of the Government in forcing the issue before they returned to the Dominion. The voting of the soldiers not in the country when the poll was taken was about 80 per cent. in favour of Continuance, and, as it happened, this proved to be the deciding factor in the result. In the second poll taken in December 1919 the votes in

favour of Prohibition (without compensation) came within 3,500 of the other two issues taken together, but as the necessary quota was not forthcoming Continuance was again declared carried. The effect under the Act of these decisions in favour of continuance of the sale of liquor was that thereafter no questions relating to local option should be submitted, but that at every future triennial licensing poll the three issues should be Continuance, National Prohibition without Compensation, and State Purchase and Control. At the last poll, taken in December 1922, the result was again, and more decisively, in favour of Continuance, so Prohibition would appear to have had rather a severe set-back in the Dominion. The margin in favour of Continuance is, however, still very small. Doubtless many people who on previous occasions had voted in favour of no-licence felt that financial and economic difficulties made the time inopportune for the country to face the loss of such an important source of revenue. The Prohibition Party shows no sign of slackening its efforts, nor is it likely to do so. Moreover, it is generally conceded that sooner or later some effectual reform of the Licensing laws must be carried. Indeed, a new movement has lately been set afoot by people who, while not believing in total prohibition, are firmly convinced that some form of control of the trade is necessary. A scheme of "Corporate Control" by a statutory corporation has been suggested as a modification of the present issue of "State Purchase and Control." An association called the New Zealand Licensing Reform Association has been formed to promote this new movement, and it is probable that an endeavour will be made to introduce legislation to give effect to its proposals.

CHAPTER XXII

THE END OF THE OLIGARCHY

THE General Election held in December 1890 brought about a change so marked, and in some ways so lasting, that it warrants a writer sketching the Colony's history in pausing to look backward. Until that year the party struggles in the General Assembly may well have seemed to most observers—especially to those outside the country—confused and petty conflicts between small shifting groups without definite policies or objects lofty enough to drape them with any sort of dignity. After 1890 policies become more definite and interesting and party divisions more permanent, clear and justifiable. Nevertheless, the conduct of affairs during the first fifty years after annexation is neither uninteresting nor unworthy of study. Its broader features are easy to discern, its results were and still are of the greatest moment to the Islands. The politics of the half-century were much more than a series of squabbles between Ins and Outs. The politicians were called upon to lay and—roughly if you will—build upon the foundations of a free and civilized State. Many of them, at least, were quite conscious of this, and to the better sort of them it seemed a noble and inspiring task. The earlier settlers of New Zealand had great difficulties to face. They had to do rough work amid narrow surroundings and to face much that was sordid and disappointing. But the more thoughtful of them were happy in this: that they had an ideal, and with the passing of years could see that progress was being made towards it.

If the Government of the Colony until the end of 1890 is here termed an oligarchy it is not from any desire to discredit those who carried it on by labelling it with an unpopular nickname. The word is merely used to indicate that during

the period named the management of public affairs was in the hands of a minority who, possessing better education and on the whole more knowledge and ability—possessing, too, land, money and the control of commerce and the professions—ruled the country. From time to time they made concessions to the poorer and more ignorant and about the wisdom of these concessions had their doubts. Usually they contrived to govern pretty much as they thought was best for the community. This does not mean that they were lacking in public spirit or that their leaders had no breadth of view. On the whole, until 1891, the young settlements, while exceedingly troublesome to govern were—as Governments go—not governed badly by any means.

The care with which Gibbon Wakefield's settlers were selected and the enthusiasm for colonization which he and his friends managed to evoke in England had this result, among others, that in the first batches of colonists were to be found a good number of men of capacity, education and even social standing. These made their influence felt from the first. As they often belonged by origin to the classes which in those days controlled English politics they regarded it as natural, so soon as self-government was granted, that they and their friends should direct it. With them were linked up self-made men who came up successfully through the struggles of the first decades of settlement. Hard men these sometimes were, but their practical sagacity and energy brooked no denial. Up to 1880 the franchise was restricted. Even when in that year it became very wide the lack of money, organization, and experience combined with provincial divisions to postpone the appearance of any national democratic party: the landowners, financiers, merchants and professional men continued to dominate, though with waning popularity. They trusted, with a good deal of excuse, to the divisions among the smaller folk, and were genuinely astonished when in December 1890 the storm burst and a change came.

Almost the only precaution which they had thought needful or ventured to take to secure themselves had been the fixing of an electoral " quota " greatly to the disadvantage of towns and suburbs. Under this law, passed in 1889 in the face of indignant remonstrances from Sir George Grey, the

rural electorates were given a much larger number of members than they were entitled to on the basis of population. The result was a long disappointment for Conservativism; for more than twenty years the rural vote failed it. Apart from the "quota," Oligarchy had a reserve force in the Upper House whose members, nominated for life, were almost all elderly men of steadily conservative instincts. Until 1891 they had seldom shown themselves actively obstructive to Government measures and were as a rule content with the cheaper distinction of slaughtering private members' Bills. That they could show their teeth to some purpose when class feeling was aroused was to become evident in the years between 1890 and 1899.

When in the years 1853–6 despotic government gave place to oligarchical, the colonists had a good example of local administration to go by. Sir George Grey and his officials had been clean-handed and competent. Speaking broadly, the colonists kept up the tradition. The poorly paid civil service, unattractive as it was, yet gained a name for honour and reasonable capability. I have already pointed out that the Oligarchs kept politics clean—though, of course, there was a certain amount of class legislation. Their newspapers, again, bitter, narrow and personal as some of the political writing was, were decent in tone and showed a reasonable regard for accuracy. The literary standard of the better sort was good and their advocacy was not for sale. In the long conflict with the Maori the Oligarchs, as we have seen, made mistakes at first, yet in the end they came out with credit. They used victory with moderation, and their gift of citizenship and parliamentary representation to the beaten race was a piece of real statesmanship. They provided the Maori, moreover, with free education, paid a price for the tribal lands acquired for settlement, and so dealt with the tribes that the standard of comfort and therefore of contentment among them became and remained at least respectable. They had foresight enough to keep the railways, telegraphs and telephones of the country in the hands of the State and to make education compulsory, universal and fairly good. Taxes and rates were not heavy, nor was the fiscal system deliberately unjust, though the clumsy property tax was unpopular. Protective Customs duties had been imposed, but the cost of

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PICTON—QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S SOUND

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living was not high. So far from the public administration being extravagant, it was often, if anything, too economical, especially between 1879 and 1891. Local government, though not on the whole as efficient as the central, was by no means contemptible. There were too many local bodies and they were often too small. Their work, therefore, was not always sufficiently interesting to attract able men. The Centralists, when rather prematurely abolishing the Provincial Councils, had carried subdivision too far. Yet in giving the country a strong central Government and in saving it from becoming a group of small federated cantons, they did what public opinion has ever since approved of. And in pushing on a railway system under central control they gradually wore down the rampant local rivalries and jealousies which in the earlier decades of settlement were sometimes a spectacle for gods and men. The legal system was cheap and expeditious, and the poorest could count on absolute justice in the Courts, high and low. No man carried arms; there was absolute security for life and property, though the police force was almost comically small; a more law-abiding population could hardly be imagined. The presence of Imperial regiments and the maintenance of a drilled militia during the long conflict with the Maori had taught New Zealanders what discipline was—hence, perhaps, the high level of it in the contingents sent out in after days to South Africa, the near East and France. The leaders of the Oligarchy, too, though they had not hurried to broaden the franchise, had yielded on the question before it was too late and postponed their downfall by doing so. The very fact that governmentalism was by 1890 coming more and more into favour was some evidence that government had not been a failure. The democracy, by that time armed with the vote, could have had less Government action if they had wanted less: they preferred to ask for more.

The course of New Zealand, then, from the grant of autonomy to the beginning of 1891, was directed by landowners and an upper middle class—if you can speak of middle classes in a country where there is no aristocracy. That this direction was in many ways capable and enlightened I have tried to show. Why, then, was it thrown over and displaced by a more plebeian and democratic regime lasting more than twenty years? Why,

when the more conservative classes at last regained power, did they come back so changed that their political fathers would scarcely have owned them—a party that had renounced stern economy, free trade and individualism, that borrowed millions, lent money to farmers, bought and subdivided great estates, and regulated export trading after a fashion that might have made the conservative New Zealanders of the eighties turn in their graves ? The Liberals of the nineties were called reckless Empirics and State Socialists. But they would not have dared to propose the New Zealand Board of Trade Act of 1919. Section 26 of that drastic measure would not have found a dozen supporters in the House of 1891.

The Oligarchs fell through a combination of bad management and bad luck. It was their ill-fortune to hold office in their later years through the longest spell of acute commercial depression which has so far weighed upon their country. As already said, from 1879 to 1896 the prices of the food and raw products upon which New Zealand lives remained at levels which were low, and sometimes ruinously low. Wool-growers suffered, wheat-growers suffered still more. In vain—so it seemed at the time—did sheepowners organize a new export, frozen meat. Such profit as the English middlemen left them seemed all too meagre. Gold-mining might have helped, but gold-mining chose to dwindle just when most needed. The protected manufactures contrived to live, but not much more than live ; cheapened English goods still found their way over the tariff wall, while demand slackened in communities where profits shrank, wages and salaries fell and unemployment became chronic. True, living was cheap, almost absurdly so, when compared with the cost of it to-day. But not only was remuneration comparatively poor. Debt or the dread of unemployment or business failure hung like shadows over thousands. Employers could only have recourse to cutting down expenses. Employees were often valued in proportion to their willingness to take low pay. In certain quarters parsimony became a fetish. A race of men arose nicknamed " skinflints," whose one remedy for public discontents was to cut down salaries. These dismal beings made economy a vice and retrenchment a nightmare. Retrenchment, public and private, was carried to excess : some classes of public servants,

notably the State school-teachers, were grossly underpaid. Yet with all this things grew no better. Low prices, at any rate in a young country depending mainly on the export of raw products, are anything but an unmixed blessing. The financial system of the country was also faulty. The banks were not all strong ; some of them were piling up bad debts in a dangerous fashion ; money was not plentiful ; the rates of mortgage were too high, especially in the case of the smaller borrowers, some of whom had to pay rates which would have been too heavy even in prosperous times. " Money," it was said bitterly, " was the only thing in the country which commanded a high price." In the latter eighties people began to leave the Colony ; thousands shook the dust off their feet and sailed away to other lands. The sinister and depressing spectacle of steamers crowded with emigrants forsaking New Zealand for Australia was witnessed month after month. It seemed, and was, unnatural that a fertile and healthy young country, not one quarter peopled, should be unable to employ an admittedly very scanty population.

For most of these causes of anxiety and discontent the unfortunate Oligarchs were in no way responsible. They could not make or unmake prices in the world market. They shared in the suffering caused by the fall. But in their internecine political battles they had taught the public to blame the Government of the day when things went wrong. When the years of hope, rapid development and good prices in the hey-day of Sir Julius Vogel's prestige were followed by bad times and a melancholy train of ruined speculators and producers, newspapers had persistently written as though the chief cause of evil had been Vogel's loans. Because, as it happened, Grey, the formidable agitator who had given Oligarchy its first shaking, held office when depression set in during 1879, the opportunity to connect the Grey Ministry with the commercial collapse was too tempting to be resisted. So by 1890 the people, sore, puzzled and in some cases despairing, blamed the men in office, not only for the mistakes that had been made, but for evils that could not be averted. There was, moreover, a strong case for change. The Oligarchs, whether they liked it or no, were definitely committed to the defence of *latifundia*. The influence, social and political, of the few hundred persons

and companies that owned or leased the many millions of acres held against settlement by the great proprietors was overwhelming among the dominating classes. The more enlightened and thoughtful of their politicians, who recognized that the huge holdings, or most of them, had become an anomaly and ought to go, could only suggest that the country should wait for a voluntary process of subdivision that would come as a gradual result of social change. They had no prompt remedy to offer. Their friendships, their interests, their theories, forbade them to think of using the weapon of of taxation. Committed to a policy of parsimony, they could not consider State purchase. Individualists—where property was concerned—they could not dream of compulsion. The country was in real need of resolute efforts to push on closer settlement. The development of co-operative dairying was already showing how smaller settlers might thrive on the land. Butter and cheese factories were beginning to be seen. What was wanted was not penurious public thrift, but wise expenditure in promoting settlement. But here the great holdings stood in the way. In some districts they would make—or actually made—public works unprofitable. Moreover, one of the errors of the Oligarchs throughout was to underestimate the possibilities of setting up anything like peasant proprietorship in New Zealand. With many of them it was an article of faith that very small farms could only pay when very near to towns. It was not merely political feeling that stood in the way when Ballance, who thought differently, established "village settlements" in 1885–6. Many people thought the scheme economically rotten. Parliament grudged the money and his successors let the settlements languish. And while even to-day the land of the Islands is in far too few hands, the position was incomparably worse in 1890. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in that year, in the eastern or east-central districts between the Bay of Plenty and Foveaux Straits, a man might walk for hundreds of miles without setting foot ona small holding. Now *latifundia* are among those evils which do not lurk in hiding. They cannot be missed or ignored. Farmers' sons, workmen who had saved money, all sorts of potential small settlers, disliked them as much as Liberal theorists in the towns. It was no use telling people to be patient

because in a few years the great holders would sell. Time was passing, and there was small sign of subdivision. Even as late as 1891 large holders were adding to their possessions. There was "dummyism" as late as 1890, though not much of it. As a last straw it happened that in the years 1887–90 the Department of Lands was not well administered. Mr. Rolleston was no longer there, and as already pointed out, his loss to the Oligarchy at that particular moment was very great—much greater than was recognized at the time. Most of the Oligarchs, too, were wedded to that economic bane of Australia and New Zealand the freehold tenure, the progeny of which are speculation, the piling up of mortgages, lasting debt, shifting ownership, and recurring financial crises. It is customary to attribute the political change, which came so suddenly in 1890, lasted so long and effected so much, to the coming into politics of organized Labour. Those who think thus overlook the large part played by the agrarian question.

Springing out of that came another problem—the plight of the seasonal labourers on the farms and sheep stations. These men, busy and well enough paid during summer and autumn at shearing and harvesting, usually found themselves with nothing to turn to as winter drew on. Some of them might be small farmers or sons of farmers, but these were exceptions. Most of them were just landless workmen, many unmarried. They were rough, reckless, unsettled, with a traditional reputation for wasting their summer's earnings in drink. This done, they shouldered their "swags" and roamed the country singly or in twos or threes asking for work. Reaching some homestead at sundown they put the time-honoured question, "Any chance of a job?" When this was answered, as in those days it usually was, with a curt negative, they would ask for "a feed and a shake-down." These were scarcely ever refused. Next morning the wanderers went forward to the next farm or run. With rare exceptions these men were not tramps or loafers, but genuine rural workers willing and able to earn wages. In brisk times the system could be borne with because the numbers of the swagmen were moderate and employers in the country found some convenience in a trickle of labour past their gates, some of which they might wish to use. But in bad times it became a

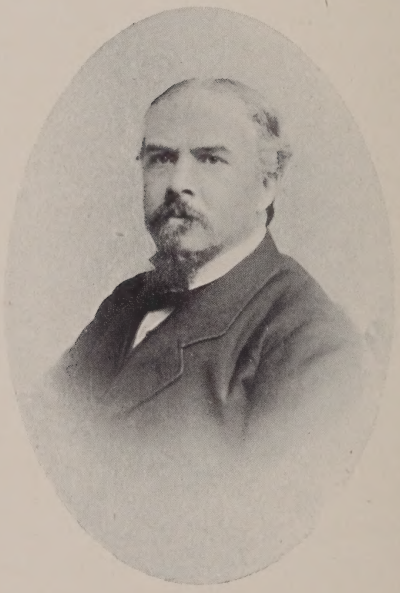
real burden to many landowners and the sight of the unlucky seekers for work trudging along roads and rough tracks for weeks and sometimes months was saddening. It was a discredit to the social system. As you watched them bending under their swags, creeping slowly through the territory of the horsemen of the pastoral race—the sheepowners, stockmen, managers, shepherds—your thoughts recalled the terrific satire in which Swift pictured the equine Houyhnhnms lording it over their subjects, the Yahoos. The most drastic regulations to prevent them from being tempted to squander their wages in the sickening orgies that used to be held in wayside public-houses would have been justified, but almost nothing was done. The landless, roaming shearers and harvesters should have been converted into, or displaced by, a sober, settled peasantry. This was recognized, but the efforts to bring it about were fitful and insufficient. The swaggers in their hundreds seemed an incurable evil and their lot irritated Labour and farmer alike, while it gave point to the speeches of the Prohibitionist propagandists who were beginning to find response in town and country. Minor causes helped to bring Oligarchy down. The employing, richer, better-educated sections in the country were almost all on one side. This made them appear a combination to protect class interests. Their motives, even when good, were doubted, and political life became embittered with social suspiciousness and class feeling. In the voting in December 1890 there was an uncomfortable approach to a clean cut between the richer and poorer. The losing side still commanded a considerable number of votes among the poorer electors, but the proportion of men of more than very modest means on the winning side was noticeably small. This division had been slowly growing more marked for years. Instead of alarming the Oligarchs, it had ministered, in the case of most of them, to their self-confidence. They controlled so much of the land, commerce, finance, Press, and education of the country, their men bulked so much larger individually, that they came to believe that they had something like a monopoly of political ability, economic knowledge and organizing and managing power in private life. In the political struggle all but the most acute of them held their opponents far too cheap, and this, leading

as it did to exasperating arrogance among their "backwoodsmen," came before the fall which it helped to bring about. The only democratic leaders of whom most of them thought anything were Stout and Grey. In 1890 Stout, who had been thrown out in the elections of 1887, was absorbed in professional work. Grey was isolated, hopelessly at odds with his old party, and, outside Auckland, scarcely counted. Then, most of the Conservatives underestimated Ballance, thought nothing of the men round him, and noted that the so-called Liberals were divided in opinion and out of heart. They expected nothing so little as to be faced in 1891 by a united democratic majority provided with a strong and popular policy. Nor, odd as it may now seem, did the Liberals expect it themselves.

The Oligarchy, then, came down largely through mistakes and miscalculation as well as through sheer ill-luck. Yet in any case, even had they held the field in December 1890, they would have had a hard battle in front of them. Times were changing and the ground moving under the feet of the middle classes. A new force was coming into the arena—organized Labour. Between 1880 and 1890 Trade Unionism became a power. The growth of the towns and of a factory system; the decline of the alluvial goldfields, the "poor men's diggings"; the occupation or locking-up of the more fertile and accessible lands; financial enterprise and financial failure—all gradually tended to reproduce in the young country old-world industrial conditions. The labour of women and children was resorted to in the workshops. Sweating was discovered and denounced, yet lurked in holes and corners. The statute-book gave almost no protection to the workers. In an age of individualism very few had looked ahead or troubled to make ready for the coming of Industrialism. Labour had grievances and reason to think that if it did not bestir itself these grievances would grow. Suffering from growing unemployment and falling wages, quite unrepresented in Parliament and the newspapers, it felt that it must awaken its thousands and use the unanswerable argument of its numbers. It had plenty of example to go by. Looking overseas it saw Labour stirring in England, Australia, everywhere. Its leaders read Socialist tracts and humani-

tarian protests. By the autumn of 1890 they had made up their minds to send working men to the House of Representatives as well as to influence the election of friendly Liberals, and were priming their people and getting ready for the battle.

The more broad-minded of the Oligarchs—Atkinson, for example—were not blind to what was coming. Something was thought of to meet the times. One of Atkinson's lieutenants, Hislop, drafted several measures designed to protect workpeople and introduced them in the winter of 1890. Some few of the Liberals supported these. But fortune was against them. The bitterest industrial conflict witnessed until then in the colonies, the Maritime Strike, absorbed attention, confused politics and public opinion, roused a general feeling against Trade Unionism and destroyed any chance of passing Labour Bills. It was the fate of Hislop's measures to be afterwards used by his opponents as the basis of much more drastic changes. Thus the Oligarchs lost their last chance. At the moment it did not seem to matter. Trade Unionism, worsted in every conflict throughout Australia and New Zealand, seemed scarcely likely to do better in elections than by direct action. It did, however, do better. The industrial defeat made it fight more keenly. And as the employers were aligned almost to a man with the more conservative Oligarchs, Labour, perforce, was drawn towards the Liberals. Furthermore, the costly failure of " direct action " left Labour leaders in a chastened and pacific frame of mind. They had asked for arbitration, and the employers had spurned them. They were disposed to think unusually well of arbitration. Had they stuck to strikes as a remedy, an alliance between them and the Liberals would have been impossible. As it was, they were ready to accept protective laws with provision for arbitration in industrial conflicts. They were even converted to welcome compulsory arbitration. The Liberal land and taxing policy attracted them as remedies for unemployment. They were not yet strong enough to form a separate party or to scare the farmers into leaving the Liberal fold. So without any formal negotiations or settlement, without even the dictation of terms, Liberals and Labour drew into an alliance which lasted for some sixteen years and led to a mass of law-making and experiment of unusual interest and importance.



JOHN BALLANCE

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CHAPTER XXIII

THE EIGHT YEARS' TUSSLE

THE foregoing pages have indicated that the results of the General Election of December 1890 were much more than to change the position of Ins and Outs and put Mr. Ballance in Sir Harry Atkinson's seat. The electors for the most part had been in earnest in voting for a new order. There was lively expectation and among younger men even a touch of enthusiasm. The entrance of Labour on the scene aroused interest. Even the minor fact that of Mr. Ballance's colleagues in the House of Representatives none had held office, stirred curiosity. What would they do? It was noted that the more conservative Liberals were gone, some to the other side, some to the limbo for defeated politicians. For the first time in the Islands a democratic Ministry was in office, with a solid majority behind it ready for action. Grey's Ministry had the will to work changes, but not the power. Ballance now had the power: had he the will?

Conservativism believed Ballance to be mild, almost timid, but was doubtful of those round him. Would their inexperience bring them down quickly, or would their crude energy rouse crowds and help them to work lasting harm? The Oligarchy did not underrate the seriousness of its defeat. A reference to its newspapers will show that for many months it went to the other extreme. Articles and letters appeared, pamphlets and speeches were printed suggesting that the social fabric was threatened, industry endangered, employment diminishing, and capital fleeing from the country. The resemblance between much that was written in England in December and January 1923–4, and much that was written in New Zealand in 1891, is so close as to be comic. The

size of the two theatres differed immensely, but the irritation and apprehension felt and the very words in which alarm and anger were expressed were almost identical. The Ballance Ministry, however, was not a Labour Government: still less was it committed to theoretical Socialism. Most of its members did not know what Socialism was, and if they had studied it would not have agreed with it.

The same might be said of almost all their supporters in and out of Parliament. Whatever may be the case now, the number of conscious and avowed Socialists in the Colony in the nineties was extremely small. Yet the democratic party was about to carry a policy which was to be stigmatized in many countries as the most Socialistic of modern times. And if we are to admit that every measure is Socialistic that enlarges the scope of State interference in social life, extends the State's functions and arms administration with fresh powers, then there is truth in the suggestion. But if real Socialism means the discouragement and repression of private enterprise and the reduction of its energy and total volume, then that was not the intention of the New Zealand experimental legislation. The result, too, has been anything but that. A very brief study of statistics would show that between 1890 and the present time the volume of trade, production, and private wealth has swelled in a very remarkable way, while commerce and industry, so far from being checked and depressed, are far more active, more varied, better organized, and more intelligently managed.

The experimental law-making of the nineties, then, was not bound by any hard-and-fast theories. If the free use of State authority did not scare the majority of New Zealanders, it was partly for that reason. The reforms were brought forward as practical remedies or improvements to be scanned separately and judged strictly by their utility. Moreover, though many educated colonists still thought they were Individualists, New Zealand had in practice already thrown Individualism overboard.

There was nothing novel there in the notion of extending the functions of the State in the hope of benefiting the community or the less fortunate classes of it. Already, in 1890, the State was the largest landowner and receiver of rents,

and the largest employer of labour. It owned nearly all the railways and all the telegraphs, and was establishing a State system of telephones. It entirely controlled and supported the hospitals and lunatic asylums, which it managed humanely and well. It also, by means of local boards and institutions, controlled the whole charitable aid of the country—a system of outdoor relief more needed then than now. It was the largest trustee, managed the largest life insurance business, and educated more than nine-tenths of the children. Nearly all the sales and leasing of land went through its Land Transfer Offices.

It will thus be seen that the large number of interesting experiments sanctioned by the New Zealand Parliament after 1890, though they involved new departures, involved no startling changes of principle. The constitution was democratic; it was simply made more democratic. The functions of the State were wide; they were made yet wider. The uncommon feature of the eight years, 1890–8, was not so much the nature as the number and degree of the changes effected and the trials made by the Liberal-Labour fusion.

The new Premier, Mr. John Ballance, formed his Ministry on 24th January, 1891. The elections had been held on the 5th of December, and by the 7th it was clear that the old order of things was to go. But the beaten Ministry made the mistake of waiting until the end of January before assembling Parliament, and the still greater mistake of persuading the Governor, by arguments that could not hold water, to call seven Conservatives—including the defeated Premier—to the Upper House, which was already almost exclusively Conservative. Personal respect for, and sympathy with, Sir Harry Atkinson, who was broken in health, indeed a dying man, did not prevent the appointments being angrily criticized and disposing many onlookers to welcome change. Ballance, though too quiet and unassertive to be a popular or even a familiar figure to the masses, was solid enough to be respected, amiable enough to be liked by friends, and too unaggressive to be hated by enemies. A working journalist, owner and editor of a provincial newspaper, he was one of the earliest adherents of women's franchise. A reading man, he was a patient student of the political questions that interested him.

His speeches kept a good level, for he was not misled by his gift of fluency into talking unprepared or at random. So without rising to oratory he never descended to nonsense, was fairly condensed and very rarely gave his case or his party away. In theory he was that curious combination an English Radical and a Colonial Protectionist, and though an Irish Protestant by origin, united a belief in Gladstonian Home Rule with a support of Catholic claims for special school grants. At the Treasury he was careful and extremely economical. In agrarian matters he was not a single-taxer or a nationalizer. But he thought Crown lands should be disposed of by lease rather than sale, and his village settlements had recommended him to the more thoughtful of the Labour leaders. Like his friend Stout he took a humane interest in the welfare of the Maori. Neither a Socialist nor with any marked interest in Industrial Democracy, he left Labour matters to his colleague, the Minister of Education. But he recognized that these novel questions must be dealt with sympathetically. So far from embarrassing his lieutenant in his difficult task, he strengthened his hands by making him Minister of Labour and providing him with competent departmental assistance. Then, after watching him closely for a while, he left him free to take his own course. A kind, courteous, considerate chief, always ready to listen, he was regarded by most of those round him with a feeling of personal friendship, in some cases amounting to affection. So, in spite of his gentle bearing, he usually had his way when he wished to have it. His judgment and gift of conciliation attracted and united his party. He was careful in appointing men, even to the Legislative Council. Superior to personal vanity, he was the least jealous of chiefs and tried to gather strong men round him. As for his political courage, it is only necessary to point to the measures brought in by his Government in 1891 and 1892, for all of which he was as Premier responsible, and some of the more important of which were his own. Unhappily, he lacked one most necessary part of a leader's equipment, robust health. Dying unexpectedly and before his time in May 1893, he was cut off in the midst of his work and just as he was winning for the first time serious and adequate approval throughout the country. His death

was a loss to public life there, and his party had lasting reason to regret it. Had he lived to be three-score years and ten, a Progressive Party with ideals, combining what was courageous in Liberalism with what was rational in Labour, might have permanently influenced New Zealand politics. Such a party might, it is conceivable, have prevented that mortgaging of the country's future which has been the worst economic feature of its internal affairs since 1908. It might have settled the Liquor question, educated Labour, and been a buffer against that materialist element that has for fifty years had no much higher view of New Zealand politics than to regard them as a scramble for borrowed money.

Ballance, after obtaining a few months' grace to prepare his policy, brought it forward in the winter of 1891. The Opposition joined battle at once, and a fierce parliamentary struggle, lasting without truce or breathing-space for eight years, began. The Conservatives were not in a mood to take defeat meekly. Though not well led, they had good debaters and influential support outside and could count on the vigorous championship of a host of newspapers of varying size, violence, and ability. Furthermore, eleven-twelfths of the Upper House—including every member of much capacity there—were on their side. They had reason to think that if their speech-makers and journalists could work on public opinion the Legislative Councillors would see to it that they had plenty of time to bring the country round. The result was a good deal of spirited debating in one House and in the other one of the most remarkable exhibitions of wrecking ever given by a Colonial Second Chamber. To say that the "lords" flung themselves into the breach might be to use words rather too suggestive of physical activity. It might be more accurate to say that they sat heavily down in it and refused to get up. Policy Bill after policy Bill was sent up to them, only to be thrown out forthwith or so mangled as to be worse than useless. Several measures of importance were thus put back twice and a Bill to permit local bodies to levy rates on unimproved values three times. Even after the elections of 1893 had given their verdict for the obstructed measures, the Councillors still had some fight left in them. They sent

back the Old Age Pensions Bill, for instance. Not until 1898 did they lose heart. After that they went to the other extreme and for many years almost ceased to influence public affairs. Seddon laid himself out to weaken the Council, and did so thoroughly. It paid for the trouble it had given.

The year 1893 was a critical time for the Liberals. Ballance died, and his successor, Seddon, with hands already more than full, had quite unexpectedly to add to his inherited policy an effort to deal with Liquor Reform, always thorny, and then the most vexed of the various bitterly disputed questions that were dividing the country. After this had been more or less settled for a time by the passing of a drastic and advanced measure of local option, the General Election was surmounted and in the session of 1894 the Liberals reaped their harvest. They were aided in doing this by the rule imposing a time-limit for speeches, which the House accepted that year at the suggestion of the Minister of Labour, who had especial reasons for hastening on the enactment of his Bills. Yet 1894 was far from a tranquil year. The long financial depression came to a climax, and the necessity of saving and reorganizing the Bank of New Zealand led to a battle of a peculiarly trying kind, which dragged on through two sessions. Through 1896 and 1897, again, Mr. Seddon, weakened by the loss of two of his chief lieutenants, had to fight hard against an Opposition which had the powerful aid of Sir Robert Stout in a House where his own side was almost pitiably weak in debating power. By passing the Old Age Pensions Bill in 1898 he saved the situation. Added to that came the retirement of Sir Robert Stout from political life and a marked change in the public temper, due to the revival of prosperity. By 1899 it was clear that the experimental laws and their administration had not ruined the country and were not going to do so. The electors let it be seen very clearly that this was their opinion, and between the sessions of 1898 and 1907 there was a comparative lull in political warfare.

That there should be a lull was natural enough. The rush of legislation had been remarkable, and most of the laws, when administered, as they usually were, in a spirit of something like thoroughness, produced effects that were felt

and noticed. Labour now fully employed was for some years content that the laws passed to protect it should be honestly enforced and sympathetically amended. Its chief discontent, caused by its failure to elect a satisfactory number of Labour members, had not yet led to a breach with the Liberals, and was ignored. This was a cardinal mistake, because if Labour in the nineties owed much to the Liberals, the latter for their part owed very much—more, indeed, than most of them recognized—to the Labour vote that was almost always ungrudgingly given them in town and country.

As for the other wing of the Progressives, that which included most of the smaller farmers, its members had by 1898 had quite enough of change and experiment. As early as 1896 one could detect that many of them thought that the Minister of Labour was disposed to go too fast and too far. The pace, especially that set in 1894, had taken their breath away. They did not want Socialism; they wanted better times, higher prices—even higher prices for land—brisk trade, and more confidence. To good wages and humane conditions for Labour they had no objection, but thought that enough had been done to secure those. When on the heels of the other humanitarian laws came the Old Age Pensions Act, the right wing felt that it was time to attend to more "practical" things. Much earlier even they had shown that they did not mean to be dominated by Labour or led by men too closely identified with Labour. They were well enough pleased with Mr. Seddon as leader. So long as John McKenzie lived they stood staunchly by him. For the rest they gave their confidence to Sir Joseph Ward, whom they welcomed with relief as a "business Minister," and with hope as a man who might do something to restore prosperity.

Sir Joseph Ward had been one of a group of young men who entered the House on the same day in 1887. These, Sir Joseph Ward, Sir James Allen, Sir Thomas Mackenzie, Sir Westby Perceval, Dr. Fitchett, Sir James Caroll, Mr. George Hutchinson, and the writer of this book, all became more or less well known in the Dominion, but Ward, though the youngest, attracted notice at once. Bright-looking and with a pleasant manner, a merchant

in a large way in the South Island, he could talk with knowledge about commerce and finance, and since his business brought him in touch with working farmers, he understood the wants and difficulties of that important class. As a beginner he very sensibly confined himself to topics within his experience, and having the Irishman's fluency was listened to from the first. He took up Sir Julius Vogel's subject—quicker mail services, especially that through San Francisco. When the Ballance Ministry was formed he was asked to join it without portfolio, and with a laudable desire to be useful became Postmaster-General, taking no salary. Liked by his colleagues and his party, it soon became known that his officers found him a good administrator. Amongst other changes he managed to get penny postage enacted, though in those years the Treasury, which lost at first by the change, could ill spare the money.

On Ballance's death Mr. Seddon made him Treasurer, and he continued to win good opinions in difficult times. He made the graduated Land Tax scientific without increasing its severity. Having the discernment to see that the Dominion was starving for want of capital and the foresight to predict that trade had seen its worst and that better times were near, he had the courage to resume borrowing. The raising of a million in London, mere driblet as it seems nowadays, was something of an achievement in those years of poverty, especially as the net price was no higher than about 3¼ per cent. On Ward as Treasurer fell the trying and delicate task of rescuing and reconstructing the Bank of New Zealand. The savage attacks made upon him and the Seddon Government in connection with this are best forgotten; but the skill and caution with which a very complicated and daunting financial scheme was carried through and the complete success which attended it ought to be remembered. By a new and daring departure the Government took a substantial interest in the bank, while securing a measure of control which was real without being meddlesome. Two millions of new capital were provided at a cheap rate by an issue of guaranteed debentures. The bank's creditors did not lose a sixpence, the Dominion escaped a crisis, the tax-payers had nothing to meet, and the Government has never had reason to regret a

very profitable parnership. In taking the responsibility Ward and the Government did a venturesome thing, the happy outcome of which did more than make the bank itself a powerful and very prosperous institution. It undoubtedly helped to clear the way for the revival of business which began in the following year.

Another financial measure, as important and valuable, was the provision of cheap money for farmers by an Act described on another page. This was far more than a popular law useful to the party that carried it. It met a crying need of the producers of the Dominion which was not at that time being met properly. The best vindication of the measure is that it has been in operation for thirty years, and that the politicians who displaced Ward make a far more lavish use of it than he did. It has turned out to be one more of those rash experiments which, while doing real service, have involved the Dominion in no loss whatever.

Vigorous finance of this sort, after fifteen years of parsimony, shocked the economical. Ward was jeeringly called another Vogel. Those who thus nick-named him both stated a truth and paid an extremely high compliment. In their earlier years of office there was a distinct likeness between the two men. When Sir Joseph left politics for some years, just as Sir Julius had done twenty years earlier, his friends could feel that the public had lost a good servant. Up to that date his successes had been striking and his mistakes negligible.

Though in New Zealand between 1890 and 1899 political feeling ran high and the interest taken in public affairs was widespread, it was unevenly distributed so far as its objects went. Land laws and liquor laws were burning questions: so naturally were graduated taxation and State money-lending. The reconstruction of the Bank of New Zealand led to heated controversy, and the Old Age Pensions Act was stoutly contested. On the other hand, female suffrage, considering its immense possibilities and utter novelty, went through the Lower House with astonishingly little difficulty and only at the very last moment roused much feeling in the country. Rating on unimproved values was a subject that scarcely kept the elected chamber awake, and the same may

be said of the abolition of life-membership in the Upper House. Fourteen Labour Bills, regarded by many in those days as strange if not dangerous, were brought in by the Minister of Labour and passed into law between 1891 and 1896. To say that a majority of the Lower House were enthusiastic for these or were greatly interested in them would be absurd. One Bill—dealing with retail shops—was obstructed, but chiefly for electioneering reasons. The potential importance of the Industrial Arbitration Act was not understood. It was thought to be the mere expression of a pious opinion. Most members were never so pleased as when the Minister of Labour cut a debate short by getting a Bill referred to a committee or by promising that some point should be "met by regulation." With a sort of glum acquiescence they let the Bills go through and hoped to hear as little about them afterwards as possible. It must be said that not a single hostile amendment was accepted or made in them in the House. Nor was the Council permitted to emasculate them, often as it delayed them. They were passed in the form known to be necessary by the Minister, and were not put on the statute-book to please Labour by appearances, but to be effective.

With a Parliament mostly in this sulky temper and with the urban employers against the Labour laws almost to a man, great care was needed and some judgment required. Because many Bills were forced through in a few years it was supposed that they were put together anyhow, and the epithets "crude" and "hasty" were in daily use among their critics. As a matter of fact, very great personal care was bestowed upon them by the Minister in charge, who knew their details by heart, and if they worked when enacted it was because no trouble had been spared to fit them to do so. The Arbitration Act, for instance, was completely drafted or re-drafted three separate times, and between whiles had a multitude of amendments inserted in it by or at the instance of the Minister, who in addition to law-making had to give the closest attention to the completely experimental department of Labour and to the troublesome question of unemployment.

Furthermore, both the laws and the department owed much to the good sense and loyalty of the Trade Unionists and

of the small but compact group of Labour members in Parliament. Organized Labour can easily make the life of a Liberal Minister in charge of Labour matters a burden to him. In New Zealand in 1891 and thereafter Labour, luckily for Labour and everyone else, preferred to be helpful. The organizations accepted a policy which they did not dictate and gave their Minister the fairest of fair play. They neither clamoured for the impossible nor jeered at what was done. They knew that they had reason to be satisfied and were not above saying so. The Labour members in particular, of whom a good deal was asked in the way of loyalty, moderation, and self-restraint, were fully equal to their new responsibilities. At the outset much curiosity was felt about them as the first specimens of a new parliamentary race. Had they been thirsty for notoriety they could easily have got it by a few rowdy speeches and scenes. They preferred to be orderly, businesslike, and fair-minded. Faithful to their class and keen to secure help for it, these leaders took a broad view of the interests of the community. Furthermore, instead of badgering the Minister of Labour, they did everything to make his task easy, took charge of and carried many of his amendments for him, spoke or remained silent as tactics required, and reasoned with the impatient among their own friends. Above all, they never pestered him to perpetrate petty jobs. For themselves they asked nothing, but sank personal considerations in their work. The result was that solid work was done and advantages gained which could never have been obtained by a class war. The ideal of the Minister, that Labour in the Colony should not merely have existing grievances remedied, but be secured against any future invasion of the worst evils of European industrial life, was achieved. Labour itself made an excellent parliamentary start. Nervous curiosity soon wore off, and the Labour member became a natural and creditable figure in public life.

Outside Parliament the public for the most part shrugged its shoulders at Labour legislation. The farmers believing, not quite rightly, that it would not touch them, thought no more of it. The proprietors and editors of Liberal newspapers grew pensive when it was mentioned. Even when the Liberal policy became popular, the Labour Bills were regarded as

its poor relations. Liberal leaders did not talk about them overmuch. The Minister of Labour had much platform work to do, but in five years he was never once asked to give a speech devoted to the Labour Bills and department. When he wished to talk of such subjects to his own constituents, an ably-led militia of local Anti-Bacchanals—with hilarious help from uproarious larrikins—put up a barrage of howls. Only after the laws were fully at work and social students came from other countries to study them did New Zealanders begin to think that they might be something better than a pile of raw rubbish palmed off on the public by an ignorant demagogue. Gradually the laws were voted useful, though the demagogue was not forgiven. Such is the story of the fourteen Labour Bills passed while the public were thinking of other things.

What of the Oligarchs throughout these years of controversy? In two General Elections, those of 1893 and 1896, they were badly beaten, but fought on, and with the aid of the Prohibitionists kept the Liberal leaders fully employed. They had, however, no alternative policy to offer the country, and a third and crushing defeat in 1899 knocked most of the wind out of them for several years. Sir William Russell, a leader whose honourable qualities were not rewarded by success, went down a few years afterwards. A large landowner, he was the last of the old Oligarchs to head a party. Thereafter the Opposition slowly changed. It did not "suffer a sea-change" so much as a land-change. Always more or less agrarian, it found the dominating influence within it shift from the diminishing number of great proprietors to a host of small farmers and dealers in land. Thus recruited and with new points of view, it regained office at last in 1912, and has stayed there. Like other parties, it has strong and weak qualities. The strong it showed during the Great War when, coalescing with the Liberals, it helped New Zealand to play a fine part. It has prudence and wisdom: but, hitherto, the prudence has hardly been shown in its finance or the wisdom in its Land Policy.

I do not wish to suggest that the intense feeling the party showed in opposing almost all the proposals of the Liberals in the nineties was assumed for party purposes. Most of it

was perfectly genuine. The changes and experiments passed during these years of hard-fighting were looked upon with suspicion, alarm, contempt, or anger by a large class of wealthy and influential New Zealanders. It is but fair that, in a sketch like this, some emphasis should be laid upon their dissent and protests. The personal attacks of which a very great deal of their criticism consisted are, happily, forgotten. A summary of the then Conservative view of the progressive work ought, however, to have a place. Disqualified as I might be thought to be from attempting it, I prefer to make use of an account written and published in 1896 by an English onlooker, Sir Anton Bertram, mentioned elsewhere, who, in the years 1894–5, spent many months in the Dominion studying with attention its politics and public temper. As his social acquaintanceships lay chiefly among the Conservatives, he had no difficulty in getting frank expressions of their views. In the following sentences he sums up the more moderate and impersonal of these, as he heard and analysed them :—

. . . It must not be supposed that the Conservatives of New Zealand, any more than those of the Mother-country, are apologists for " sweating." Indeed, as Mr. Reeves himself has acknowledged, the Labour legislation with which he is associated was inaugurated by the Government's predecessors, and in carrying his Bills he had the cordial support of Captain Russell, the leader of the Opposition. At the same time it is urged that this protective legislation has been carried to an unreasonable extent, and people allege, no doubt with a certain amount of exaggeration, that they feel themselves regulated in all the relations of life. The measure which has created the most irritation seems to be the Shop Assistants Act. Employers say that Mr. Reeves has made every man " a walking lawsuit," and that they are chary of having one about their premises. Moreover, this constant succession of Labour laws, and the language of some of their supporters, have created, so they say, in the minds of the working classes the impression that the squatters, manufacturers, and the classes with which they associate, are tyrants and oppressors, and their lives are embittered by the feeling that they are regarded as enemies of the people. Further, they say that the administrative action of the Government tends to keep up the price of labour, that the price of labour is unreasonably high, and that this fact, coupled with the necessity of keeping all the provisions of the Labour laws in mind, and the spirit which they have generated, makes them disinclined to employ labour in the improvement of their lands. As to the Government's land policy, while it is admitted that

small settlers are desirable, it is not admitted that large properties are necessarily a curse. What is resented more fiercely than anything else is the fact that they are liable to have their own properties appropriated at the arbitrary will of the Minister of Lands, and though the Government promises to work the law reasonably, neither this nor any other of their declarations is regarded with confidence. It is asserted that the Government is flooding the country with incompetent settlers, who imagine that anyone can get a living out of the land; that the resumed properties have been purchased and cut up in such a way that a cry for a reduction of rents will soon become inevitable, and that the Cheap Money Scheme has created a class of debtors, who, in conceivable circumstances, might be able to apply effectual political pressure for the reduction of their interest. In point of fact they do not share the Progressist idea, that much can be done by legislation to ameliorate the condition of the masses of the population, nor do they see that in a country like New Zealand, where labour is dear, food cheap, and the climate mild and equable, their condition need necessarily be deplorable. They still cherish the old theories of individualism. The humanitarian ideals of Mr. Reeves, not being idealists, they regard with little interest. What they see is the Government of their Colony, which they had been accustomed to control, in the hands of men whose characters they despise or detest, and the House of Representatives, which was once the most dignified and distinguished assembly in the Colonies, now become (in their circle at any rate) a byword of reproach—full of men who vote themselves for a three months' session salaries which many of them would be unable to earn in any other walk of life.

CHAPTER XXIV

"KING DICK"

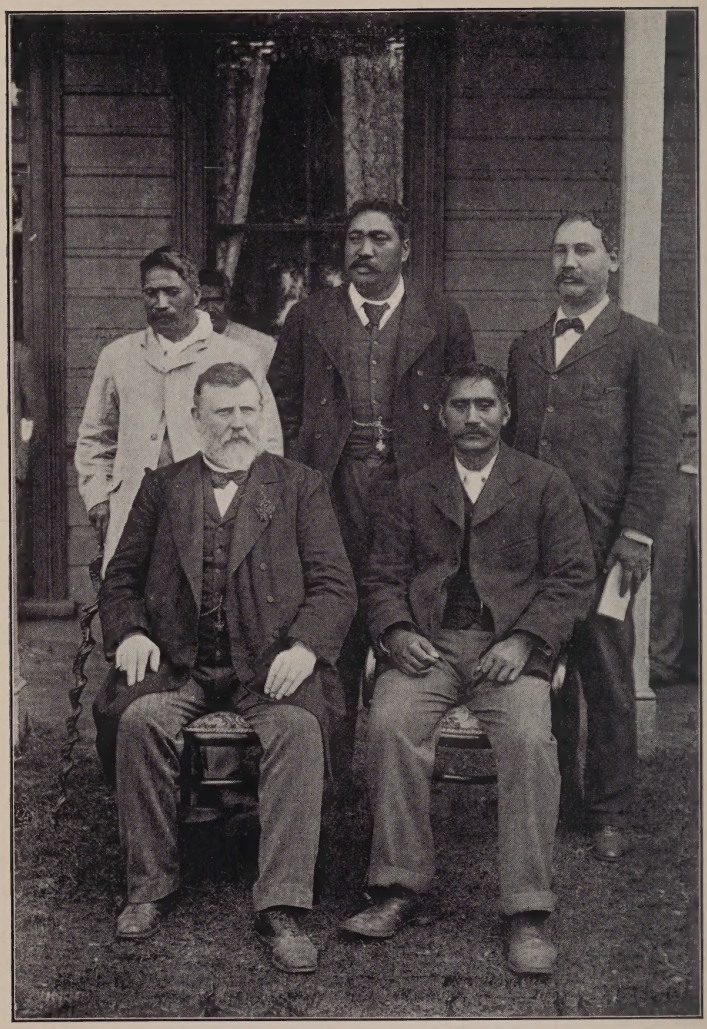
One of the people, born to be
Their curious epitome.

WHEN Grey's followers met and deposed him after his defeat by Sir John Hall and Sir Harry Atkinson in 1879 a few of them stood faithful to the fallen chieftain. Among these was a young miner's agent just returned to Parliament by a Gold-fields district. He was noteworthy for a fine chest-girth and an equal measure of self-confidence; also for an aptitude, quite striking in a novice, for mastering the forms of parliamentary procedure. His head made one think of iron wedges, stone axes and things meant to split and fracture. And the pallor of his face was lit up by two alert blue eyes and by a peculiarly pleasant—nay, sweet—smile playing round a well-shaped mouth. He looked as though he might be handy with his fists, as indeed he could be. Most things about him appeared big, vigorous, restless: you thought him a man made for drums and tramplings. Only the skull was small. It was dolicho-cephalic and held one of the most sleepless brains in New Zealand. The owner had an instinctive understanding of tactics and a glorious disregard of hard knocks. He sometimes winced a bit under sarcasm, for to meet that he was unable; but to personal abuse, or the angriest denunciation, he was or, what is just as useful, seemed to be, indifferent. His understanding of tactics took time to show itself in any higher way than in the art of obstruction. Of his power to endure pommelling he had need early. During his first decade in the House he was chiefly known by his much speaking. Of his speeches, enough to say that their number, bulk and lack of quality were a serious obstacle to his rise in

political life. It is something of an enigma that a man of his shrewdness, industry and lively appreciation of political realities should have managed for eleven years to talk so much and say so little. It should be noted, though, that he avoided acidity and insult. He was no swordsman and, if he sometimes laid about him with a club, the hearty fashion in which he swung his weapon caused more smiles than resentment. He went his way, emptying the House and filling Hansard, just as the humour took him. He had to take harder knocks than he gave: he took them. Newspapers wrote of him contemptuously. Triumphant respectability, after defeating a man like Grey, was not inclined to be forbearing to troublesome persons whom it held much cheaper. Seddon became respectability's favourite butt and *bête noire*. When he stopped Government business, as he often did, he would be pelted with threats, imprecations, entreaties and groans, of none of which he took the faintest notice. He went doggedly on, and in the scuffles of the years that followed Grey's eclipse it began to be understood that this athletic talker, though not a condensing engine, might be a considerable motive power.

It is usually said that he shouldered his way to the front. It was not all mere shouldering, however; even in his early years in the House he knew his way about. When you came to talk confidentially with him about the political position, you found, perhaps to your surprise, that he understood every move on the board. He grasped the relative importance of things, could come to the point quickly and kept a cool head. When action was called for he could tell you what to do. It may be added that when a Liberal principle was in question he was scarcely ever found in the wrong lobby.

In the Ballance Cabinet he was given the portfolios of Public Works and Mines. Having at last responsible work to do he showed that he could do it. He threw himself into the business of his departments and mastered it almost as well as he had mastered the standing orders. He proved himself a capable administrator and took care that the public knew it. Even at that early stage of his official career he travelled about the country a great deal, but there are reasons in New Zealand which justify a Minister of Mines and Public Works in doing a good deal of travelling. He also demonstrated that he could



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TE WAHAROA HENARE KAIHAU, M.H.R. HON. JAMES CARROLL, M.H.R.
RIGHT HON R. J. SEDDON (*Premier*) MAHUTA (*The Maori "King"*)

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get his business through the House. An active Opposition, regarding him as a poacher turned gamekeeper, promised themselves much sport in "sticking up" his Bills and estimates. They reckoned without their host. The inexhaustible stonewaller entered into the fun of the game and thought nothing of turning the tables on his assailants by throwing off a trifling speech of an hour or so in the small hours of the morning. More than once he talked his tormentors into flight.

When Ballance died in 1893, Seddon was in a position to grasp the Premiership, and did so. His party acquiesced. The country gave a little gasp of mingled amazement and amusement, but on the whole was disposed to give the daring man a chance. He took office in May 1893 and stayed there till his death in June 1906. Though in some respects a lucky Premier, he had difficulties to face. To take the luck first. It may be pointed out that he inherited from Ballance a party united as it had hardly ever been united before and with a spirit which it never quite possessed again. In addition to able colleagues and a strong majority, Ballance left him a really fine policy which had captured the imagination of the country. It was pretty plain that he had only to go ahead to win; he could make a flying start. Fortune also favoured him from 1896 onwards by making New Zealand prosperous once more after sixteen years of continued depression. The good times certainly softened political animosity and furnished a practical reply to the constant prophecies made in New Zealand and outside it that the Liberal experimental laws would bring ruin. The success of these laws, which turned out to have been careful, as well as beneficial, supplied Seddon and the Liberals with a capital which it took a long time to spend. Again, the South African War, the local enthusiasm excited thereby and the cordial feeling with which England saw the much-suspected, almost Socialist little democracy throw up its hat for the Empire and dispatch twelve contingents of shooting, riding men to South Africa were very helpful. Patriotism and Imperialism came into fashion. People forgot local feuds. The old Conservatives did not like subjection to the rule of "King Dick"; but as one of their leaders said to the writer at the time: "I would sooner have Seddon with prosperity than anyone else without."

On the other hand, he had much to fight against during the first five of his thirteen years. On becoming Premier he was instantly attacked by the newly arisen Prohibitionist movement, then and now the strongest social agitation ever known in the Colony. They had able spokesmen and gave him and his no quarter. Ultimately this helped him, because it obliged the main Liberal force to rally round him, while it also assured him the support of the liquor trade. But in his first year it seemed likely to overwhelm him. What saved him was that he went doggedly on with the Liberal policy and with the help of his colleagues forced it through Parliament. Then in 1896 and 1897 came his most difficult years. The rush of reform was over and he was not yet as popular as he afterwards became. In 1896 he lost both Sir Joseph Ward and Mr. Reeves and his side was left terribly weak in debate. Against him he had Sir Robert Stout, the best debater and platform speaker at that time in the country, a well-read Liberal with a grasp of principles, the leading advocate in New Zealand, an experienced, clean-handed politician and a " bonny fighter." The Opposition were otherwise well supplied with speaking power, while outside were the Prohibitionist orators. Seddon's big majority shrank, and at one time, in 1897, it looked as though his opponents would get him down. The ground was moving under his feet ; it was time to do something big. With acuteness, indeed, real wisdom, he decided to pass the Old Age Pensions Bill. The measure was his own and was his greatest feat. He gradually shaped it until he made it what it was and long remained, the best of its kind in the world. Then he took care that it was well and economically administered, and its success was complete. On the heels of it came the retirement of Sir Robert Stout from public life, and thenceforth Seddon had little trouble. For the last eight years of his reign he was the most popular man in New Zealand. It is noteworthy that his great popularity began after he had been Premier for five years. Of most Premiers it may be said that before they have been in power for five years they have no popularity left.

His special achievements in law-making, apart from the Old Age Pensions Act, were considerable. There were his two Local Option laws, his share in the Bank of New Zealand Act,

and several important Labour Acts amending the Labour laws of his predecessor. Without being adventurous he was a good Minister of Labour. To the Government Life Insurance he added the business of Accident and Fire Insurance. His Public Health Act was a distinct advance. In opening a couple of State coal-mines, chiefly for the supply of Government railways, he merely did what any private railway company, operating throughout New Zealand, would have done. Though criticized, it was a natural and proper thing to do and turned out successful. His concession of a preference to British importers in his Protectionist tariffs was a wise step, and whatever Free Trade newspapers may say, has been of value to the British exporter. New Zealand has thriven exceedingly by using the open door provided for her products by English Free Trade and may well make some slight return.

It is interesting to note the very great difference between the Liberal policy of the eight years 1891–8 and that of the eight years from 1898 to 1906. The policy of the first period might have been adopted by Mr. Sidney Webb. That of the second might have been fathered by Sir Julius Vogel. It was, of course, passed by Seddon with the help of Sir Joseph Ward.

An undoubted and very great service rendered by Seddon to the social experiments of the eight years 1891–8 was that his comparatively quiet reign during the next eight years gave them time to settle down. Had the Conservatives ousted the Liberals in 1896, an effort might have been made to repeal the progressive laws. At any rate, these would not have had the advantage of many years of friendly administration and amendment. When the Liberal Party had shot its bolt and had to go, the experimental legislation had on the whole been accepted as a success, and outside the Land System the Conservatives did almost nothing reactionary.

As Treasurer he did not waste any money to speak of or borrow, on the whole, too much. You could scarcely call him a financier in any strict sense of the term. He had, however, a very sound appreciation of the difference between a surplus and a deficit. There were no deficits when he was at the Treasury and the surplus was usually very substantial. If he relished spending public money—well, it is pleasant to be a special providence! Speaking broadly, the spending depart-

ments of his Ministry distributed their money fairly enough. True, if anyone were to plod through the newspaper files of the nineties, he might be led to suppose that the Colony was obsessed by a dark and sinister system called "Seddonism," overshadowing and portentous, and demoralizing with the corruption of Walpole. But that sort of thing, looked at through the vista of years, need not be taken too seriously. It must be remembered that in New Zealand, in the nineteenth century, there was no remunerative market for local fiction or verse; any imagination or fancy that our writers possessed had to find an outlet through journalism.

The part played by Seddon as a law-maker, leader and contributor to the success of the Liberal policy of his time, appears—as sketched here—large, meritorious and highly successful. The outlines of his figure, as drawn in this book, are not perhaps as grandiose as his enthusiastic friends might wish. That is because the pictures of Seddon and his times, sometimes painted by friendly hands before and at the moment of his death, rather resemble the wall-pictures seen in Egyptian temples or tombs, depicting the victories of the conquering Pharaohs. In these battle-scenes, one gazes on the gigantic figure of a triumphant Seti or Rameses standing or driving in a royal chariot and towering over pigmy followers and dwarfed enemies alike. Seddon, however, was not, until his latest years, a Gulliver among Lilliputians. His dictatorship, such as it was, began at the earliest in 1896; his special and important legislative work began in 1893. The Liberal-Labour policy submitted by the Ballance Government to Parliament in 1891 would have been thought out and submitted almost precisely as it was if Mr. Seddon had never been born.

For his speeches on Imperial matters in England there is not much to be said. The Imperial policy that he supported was patriotic and arguably reasonable. It was that of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. If Mr. Chamberlain was wrong about fiscal reform and other matters, then Seddon was wrong. Most colonists, however, do not think that Mr. Chamberlain was wrong. Sir Starr Jameson once commented to the writer on the great superiority of Seddon's doings and proposals at Imperial conferences to his speeches outside. To some extent that was true generally of what he said and did. He was

almost the converse of the merry, witty king who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one. It may be pointed out, moreover, that Seddon in Imperial matters was not always a mere echo. He had the nerve to protest against that lamentable blunder, the importation of Chinese coolies into South Africa, and found several other Colonial Premiers ready to support him.

He was neither a Labour leader nor a Socialist; he was not even very closely in touch with organized Labour generally. He was neither a Trades Union mechanic nor a collectivist doctrinaire. The popular leaders of New Zealand in the future seem likely to be men with definite theories of Government and Society up to which they mean to work. Seddon was not encumbered with either theories or ideals. If you had spoken to him of Utopia, he would have asked where it was. On being told that it was "nowhere," he would have sharply answered that he had no intention of going in that direction. I never knew him read a Socialist book, though he did things that Socialists noted and admired, doing them as they came into his day's work. His sympathy with the people was undoubted; his ideas he picked up as he went along.

The latter part of his reign has often been called a dictatorship. The expression is hardly correct. A dictator is a ruler who governs a people as they like or as they do not like, according as he thinks proper. Seddon held power as the result of a long and untiring effort to find out what the people did like, and then, if it was at all reasonable, to do it for them. If he was a dictator he was a dictator with his ear to the ground. He may have been a dictator in his Cabinet; he may have been a dictator in his party; outside Parliament he was the assiduous, though wary, servant of the people.

It has been complained that the latter years of his Premiership were an era of political vulgarity from which New Zealand public life has not yet quite emerged. It is true that from 1898 to 1906 the House of Representatives was scarcely a spiritual home for a cultured mind; nor did it become so later on. But to make Mr. Seddon responsible for this is hardly fair. The New Zealand Parliament was always a very mixed assembly. There had always been a very strong contingent of what may be called anti-intellectuals there. Before 1898,

this had been to some extent held in check by a large sprinkling of men of cultivation and strong ability on both sides. The Conservatives chose to pit themselves against democratic reform. At the beginning of the nineties nearly the whole of the educated and wealthy in the country were massed on one side. They were badly beaten and some of their better men were thereafter shut out of Parliament. That may be the fault of the democracy ; it may also be the fault of the wealthy and better-educated classes for setting themselves against reasonable change in the uncompromising fashion in which many of them and their newspapers fought it. As for the Liberals, it is true that Seddon was not over-fond of intellectuals and had a propensity for breaking with the clever young men of his party. He had an exceptional power of attracting and managing ordinary men, and usually preferred to trust to that. But, if the bulk of the Liberal Party in the House and country had really wanted stronger Ministers and members, they could have had them. The truth is that a curious and important change of feeling was coming over the New Zealand public. It came from the people themselves, grew more apparent about 1898 and lasted for a number of years. It coincided with the return of the material prosperity that endured till 1921. It may have had something to do with the increasing strength of the farming class. Whatever its causes, its result was to make a fetish of the commonplace in public life. That mainstay of his country, the farmer, set small store in those days by sparkle or vivacity : he pinned his faith to butter and borrowing. Nor in other classes did Prosperity trouble itself much to be lively. The conventional became a tyranny : bright people tried humbly to seem dull. The last legislator known to have made a good joke died quietly at Wellington in 1897. New Zealanders appeared to distrust distinction, dislike brilliancy, and doubt originality. Their idol in those years was honest, wholesome Mediocrity—that which sees clearly but not far, and walks steadily because it never looks aloft.

Of his habitual semi-regal progresses throughout his dominions something must be said ; they were a standing New Zealand dish. I once heard Sir William Harcourt observe that Mr. Seddon seemed to have obtained perpetual power by

means of perpetual motion. At any rate, there is no doubt that his people liked these genial excursions, and as they had to pay for the journeys and listen to the speeches that diversified them, a critic need say little. There is no doubt that his audiences, especially in the provinces, welcomed both the visits and the oratory. They liked to hear their own views, feelings and wishes—one would hardly say ideas—given back to them in language not too far removed from their own. They liked the comforting official statistics, the patriotic platitudes, the inevitable reference to "God's own country." Still more and most undoubtedly they liked the figure on the platform. They saw New Zealand being ruled at last by one of themselves, and relished it greatly. They liked the big, smiling man with the flushed face and powerful voice; they liked the swelling chest, the energetic arm, the flapping coat; and when next morning the untiring monarch sped on to the next township, he left contentment behind him. If a few sturdy recusants walked away from the meeting muttering darkly, and hinting sullenly that certain persons "could talk the leg off an iron pot," what did two or three matter? If, moreover, some of the audience were vaguely conscious that during the little provincial comedy a very shrewd brain, watching them through a pair of blue eyes, was quietly taking their measure and calculating to a nicety how much it was *not* necessary to do, they did not mind that. If "Dick" was "Downy Dick," so much the better!—"Good Old Dick!"

So the man for the masses went about; so he went on, year after year, making laws that were sound for the most part and speeches that were, for the most part, sound.

To see Seddon at his best you had to sit opposite to him in a small room and talk with him openly about some matter that he thought important. Then, if it were at all intricate, it was a pleasure to mark how quickly he could come to the point and separate the essential from the unessential. Under such circumstances he could be brief, plain, one could almost say incisive. He was particularly worth watching in some moment of pressure and confusion in Parliament. Then amid the small welter of Lobby intrigues, grumblings from supporters, opposition attacks and newspaper "rumours" and

prophecies, he remained perfectly collected and usually took the right course. To the writer he sometimes seemed to manœuvre overmuch and to give himself more trouble than he needed by "tactics." Still, it must be admitted that the tactics usually worked. It was said of Mr. Gladstone when an old parliamentary hand that he trusted in Providence, but kept an ace up his sleeve. Doubtless Seddon had his share of faith, but he kept a pack of cards handy.

He scarcely ever asked for advice, but was prepared to listen to it, and sometimes took it in important matters. In unimportant matters he thoroughly enjoyed having his own way. Owing to a narrow training-ground and incomplete education, he was, for a long time, not much more than a man of details. As he rose and had to take responsiblity and deal with affairs of moment, his mind expanded, though whether he really ever cared for large questions as much as for details one is not quite sure. In confidential discussion he could understand anything whatever, if it were put to him clearly and in something like sequence. The reader who imagines that this power is universal among men of position may rest assured that it is not. He was usually cautious in what he did, though not always in what he said, and would often hesitate almost curiously before taking a political step with any sort of risk attaching to it. When once he had made up his mind he hardly ever hesitated. He was not one of those exasperating leaders who agree with the first persuasive supporter that gets at them, and then with the next, and then with the next. He had the invaluable quality in a chief of almost always expecting to win. Nor after a tussle did he ever blame himself for not having taken a different course. If he ever thought he had blundered he did not admit it. It used to be said that he was never known to apologize for anything; the writer, however, has known him try and do a substantial kindness to a friend after getting him into trouble by thoughtlessness.

His mistakes, such as they were, were nearly always traceable to the handicaps at which I have hinted—a useful but limited education, small knowledge of books, and the narrow training-ground in which much of his life was passed. A man of his strong, restless, self-assertive nature should have lived in

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MAORI CONVEYING GUESTS IN A CANOE

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a wider atmosphere where he could have met men from whom he was ready to learn. The result of these cramping influences was that he did not always know in politics what was important and what was not, and that he made blunders—sometimes rather bad blunders—over things when he did not think they mattered. This was the case with political and minor appointments. The important non-political appointments made by him were nearly always good. He concentrated absolutely on politics, seeming to live, move and think for them alone. Books, save blue-books, he ignored. Diversions he appeared neither to have nor want. I cannot recall hearing him talk of any non-political subject for ten minutes. Added to this, his restless energy, physical and mental alike, was almost uncanny. His extraordinary power of defying fatigue—joined to a supreme carelessness for form—helped to explain his prodigious speeches, also his general air of hopeful good-humour. In days of old it was written of the kings of Judah and Israel that when dead they " slept with their fathers." To those of us who knew " King Dick " it does not seem possible to imagine him asleep, inert, or passive in any world, however vast and remote. We cannot picture him submitting to immobility. The shade of Richard Seddon, one may be sure, wasted no time over regrets for a vanished earth. Could the swiftest journey beneath the stars surprise that undaunted ghost ? I trow not. Arrived on the banks of Styx he at once found plenty to do. One can hear him commenting promptly on the inferiority of Stygian river-scenery to that of the sunlit streams of romantic New Zealand. Noting Charon's leisurely methods of transport, did he suggest, good-naturedly, to the aged ferryman the propriety of retirement on a suitable Old Age Pension ? Did he take the helm when crossing the river ? One likes to think of him as happy—not in the enjoyment of rest, for rest he could not enjoy—but energetically happy, smilingly haranguing Elysian mass meetings in fields of amaranth and asphodel, where there is no time-limit for speeches.

Mr. Seddon in private life had the stay and happiness that are given to a husband and father by a devoted wife and by warm family affection. In his own home he lived simply and quietly, the head of a well-ordered household, without the

slightest attempt at luxury or display. He welcomed old West Coast friends after becoming Premier precisely as he always had before. He took no title. Most of the funny stories that used to be told about sayings and doings of his were either inventions or distortions. One or two of the best known were quite correct, but not of him ; the heroes of them were obscure New Zealand politicians, now long dead.

When, active and popular as ever, he was snatched away by a death that might almost be called accidental, New Zealand honoured him with a burst of regret such as no other of her public men has ever evoked. The absolute sincerity of the feeling was beyond question.

His highest and most honourable quality as a public man was his genuine sympathy with the poor and weak, the victims of ill-luck, failure and old age. He did not shrink from weakness or even inefficiency. Clever men might sometimes excite his jealousy. The poor, and especially the aged who had not won in the struggle of life, drew his pity ; a strong man felt for those who were not strong. It was this easily noticeable quality that explains why his chief measure was the Old Age Pensions Act. He wanted to help the less fortunate, and his notion of help was practical. When touching on his failings, as one must, one counts them very small when compared with a humane, indeed noble, enactment such as that which first laid down the principle of Old Age Pensions for the Poor in the English-speaking world.

When Seddon became Premier, New Zealand commercially was at low water ; there was bitter anxiety on all sides ; times were very bad indeed. When he died the country was more prosperous and in a sounder and more comfortable position than it ever had been before or has been since. Prices of produce were excellent, but not artificially high ; labour was well paid and quiescent under the justest conditions known. There was no unemployment and there had not been a strike or lock-out for thirteen years. The cost of living was reasonable, trade was brisk but not inflated, and the mischief of land speculation not yet very great. Moreover, let it be noted, the National Debt was nothing alarming and taxation was light. The banks were quietly strengthening their position. The settlement of the country was going on apace ; so was the

organization of rural industry. The quality of the immigration had for years been better than usual. Public servants were at last receiving adequate pay; even schoolmasters were getting a living wage. The Oligarchs themselves fared comfortably under the easy yoke of the jovial Tribune. They shrugged their shoulders and made hay while the sun shone. In older lands men heard of far-away little New Zealand and envied its people. That is how Seddon left his country, and of how many statesmen can as much be said? I have dwelt on the contrast between his laws and his speeches. It may be as well to emphasize, therefore, that laws that endure are of more consequence than speeches —things that go past as the wind goes past.

CHAPTER XXV

THE EXPERIMENTAL LAWS

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a potter thumping his wet clay.

NOW for a short summary of the more important of the experimental laws passed by the Liberals in the eight years referred to in the previous chapter and of subsequent amendments to them. Roughly speaking, these related to (1) Finance; (2) Constitutional Reform; (3) Labour. [The Land and Liquor Laws have been given in another chapter.] One of the first strokes delivered was against the Property Tax. This, the chief direct tax of the Dominion, was an annual impost of 1d. in the £ on the capital value of every citizen's possessions, less his debts and an exemption of £500. Its friends claimed for this tax that it was no respecter of persons, but was simple, even-handed, and efficient. The last it certainly was, bringing as it did into the Treasury annually about as many thousands as there are days in the year. But inasmuch as different kinds of property are by no means equally profitable, and therefore the ability of owners to pay is by no means equal, the simplicity of the Property Tax was not by many thought equity. The shopkeeper, taxed on unsaleable stock, the manufacturer paying on plant and buildings as much in good years as in bad, bethought them that under an Income Tax they would at any rate escape in bad seasons when their income might be less or nothing. The comfortable professional man or well-paid business manager paid nothing on their substantial and regular incomes. The working-farmer settling in the desert felt that for every pound's worth of improvements made by muscle and money he would have to account to the tax-collector at the

next assessment. Nevertheless the Conservative politicians rallied round the doomed tax. It was a good machine for raising indispensable revenue. Moreover, it did not select any class of property-owners or any description of property for special burdens. This suited the landowners, who dreaded a Land Tax, for might not a Land Tax contain the germ of that nightmare of the larger colonial landowner—the Single Tax? It suited also the wealthy, who feared graduated taxation, and the lawyers, doctors, agents, and managing directors, whose incomes it did not touch. So when in the autumn the rumour went round that the Ballance Ministry meant to abolish the Property Tax and bring forward Bills embodying a Progressive Land Tax and Progressive Income Tax, the proposal was thought to represent the audacity of impudence or desperation. When the rumour proved true, it was predicted that the farmers throughout the length and breadth of the country would rise in wrath and terror, scared by the very name of Land Tax. Nevertheless Parliament passed the Bills, with the addition of a light Absentee Tax. The smaller farmers, at any rate, took the appeals of the Property Taxers with apathy, suspecting that under a tax on bare land values they would pay less than under a Property Tax which fell on land, improvements, and live-stock as well. Since 1891, therefore, progression or graduation has been in New Zealand a cardinal principle of direct taxation.

The system of Land Taxation introduced in 1891 was a double one of ordinary and graduated Land Tax. There was total exemption up to £500 in value, and on all land over that value ordinary Land Tax at the rate of 1d. in the £ was payable. Graduated tax began on holdings worth £5,000. At that stage it was an eighth of a penny, and by progressive stages it rose until on estates assessed at £210,000 it was 2d.[1]

[1] This system was abolished in 1917, and in its stead a single progressive tax was adopted. Exemption is still allowed up to £500 in value, but over that amount the exemption diminishes by £1 for every £2 over the £1,500 mark, so that when £2,500 is reached the exemption disappears. Under the system now in force taxation ranges from 1d. to 7d. in the £, but this is only the nominal rate, because during the last few years a super-tax has been imposed, and as this has been as high as 50 per cent. in addition to ordinary tax, the range of rates has virtually been increased from a minimum of 1½d. in the £ to a maximum of 10½d. in the £. The super-tax for 1923 was, however, reduced to 10 per cent. and for the year 1923–4 has been removed altogether.

Another law authorized local governing bodies to levy their rates on bare land values. Three times the Bill passed the Lower House, only to be rejected in the Upper. It became law in 1896. The adoption of the principle permitted by it is hedged about by various restrictions, but over 40 per cent. of the local bodies have now voted in favour of it.

The unexampled and, till 1895, continuous fall of prices in the European markets made it hard for colonial producers to make both ends meet. The cultivator found his land depreciated because, though he grew more than before, he got less for it. As the volume of produce swelled, so the return for it sank as by some fatal compensation. To pay the old rates of interest was for the mortgaged farmer, therefore, an impossibility. Various schemes for using the credit of the State to reduce current rates of interest had been before the public in more than one colony. The scheme of the New Zealand Government was established under the Advances to Settlers Act, 1894. Under it a State Board might lend Government money on leasehold and freehold security, but not on urban or suburban land, unless occupied for farming or market-gardening. The loan might amount to three-fifths of the value of the security when freehold, and one-half when leasehold. The rate of interest charged was 5 per cent., but the borrower paid at the rate of 6 per cent. in half-yearly instalments, the extra 1 per cent. being by way of gradual repayment of the

In the course of a recent statement Mr. Massey gave some details in regard to the rates of taxation on large estates. He said that a settler whose unimproved value (i.e. the value of the land itself without buildings and improvements) is £22,000 pays by way of Land Tax £187 18s. 4d. per annum; on £30,000 the Land Tax is £306 5s.; on £45,000, £600; on £100,000, £1,468 15s. In these cases there is no deduction on account of the land being mortgaged. The landowner whose mortgage is over £4,000 is taxed on his debts. A large holding very often means a large mortgage; but even if it is mortgaged to the last shilling, Mr. Massey said, Land Tax has to be calculated on the full unimproved value without consideration of mortgage and irrespective of whether profit or loss has been made on the year's operations.

In regard to Income Tax, there is total exemption up to £300 except in the case of absentees and registered companies. In 1920 new rates of Income Tax were enacted. The rate was 1s. in the £ up to a limit of £400 of taxable income and the maximum rate of 7s. 4d. was reached on incomes exceeding £6,000. For the year commencing 1st April, 1923, a reduction of 20 per cent. has been made in all classes, so that the maximum rate is now £5 10s. 5d. on incomes exceeding £6,000 Earned income up to £2,000 is allowed a rebate of 10 per cent., and companies pay a (flat) rate of 3s. in the £. The annual Taxing Bill for 1924 provides for further reductions both in Land Tax and Income Tax.

principal. Mortgagees in this way had to repay the principal in 73 half-yearly instalments, provided they cared to remain indebted so long. If able to wipe off their debts sooner, they could do so. The Act came into force in October 1894. Machinery for carrying it out was quickly set up ; applications for loans came in freely, and a million was soon lent. The scope of the Act has since been considerably extended and is now embodied in the State Advances Act, 1913. It authorizes the borrowing of moneys for the purpose of lending to settlers, workers, and local authorities, and from the inception of the scheme advances totalling more than twenty-five millions have been made. Indeed, in the five years ending in March 1924, advances amounting to eleven and a half millions were authorized by the administrators of the Act.

With one exception, the constitutional changes of these eight years might be dismissed in a very few words. The Upper Chamber, or Legislative Council of New Zealand, is nominative and not elective, nor is there any fixed limit to its numbers. It should be stated, however, that by the Legislative Council Act, 1914, there is now provision for an elective Council, but its introduction has been postponed from time to time, so that the old system is still in force. Prior to 1891, the nominations in New Zealand were for life. This was objected to for two reasons. A Councillor, who at the age of sixty might be a valuable adviser, might twelve years later be but the shadow of his former self. Moreover, experience showed that Conservatism was apt to strengthen in the nominated legislator's mind with advancing years. So a seven years' tenure has been substituted for life tenure. Then, again, in 1891 the Liberal majority in the Dominion was scarcely represented in the Council at all. In important divisions, Government measures passed by decisive majorities in the popular Chamber could only muster two, three, four, or five supporters in the Council. This not only meant that a hostile majority could reject and amend as it pleased, but that measures were not even fairly debated in the Upper House. Only one side was heard. In 1892 the Ballance Ministry, therefore, asked the Governor to call twelve fresh Councillors. The Governor very unreasonably refused to appoint so many. As there was about to be a change of

Governors the matter stood over. The new Governor proved even more stubborn than his predecessor. Ballance held that in this matter, as in others, the constitutional course was for the Governor to take the advice of his Ministers. His Excellency thought otherwise. By consent the matter was referred to the Colonial Office, where Lord Ripon decided in favour of the Premier. Twelve new Councillors were nominated. Though this submission to the arbitration of the Colonial Office was attacked not only by colonial Conservatives, but by Sir George Grey, it was highly approved of both by the Lower House and the mass of the electors, and was regarded as one of Ballance's most important successes.

Another he did not live to see achieved. His Electoral Bill, wrecked twice in the Council, was only passed some months after his death. Under it the one-man-one-vote was carried to its complete issue by the clause providing for one man one registration ; that is to say, that no voter could register on more than one roll. Consequently property-owners were not only cut down to one vote in one district at a General Election, but were prevented from voting in another district at a by-election. The right to vote by letter was extended from seamen to shearers. But much the greatest extension of the franchise was the giving it to women. This was a curious example of a remarkable constitutional change carried by a Parliament at the election of which the question had scarcely been discussed. Labour, Land, and Progressive Taxation had been so entirely the ascendant questions at the General Election of 1890 that it came as a surprise to most to learn next year that the House of Representatives was in favour of women's suffrage. Even then it was not generally supposed that the question would be settled. Sir John Hall, however, its consistent friend, brought it up in the House, and Ballance, an equally earnest supporter, at once accepted it. After that, the only doubts as to its becoming law sprang from the attitude of the Legislative Council and from the scruples of certain persons who thought that so great a change should be definitely submitted to the constituencies. Feeling was both strengthened and exacerbated by the enthusiasm of the Prohibition lodges, some of whose members at the same time demanded that the Government should pass the measure, and emphati-

cally assured everyone that its passing would forthwith bring about the Government's downfall and damnation. There is no doubt that many of the Ministry's opponents believed this, and that to their mistake was due the escape of the Bill in the Council. It was passed on the eve of the General Elections by the narrowest possible majority. The rush of the women on to the rolls ; the interest taken by them in the elections ; the peaceable and orderly character of the contests ; and the Liberal majority returned at the succeeding General Elections are all matters of New Zealand history.

It is as true in 1924 as it was in 1898 to say that most of the women voters show as yet no disposition to follow the clergy in assailing the national system of free, secular, and compulsory education. They clearly favour temperance reform, but are not yet unanimous for total prohibition. On the whole, the most marked feature of their use of the franchise is their tendency to agree with their menkind. Families, as a rule, vote together, and the women of any class or section are swayed by its interests, prejudices, or ideals to just about the same extent as the males thereof. Thus, the friends and relatives of merchants and professional men, large landowners, or employers of labour, usually vote on one side ; factory girls, domestic servants, wives of labourers, miners, artisans, or small farmers, on the other. Schoolmistresses are as decidedly for secular education as are schoolmasters. Since 1919 women have had the right to sit in Parliament, but no woman has yet been elected. They are not permitted to sit among the august members of the Legislative Council, though the Government introduced a Bill to give them that privilege. Even now, perhaps, the right of every adult woman to vote is more remarkable for what it has not brought about than for what it has. It has not broken up existing parties, unsexed women, or made them quarrel with their husbands, or neglect their households. It has not interfered with marriage, or society, or the fashion of dress. They do less platform-speaking than Englishwomen do, though many of them study public affairs—about which, to say truth, they have much to learn. Observers outside the Dominion need not suppose that New Zealand women are in the least degree either " wild," or " new," or belong to any shrieking sisterhood. Though one

or two have entered learned professions, most of them are engaged in domestic duties. Those who go out into the world do so to work unassumingly as school teachers, factory hands, or household servants. As school teachers they are usually efficient, as domestic servants civil and hard-working, as factory hands neat, industrious, and moral. It is true that they are, without exception, educated to the extent of having had at least good primary school teaching. But though they read—clean, healthy English books—this, so far from making them inclined to favour frantic or immoral social experiments, should have, one may hope, just the opposite effect. Far from being a spectacled, angular, hysterical, uncomfortable race, perpetually demanding extravagant changes in shrill tones, they are, at least, as distinguished for womanly modesty, grace, and affection as Englishwomen in any other part of the Empire.

There were some who connected the appearance of women in the political arena with the passing of an Infants' Life Protection Act, the raising of the age of consent, the admission of women to the Bar, the appointment of female inspectors to lunatic asylums, factories, and other institutions, improvements in the laws dealing with Adoption of Children and Industrial Schools, a severe law against the keepers of houses of ill-fame, and with the Liquor laws and the Prohibitionist movement which is so prominent a feature of New Zealand public life.

Of the Labour Acts passed, it may be said that their aim was not the abolition of the wages system, but, as far as might be, to make that system fair and tolerable, and in protecting the labourer to protect the fair employer. Of these an Employers' Liability Act resembled Mr. Asquith's—at that time—ill-fated Bill. Worked in conjunction with a law for the inspection of machinery and a thorough-going system of factory inspection, it lessened accidents without leading to litigation. It neither permitted contracting-out nor allowed employers to escape liability by means of letting out contracts.

A Truck Act declared the right of every wage-earner to be paid promptly, in full, in the current coin of the realm, and to be allowed to spend wages as they choose. Two more enactments dealt with the earnings of the workmen of contractors

and sub-contractors, made them a first charge on all contract money, gave workers employed on works of construction a lien thereon, and compelled a contractor's employer to hold back at least one-fourth of the contract money for a month after the completion of a contract, unless he were satisfied that all workmen concerned had been paid in full. A Wages Attachment Act limited without entirely abolishing a creditor's right to obtain orders of court attaching forthcoming earnings.

The Factories Act of 1894, slightly extended by an amending Act in 1896, consolidated and improved upon no less than four previous measures, two of which had been passed by the Ballance Government. As compared with similar European and American laws, it could fairly claim to be advanced and minute. Under its pivot clause all workshops, where two or more persons were occupied, were declared to be factories, must register, pay an annual fee, and submit to inspection at any hour of the night or day. A master and servant working together counted as two hands. Inspectors had absolute power to demand such cubic space, ventilation, and sanitary arrangements generally as they might consider needful to preserve life and health. The factory age was fixed at fourteen; half-timers were not allowed; and the Upper House was induced to pass a clause enforcing an education test before any child under fifteen should be allowed to go to factory work. This was but logical in a country wherein primary education is not only free, but compulsory. Children under sixteen had to be certified by an inspector to be physically fit for factory life. Women and children under eighteen might not work before 7.45 a.m. or after 6 p.m., nor more than forty-eight hours per week. Whether time-workers or piece-workers, they were equally entitled to the half-holiday after 1 p.m. on Saturday. In the case of time-workers, this half-holiday had to be granted without deduction of wages. The rates of pay and hours of work in factories had to be publicly notified and returned to the inspectors. Overtime might be permitted by inspectors on twenty-eight days a year, but overtime pay had to be not less than 6d. an hour extra. The factory-owners who sent work out had to make complete returns thereof. All clothing made outside factories for sale had to be ticketed "tenement made," and any person removing

the ticket before sale might be fined. No home-work might be sublet. A peculiar feature in the Act related to the board and lodging provided on sheep stations for the nomadic bands of shearers who traverse colonies, going from wool-shed to wool-shed during the shearing season. The huts in which these men live were placed under the factory inspectors, who had power to call upon station-owners to make them decent and comfortable. The Act had clauses insisting on the provision of a separate dining-room for women workers, of fire-escapes, and protection against dangerous machinery. Girls under fifteen might not work as type-setters; young persons of both sexes are shut out of certain dangerous trades; women may not work in factories within a month after their confinement. Such were the leading features of the Factories Act. The Factories Act has been amended and consolidated from time to time, the most recent consolidation being in 1922. Its provisions cover the whole field of the conditions of employment in factories and constitute what is officially claimed to be "one of the most complete and perfect laws to be found in the statute-book of any country."

The laws which regulated retail shops did not aim at securing what is known as early closing. A weekly half-holiday for all, employer and employed alike; a fifty-four hours' working week for women and young persons; seats for shop-girls, and liberty to use them; sanitary inspection of shops. These were the objects of those who framed the Acts, and these have been attained. Under a special section merchants' offices must close at 5 p.m. during two-thirds of each month. On the weekly half-holiday shops in towns must be closed at 1 o'clock, but each town chooses its own day for closing. Nearly all choose Wednesday or Thursday, so as not to interfere with the Saturday market-day of the farmers. Much feeling was stirred up by the passing of this Act, but it has since entirely died away.

Until 1894 the legal position of Trade Unionists in New Zealand was much less enviable than that of their brethren in England. The English Act of 1875 repealing the old Labour Conspiracy law and modifying the common law doctrine relating thereto, had never been enacted in New Zealand. The Intimidation law (6 George IV) was still in force throughout

Australasia ; the common law doctrine relating thereto had not been in any way softened. Only a few years before Australian Trade Unionists had found the old English law unexpectedly hunted up for the purpose of putting them into gaol. Three short clauses and a schedule, passed in 1894, swept from the statute-book and the common law of New Zealand all laws and doctrines specially relating to conspiracy among members of Trades Unions, who from that time became amenable only to such conspiracy laws as affected all citizens.

In New Zealand most domestic servants and many farm hands and gardeners are engaged through Servants' Registry Offices. A law, passed in 1895, provides for the inspection of these, and regulates the fees charged therein. Office-keepers have to be of good character ; have to register and take out a licence ; have to keep books and records which are officially inspected. They are not allowed to keep lodging-houses or to have any interest in such houses.

To certain students the most interesting of the New Zealand Labour laws will always be that which endeavours to settle Labour disputes between employers and Trade Unions by means of public arbitration instead of the old-time methods of the strike and the lock-out. One may doubt whether any law enacted in a small and distant community has been quite so widely attacked. The Act, or some imitation of it, has been belittled by Oxford Professors, Russian Bolsheviks, French Socialists, and old-fashioned Trade Unionists in England and America, by the Supreme Court of the United States, *The Times*, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. That it should have held its ground for thirty years and be in full operation in New Zealand to-day is some tribute to its vital principles. It has been called an assertion of State Control over private enterprise. The answer to that is, that it is not open to the ordinary objections to State Control. It does not involve bureaucratic administration ; it does not bring in political interference. Furthermore, if Capital and Labour object to arbitration they can settle their differences in their own way provided they do not hold up industry, and by so doing make the public suffer. Unions again may refuse to register under the Act. Some do refuse : hence most of such strikes as there are. That arbitration awards lead to grumbling does not prove

that they are unjust ; it is more likely to be evidence that they are fair. The stronger party in a labour dispute always imagines that it could have done better by fighting. The awards of the New Zealand Arbitration Court and Boards show on the whole great care, a sense of responsibility, and a spirit of equity. In the month of September 1923 several hundred awards and agreements made under the Arbitration Act were being observed in the Dominion. It is just as well to note this, because the only news of New Zealand labour matters that ever appears in English newspapers is that of an occasional strike. Strikes in New Zealand, however, do not assume the magnitude of a national evil. A careful analysis of the magnitude of labour conflicts in New Zealand during the last thirty years, by which is meant the number of men who have lost wages and the extent to which employers have lost working time, is a triumphant vindication of the usefulness of the Arbitration Act. No other civilized country where labour is organized can show anything like such comforting figures. If these results had been obtained by reducing labour's standard of well-being, they would give no real cause for congratulation. But the standard has not been reduced. The condition of New Zealand labour since 1894 has been in every way better than it was before. If workmen there do not know that they are on the whole better off than their fellows elsewhere, then they ought to know it : it is true.

Under this statute, which was passed in 1894, the Trade Unions of the Dominion were given the right to become corporate bodies able to sue and be sued. In each industrial locality a Board of Conciliation was set up, composed equally of representatives of employers and workmen, with an impartial chairman. Disputes between Trade Unions and employers —the Act dealt with no others—were referred first of all to these Boards. The exclusion of disputes between individuals, or between unorganized workmen and their masters, was grounded on the belief that such disputes were apt to be neither stubborn nor mischievous enough to call for State interference. Unfortunately, however, the workers who remained outside the Act organized themselves for their own purposes and caused considerable industrial trouble later. At

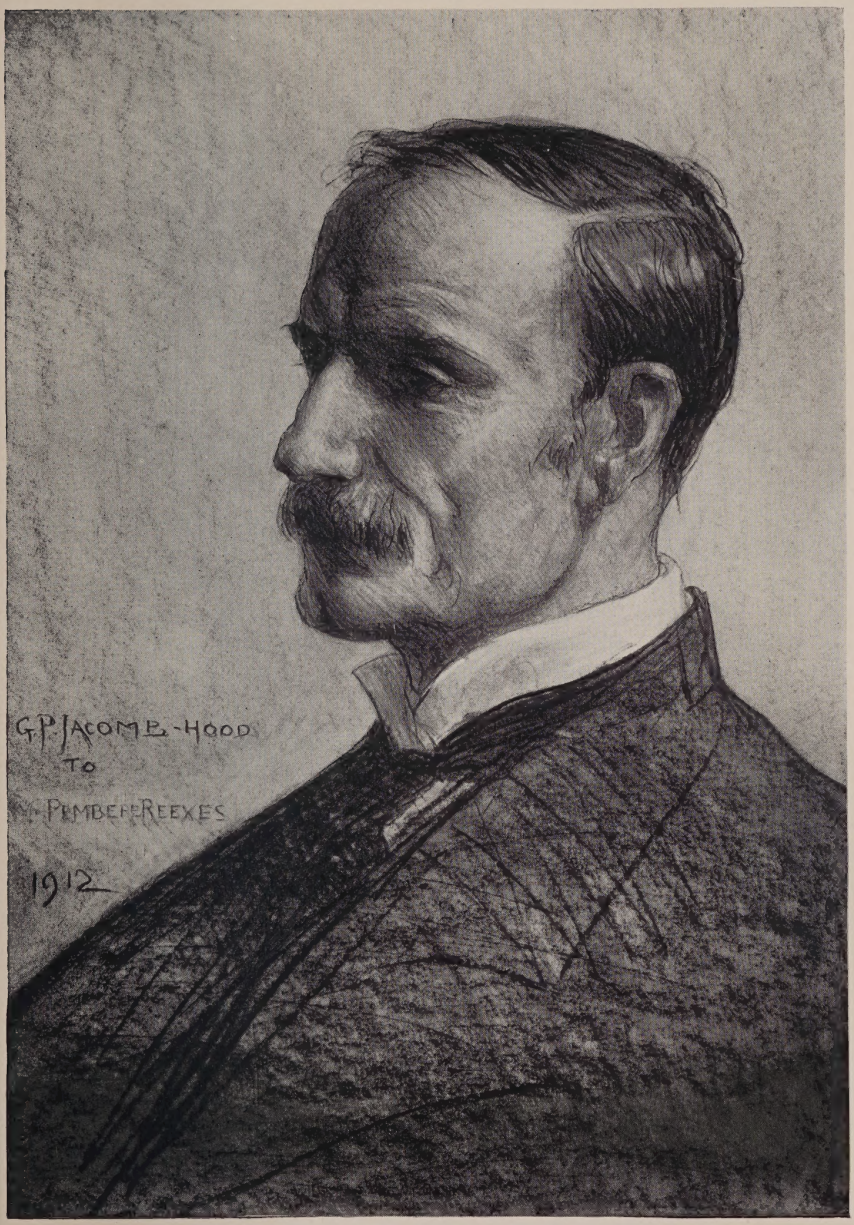
the request of any party to an industrial dispute the District Board could call all other parties before it, and could hear, examine, and recommend. It was armed with complete powers for taking evidence and compelling attendance. Its award, however, was not enforceable at law, but was merely in the nature of friendly advice. If all or any of the parties refused to accept it, an appeal lay to the Central Court of Arbitration, composed of a judge of the Supreme Court sitting with two assessors representing Capital and Labour respectively. The trio were appointed for three years, and in default of crime or insanity could only be removed by statute. Their Court could not be appealed from, and their procedure was not fettered by precedent. No disputant might employ counsel unless all agreed to do so. The decisions of this Court were binding in law, and might be enforced by pains and penalties. When the arbitration law had been in active operation for about three years there had been in all some thirty-five labour disputes successfully settled. As a rule, the decisions of the Local Conciliation Boards were not accepted. Either some of the parties refused to concur, or some of the recommendations were objected to by all those on one side or the other. In nearly all cases the awards of the Arbitration Court were quietly submitted to.

As to the kind of questions arbitrated upon, they comprised most of the hard nuts familiar to students of the labour problem. Among them were hours of labour, holidays, the amount of day wages, the price to be paid for piece-work, the proportion of apprentices to skilled artisans, the facilities to be allowed to Trade Union officials for interviews with members, the refusal of Unionists to work with non-Union men, and the pressure exerted by employees to induce workmen to join private benefit societies. A New Zealand employer, it might be mentioned, could not take himself outside the Act of discharging his Union hands, or even by gradually ceasing to engage Union men, and then pleading that he had none left in his employ. A Union, whose members were at variance with certain employers in a trade, might bring all the local employees engaged in that trade into court, so that the same award might be binding on the whole trade in the district.

Most of the references at this period were anything but

trivial affairs, either as to the numbers of workmen concerned or the value of the industries, or importance of the points in dispute. It is wrong to suppose that the operation of the Act was confined to industries protected by high Customs duties or to workers in factories. It might be applied wherever workers were members of legally constituted bodies, set up either under the Trade Union Act or under the Arbitration Statute itself. Unions who wanted to make use of it registered under it; and the majority of them did so. Trade Unions who did not specially register might nevertheless be brought before the Arbitration Court by the employers of their members. The Act met with a remarkable measure of success. The Trade Unions were enthusiastic believers in it—rather too enthusiastic, indeed, for they showed a tendency to make too frequent a use of it. But some of their officials would have done well to have been more brief and businesslike in the conduct of cases. On the other hand, employers in most of the localities made a serious mistake in refusing to elect representatives for the local Conciliation Boards, thus forcing the Government to nominate members. This weakened the Boards, hindered them from having the conciliatory character they ought to have had, and led in part to frequent appeals to the Central Court of which the employers themselves complained. Public opinion in New Zealand had all along been prepared to give this important experiment a fair trial, and was quite ready to have incidental difficulties cured by reasonable amendment. In course of time various amendments became necessary and in four or five years there has been trouble, but as it had only been in operation for a little more than three years during the period now under notice, a review of its subsequent history will be reserved for a later chapter.

The Shipping and Seamen's Act, 1894, was another piece of legislation passed during these eight years. It mitigated the old-fashioned severity of punishments for refusal of duty, assaults on the high seas, and other nautical offences. The forecastle and the accommodation thereof became subject to the *fiat* of the Government inspector, as if a factory on shore. Regular payment of wages was stipulated for, overcrowding amongst passengers was forbidden. Complete powers were given to the marine authorities to enforce not only a full



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equipment of life-boats and life-saving appliances, but boat-drill. Deck loading was restricted, and the Plimsoll mark insisted on. But the portion of the Act which gave rise to the intensest opposition was the proviso by which all sailing vessels are obliged to carry a certain complement of able seamen and ordinary seamen, according to their tonnage, while steamers must carry a given number of able seamen, ordinary seamen, firemen, trimmers, and greasers, according to their horse-power. Foreign vessels, while engaging in the New Zealand coasting-trade, had to pay their crews the rate of wages current on the coast. Parliament was warned that the passing of this Act would paralyse the trade of the Dominion, but passed it was—with certain not unreasonable amendments —and trade goes on precisely as before.

In 1891, moreover, the colonial laws relating to mining generally, and to coal-mining especially, were consolidated and amended. An interesting feature in the New Zealand Coal Mines' Act was the provision by which mine-owners have to contribute to a fund for the relief of miners or the families of miners in cases where men are injured or killed at work. Every quarter the owners have to pay a halfpenny per ton on all coal sold. Payment is made into the nearest Post Office Savings Bank and goes to the credit of an account called "The Coal Miners' Relief Fund." From 1891 mineral rights have been reserved in lands thereafter alienated by the Crown.

Most of the Labour laws were and still are watched and administered by the Department of Labour, a branch of the public service created in 1891. It also keeps labour statistics, acts as a servants' registry office, and by publishing information, and by shifting them from congested districts, endeavours to keep down the numbers of the unemployed. In this, though it is but a palliative, it has done useful and humane work, aided—so far as the circulation of labour goes—by the State-owned railways.

From what has gone before, readers will readily understand that the New Zealand Government has usually in its employ several thousand labourers engaged in road-making, bridge-building, draining, and in erecting and repairing public buildings. To avoid the faults of both the ordinary contract and the day-wage system, a plan, clumsily called the Co-

operative Contract System, was adopted during the Premiership of Mr. Seddon. It has worked so effectively that there has been practically no change in the system since its inauguration. The work is cut up into small sections, the workmen group themselves in little parties of from four to eight men, and each party is offered a section at a fair price estimated by the Government's engineers. Material, when wanted, is furnished by the Government, and the tax-payer thus escapes the frauds and adulteration of old contract days. The result of the system in practice is that where workmen are of, at any rate, average industry and capacity, they made good, sometimes excellent, wages. In effect they are groups of piece-workers, whose relation with each other is that of partners. Each band elects a trustee, with whom the Government officials deal. They are to a large extent their own masters, and work without being driven by the contractor's foreman. They are not encouraged to work more than eight hours a day; but as what they get depends on what they do, they do not dawdle during those hours, and if one man in a group should prove a loafer, his comrades, who have to suffer for his laziness, can get rid of him. The tendency is for first-class men to join together, and for second-class men to similarly arrange themselves. Sometimes, of course, the officers, in making estimates of the price to be paid for work, make mistakes, and men will earn extravagantly high wages, or get very poor returns. But as the sections are small, this does not last for long, and the balance is redressed. After many years' experience, it seems fairly proved that the average of earnings is not extravagant, and that the tax-payer loses nothing by the arrangement as compared with the old contract system, while the change is highly popular with workmen throughout the Dominion.

The co-operative public works system has always operated to a great extent as a safeguard against unemployment. In bad times the Labour Department has usually managed to draft the unemployed from a distressed district to the various construction works in the country. Moreover, when unemployment becomes accentuated in the regular industries the national works of construction are more actively proceeded with. Thus the unskilled labourer has seldom been without hope of work, and even in the more troublous days since the

war the general depression has affected this class of the community much less than the more skilled workers in the towns.

The reforms and experiments which show themselves in these chapters of the story of New Zealand were in all cases examined and taken on their merits, and not otherwise. They were the outcome of a belief that a young democratic country, still almost free from extremes of wealth and poverty, from class hatreds and fears and the barriers these create, supplies an unequalled field for safe and rational experiment in the hope of preventing and shutting out some of the worst social evils and miseries which afflict great nations alike in the old world and the new.

PART II

By CECIL J. WRAY

CHAPTER I

AN AGRARIAN ASCENDANCY

IN 1901 Mr. Seddon had reached the zenith of his power and authority, a power amounting practically to a dictatorship. Seddon probably understood the people better than any politician that New Zealand ever possessed. Of Ballance it was said: "He loved the people." Of Seddon the same may be said, and also that he knew the people. He toiled infinitely to understand the electors and their requirements, and especially did he cultivate popularity among the small farmers in the country and among the working classes. It was a religion with him to keep his finger constantly on the country's pulse. He often attended to matters personally which appeared trivial, and which another man in his place would have left to his deputies, and there is no question that this propensity of his of being "everywhere at once" contributed greatly towards enabling him to retain his wonderful personal ascendancy over the people for so long.

His capacity was well exemplified in the extraordinary determination and cleverness he displayed in getting his Bill passed providing for old age pensions. Seddon set his heart on New Zealand being the first English-speaking country in the world to grant pensions to the aged, and he worked with enormous energy and determination to attain his end. Sir Harry Atkinson before him had conceived the idea of providing annuities for old people, but his scheme entailed compulsory contributions. Also he, as well as others who had thought about the subject, could not get away from the idea that a pension scheme without compulsory contributions by those whom it was intended to benefit would prove a deliberate inducement to the working classes to become improvident and to lean too much on the State for support in their old age.

Seddon's mind was not trammelled by such considerations as these. He took the human view that those who had brought up large families and worked hard all their lives for a daily wage had done their duty by the State. He held, too, that it was impracticable to try and compel the working man to set aside part of his wages towards a pension scheme during a period when every penny he earned would, in the ordinary course, be spent in the unbringing of his family. Such expenditure, Seddon maintained, was every bit as much for the benefit of the State as would be a forced contribution towards a pension scheme.

He does not appear to have had at first any definite idea as to how his difficulties might be overcome, but the preliminary action taken by his Government showed his innate shrewdness.

The first step taken was to set up a Committee to examine and report upon the question of making provision for old age, and the Committee brought up its report in September 1894. It reported in favour of the proposal, provided that some practicable scheme of finance could be devised, and recommended the setting up of a Royal Commission to take evidence as to the condition and numbers of the aged in the Dominion.

Here the matter appeared to rest; in fact, it rested so quietly that the House was quite taken by surprise when, towards the end of the session of 1896, Seddon introduced his first Old Age Pensions Bill. But the measure was crude in form, and though it passed its second reading it was subjected to very bitter criticism in committee, and was eventually withdrawn. Not to be daunted by this temporary set-back, Seddon got an Act passed before the end of the session whereby he was enabled during the ensuing months to explore the matter further with a view to ascertaining the cost of establishing old age pensions and the number of people likely to come under it.

A General Election was close at hand, and Seddon was accused of having brought forward his Pensions Bill as a mere electioneering dodge. Its introduction had, however, at least served a useful purpose, for in the first place he now knew the arguments of his opponents, and in the second place the wide discussion of the Bill throughout the country made it clear to him that the measure was popular and that the people would be

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prepared to go a long way in order to see it placed on the statute-book. Seddon was now deeply committed to the scheme, and left no stone unturned to bring it to a successful issue.

In 1897 an Old Age Pensions Bill was again introduced, and passed all its stages in the Lower House, but was thrown out at the second reading in the Legislative Council. Seddon had originally intended that the pensions should be paid by means of special taxes raised for the purpose, but he had by this time decided that the Consolidated Fund of the Dominion should bear the burden of the scheme entirely. After what was perhaps the most strenuous fight in his career, he piloted his Bill successfully through, and, after having been passed by both Houses, it received the Governor's assent on 1st November, 1898. By March in the following year the pensions were being paid, and those who had been the fiercest opponents of the measure were mostly content quietly to leave to Seddon his well-earned satisfaction after such a victory.

The Act as originally passed provided for the payment out of the Consolidated Fund of a pension of £18 per annum, but this amount has now been increased to £39, and the law relating to the subject is contained in the Pensions Act, 1913, a consolidation of previous enactments, and in several recent amendments. The pension age for men is sixty-five and for women sixty, but this is reduced to fifty-five for women and to sixty for men where there are two or more children under fourteen for whose maintenance the applicant is responsible. The qualification for a pension is continuous residence in the Dominion for twenty-five years, but temporary absences are permitted under certain circumstances.

Imprisonment for five years is a bar if it has occurred within the last twenty-five years, and other conditions as to conduct must be observed. The amount of pension is affected by the possession of income, which must not reach £78 in the case of single people and £130 if married; also the value of accumulated property must not exceed £390.

Another piece of legislation for which Mr. Seddon was responsible was the Municipal Franchise Reform Act of 1898, whereby the franchise in boroughs was greatly extended. A residential qualification was given to persons resident within a borough for three months and a freehold qualification to

freeholders owning land of the capital value of £25. The passing of this Act practically meant the transfer of power in local affairs from the propertied classes to the general body of the inhabitants.

In 1897 Mr. Seddon had been invited Home by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to attend Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and from this time onward we find him developing into an Imperialist.

On this occasion Mr. Chamberlain took the opportunity of holding a Premiers' Conference at Downing Street, and this was attended by representatives of other self-governing colonies, including Cape Colony and Natal. Mr. Chamberlain brought forward the principle of Imperial Federation as the goal towards which the self-governing dominions should agree to work, but this did not meet with general approval, and the Premiers decided that the existing ties between the Mother-country and her colonies were satisfactory. Mr. Seddon did not agree with this, and thought the time was ripe for closer bonds. When he went Home again in 1902 at the close of the South African War to attend a second Conference of Colonial Premiers and to represent the Colony at the Coronation of King Edward VII, his Imperialism had been materially strengthened by the fact that New Zealand had under him declared herself for King and Empire at the beginning of the war, contingent after contingent having left her shores to fight beside the soldiers of the Motherland. This spontaneous loyalty on the part of New Zealand, coupled with the enthusiasm of its Premier, placed the country in the forefront of popularity with the people of the United Kingdom, and Mr. Seddon had an enthusiastic reception on his arrival in London.

He brought with him definite proposals to place before the Imperial Conference, the principal of these being a Preferential Tariff, the formation of an Imperial Reserve Force for purposes of Empire Defence, the strengthening of the Australian Naval Squadron, a subsidized Imperial Mail Service, and triennial conferences. It did not appear feasible to come to decisions which would be acceptable to all in respect of any of Mr. Seddon's proposals, and the result must doubtless have been somewhat disappointing to him.

However, the question of a preferential tariff within the Empire was seriously discussed, and Mr. Seddon's enthusiasm, backed up by that of some of the other Premiers who were heartily in favour of the proposal, carried the matter a certain distance, though in the case of the United Kingdom it was recognized that it was impossible, in view of its relations with other Powers, to agree to any proposition affecting its Free Trade policy. A resolution was passed in favour of the promotion of inter-imperial trade, and it was decided that the Parliaments of the Empire should be asked to give a substantial preference in Customs duties to the products and manufactures of the Empire. With this pious resolution, Great Britain seemed to think it had done all that could be expected of it!

Mr. Seddon was never a man to let the grass grow under his feet. He was now a thorough Imperialist, and on his return to New Zealand he lost no time in putting into concrete form his ideas in regard to a Preferential Tariff. In the year following the Imperial Conference he introduced a Bill having for its object the encouragement of trade between New Zealand and other parts of the Empire, and imposed a surtax upon certain goods not being the produce or manufacture of some part of the British Dominions. The Bill became law, and though at first only a few items were covered the principle has been steadily extended until now New Zealand practically grants an all-round preference to Britain. Not only has she done this, but New Zealand has accepted tenders for Government supplies from British manufacturers when they actually held lower and more profitable tenders from foreigners. So far as the Mother-country is concerned, the preference extended to her by her Dominions had never been reciprocated until the recent Conference of 1923, when Mr. Massey and the other Prime Ministers made the question the main issue of the Economic Conference. At that Conference a degree of Preference was at long last agreed to, and the principle fought for twenty years ago by Richard Seddon was conceded to the head of the party politically opposed to him. But the Conference was followed almost instantly by a General Election, and the British Government, which had espoused the cause of Protection, suffered a heavy defeat. The resolutions of the Conference came before Parliament

in due course, but were not confirmed, and thus the matter remains *in statu quo*.

Seddon's Imperialism and his strong belief in the importance of Empire trade greatly widened his outlook on world affairs, and it is worthy of note that he clearly foresaw the possibility of the Pacific becoming the "storm centre" in the future. It is recorded[1] that he wrote to a friend in England :—

> The Pacific Islands question is of paramount importance. Under the altered conditions now existing, which in the future will be greatly changed, to the advantage of other nations, by the construction of the Nicaragua and Panama Canal, numbers of industries will be greatly affected. In fact, it is difficult to grasp the momentous issues involved. Unless British statesmen grasp the situation and provide therefor, they will find in years to come the weak spot. They will discover that the most deadly blow will be struck at our Empire in the Pacific itself.

Mr. Seddon, had he been living to-day, would undoubtedly have been, as Mr. Massey, the Prime Minister, is now, in favour of a naval base at Singapore !

Another of Mr. Seddon's ventures in the sphere of State activities was the establishment of State coal-mines, with the object of providing cheaper coal for the people. The Government was not very energetic in regard to bringing the Act into operation, and several years passed before State coal was put on the market. Up till 1920 two State collieries were worked, but in that year one of the mines became exhausted and the output of the other for 1922 was only 130,000 tons, a very small proportion of the average output of the Dominion, which is about two million tons a year.

The expenditure by the Government in this direction has, however, been well justified, for in addition to the fact that State competition has kept the price of coal down, the Government has a profitable investment and at the same time a fairly valuable asset.

In 1903 Mr. Seddon set up a Fire Insurance Department, which has been a most successful venture and is now amalgamated with the Government Life Insurance Office.

This competition on the part of the State caused the private fire insurance companies to lower their rates im-

[1] James Drummond : *Life and Work of Richard Seddon.*

mediately, and the Government claims to-day that as a consequence of the operations of the State Fire Office the rates on trade risks in the Dominion have been reduced 10 per cent., and those on dwellings and offices no less than $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. That the office is worked on sound business lines is proved by the fact that the ratio of working expenses to premium income, exclusive of income tax, is considerably lower than the average of the private companies doing business in the Dominion, another proof of what was stated in the previous chapter, namely that New Zealand experiments have always been examined and adopted on their merits.

At the elections of 1905 the Labour-Liberal Party was again victorious, and Mr. Seddon's power had never been greater nor his prestige so high. But his health was failing. In June of 1906 he paid a visit to Australia. It was a triumphal tour such as his heart delighted in, and it had in it an element of usefulness in that it was intended to interest the Australian public in the impending Exhibition at Christchurch. He returned to the steamer that was to bear him home greatly pleased with his Australian reception. An hour or two out from Sydney he collapsed and died.

The people everywhere sincerely mourned his death. He had been in the limelight of the political stage for so long that it was difficult to imagine New Zealand without him. He had sometimes amused the people of England and other countries by the seriousness with which he took both himself and "God's own country," as he styled the land he loved, but the most captious would not deny the greatness of his service to the State, and it is certain that his name will go down worthily to posterity as one of the British pioneers who have left the Homeland to make a new nation, and who have planted in the heart of the Pacific Islands the best traditions of the British race. By Seddon's death New Zealand politics were suddenly shorn of that element of hero-worship which had existed for so long among the working classes, and the people rapidly came to realize that such personal adulation is not a necessary part of public affairs nor is it desirable.

Sir Joseph Ward, who had been absent in England at the time of Mr. Seddon's death, took up the reins of government after a brief interregnum, during which Sir W. Hall-Jones

acted as Premier. As Mr. Seddon's first lieutenant, Sir Joseph Ward had supplied many of those qualities lacking in his chief. His commercial and administrative ability and his capacity for work fitted him to take up the new position. He improved the Cabinet and tightened up the administration, which truth to say had grown slack in places. Some of the legislation introduced by Sir Joseph Ward was of considerable importance. Amongst the measures of this period was the Public Debt Extinction Act. This provided for the setting apart each year out of the Consolidated Fund a sum which in seventy-five years at compound interest will liquidate the whole of the Public Debt of the Dominion. The passing of this Act has doubtless contributed considerably to the fact that the credit of the Dominion to-day stands very high in the financial world. A widows' pension scheme provided a pension of £12 a year for any widow with one child under fourteen years of age, and £6 for each additional child. By means of a National Provident Fund annuities were provided for old age. Also, an increased preference for Great Britain was introduced into the Customs Tariff. Death duties were made less severe for people of small means, widows receiving special consideration.

Ward did outstanding work in regard to Imperial matters. Following in Seddon's footsteps as an ardent Imperialist, he took a very active part in the Imperial Conferences, three of which, namely those of 1907, 1909, and 1911, he attended as New Zealand's representative, and it was shortly after the 1907 Conference that the Colony's status was altered by Royal Proclamation to that of a Dominion. In 1908 New Zealand's contribution to the Navy was increased to £100,000 per annum, and in 1909, upon Sir Joseph's initiative, New Zealand presented to the Empire Navy the battleship *New Zealand*, which five years afterwards was pouring forth its broadsides against the common foe. He inaugurated compulsory military training at the end of the same year, and immediately afterwards his Government invited Lord Kitchener to visit New Zealand to report and advise on the defences of the Dominion. Lord Kitchener arrived in New Zealand in February 1910, and made his report in due course, with the result that for more than four years before the War every male New Zealander

from the age of twelve to twenty-five was being trained for defence of the Empire.

To Ward's record must also be added the credit, when he was Postmaster-General in 1901, of introducing universal penny postage, thus earning for New Zealand the distinction of being the first country in the world to adopt penny post. Though this was temporarily dropped owing to the exigencies of the War, it will have been gratifying to Sir Joseph to see that his political opponent, Mr. Massey, recently decided to re-introduce the penny post, and this was carried into effect as from the 1st October, 1923.

Ward, however, never had quite the hold on the people that Seddon had. He was more strictly a business man and attended to the details of public affairs with great conscientiousness, but he lacked Seddon's " ubiquitousness," and accordingly did not preserve the same closeness of touch with the electors. Seddon's smile was said to be worth five thousand votes, but Ward's temperament did not incline him towards moving about among the electors, conciliating those who only wanted to please themselves by seeing him.

When Seddon died the first symptoms that denote a desire for change were probably beginning to be apparent. Sentimental enthusiasm had been maintained at so high a level for so many years that there was bound to be a relapse. Moreover, the Liberal-Labour combination which had held together for so long began to show signs of disruption, whilst the Opposition had improved their organization. Sir Joseph Ward was not less skilled in statemanship than his late chief, but he was sensitive of the personal criticism levelled against him from time to time, and when he eventually accepted an hereditary title, he greatly offended the susceptibilities of his democratic supporters. When the people went to the polls in 1911, therefore, there was a distinct feeling that the power of the Government was waning. The result of the elections was not altogether a surprise. For the first time for twenty-one years the Conservatives found themselves with a slight preponderance of members, though it is affirmed that the system known as the " second Ballot " (a modified form of Proportional Representation), adopted by the Liberal Government themselves, brought about the anomaly of the winning party having

a smaller total number of votes than the party they had defeated. The Ward Ministry decided to resign during the recess, and a new Ministry was formed under the leadership of The Hon. (afterwards Sir) Thomas Mackenzie. The Mackenzie Ministry's reign was, however, an extremely short one, for it was defeated on a no-confidence motion within a fortnight after the new Parliament met, and the Conservatives formed a Cabinet under Mr. W. F. Massey as Prime Minister.

Mr. Massey is still Prime Minister of New Zealand. He could little have thought when he took up the reins of government what a heavy responsibility would so soon be his, but he did not shirk the task when it came. He guided the Dominion steadily through the anxious days of the War, and no Prime Minister of any country in the world holds his record of remaining so long in office after the Peace.

When his party came into power no violent change of policy resulted; indeed the very name of Conservative was dropped for that of the "Reform" Party, and the only outstanding action the Government took which distinguished it from its predecessors was the granting of greater facilities in regard to the acquisition of the freehold of Crown lands. But though there was little activity in regard to the introduction of new measures, Mr. Massey found his hands pretty full in other ways. For one thing a good deal of uneasiness had for some time centred around the operation of the Arbitration Act. At first the workers had been thoroughly in support of the Act, whilst the employers, as stated in a previous chapter, had hindered its successful operation by persistently refusing to elect representatives on the Conciliation Boards. This important part of the machinery of the Act was nearly brought to a standstill in consequence, and in 1901 a concession was made to the employers by the passing of an amending Act which provided that a dispute might go direct to the Arbitration Court without having been previously considered by a Board of Conciliation. This practical abandonment of the principle of conciliation led to very serious results. Labour became thoroughly restless, and in 1906 occurred the first strike since 1894. This was followed by others; and both employers and the public realized that it was essential that

something should be done to bring about a better state of affairs.

In 1908, therefore, Conciliation was restored, Councils of Conciliation being established on a different basis to that of the original Boards, which were abolished. By this time the employers were finding that they could use the Act for their own ends as a weapon wherewith to defeat the demands of the workers, and the result was that the employers were now in favour of the Act, whilst a very considerable section of the workers was becoming openly opposed to it. The Amending Act of 1908 imposed penalties with respect to strikes and lock-outs in certain industries, but these penalties applied only to Unions that had registered under the Act; and upon it being realized that unregistered Unions had the advantage of being able to strike without punishment, a good many registered Unions proceeded to cancel their registration. There was thus a cleavage between those Unions which supported the principles of Conciliation and Arbitration and those which preferred other methods, and the latter organized themselves and became known as the New Zealand Federation of Labour.

Most of the leaders of the Federation were of that type who see in the abolition of capitalism a panacea for all that they consider evil. Miners, waterside workers, seamen, and some others ranged themselves under the Federation in preference to joining the Constitutional Unions, and after several minor strikes had occurred, an attempt was made in 1913 at a general strike. The strike was defeated, and may be looked upon as a good instance of what is now an acknowledged fact in regard to such occurrences. It is this—that provided the public inconvenience is sufficiently great and public sympathy not with the strikers, the promoters of a general strike cannot hope to succeed. The trouble began at the Taupiri coal-mines owing to the alleged victimization of certain miners who were discharged from the mines owing to decreasing work as summer approached. A sympathetic strike was called by the Federation of Labour, and in accordance with instructions the waterside workers at all the ports and the seamen and firemen of the New Zealand fleet of steamers ceased work. The strike was a grave menace to the country, for at the time it took place produce from every part

of the Dominion was in store (at Wellington) awaiting shipment to England. The Government at once took firm measures to cope with the situation. At its invitation hundreds of farmers and farmers' sons rode into Wellington, where rioting was in progress, to act as special mounted constables and to load their own produce. A new Waterside Workers' Union was established under the Arbitration Act, and all temporary workers joined it, and it was not long before cargoes were being put on board the ships, in many cases with more expedition than had been exercised by the workers themselves. Intercolonial steamers were kept running, passengers and other volunteers taking their turn in the stokeholds and as seamen and stewards. Great inconvenience was caused for several weeks, but after a severe struggle the strike was defeated. One of the conditions laid down in the terms of settlement was that the strikers should not be re-engaged until they had joined Unions registered under the Arbitration Act, and this the striking workers had to accept. Certain of the Federation leaders were arrested on charges of sedition and a number of offenders were punished for rioting and assault. The result of the victory was a greater respect for the Act and a serious set-back to the professional agitators.

Following upon the strike of 1913 came the passage of the Labour Disputes Investigation Act passed in the same year, and which applies only to workers or societies not registered under the Conciliation and Arbitration Act and to the employers of such workers. When a dispute arises any of the parties may give notice to the Minister of Labour specifying the points at issue. Machinery exists for the investigation of the dispute by a committee and, in the event of a settlement not being arrived at, for the formulation of a proposal for its settlement. If the dispute is not settled within fourteen days a secret ballot is taken as to whether the recommendation of the committee shall be adopted, or whether, in the case of no recommendation having been made, a strike or lock-out shall take place. If an agreement is arrived at with regard to terms of employment it may be filed, and in such event will have the force of an agreement under the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act. Strikes without notice being given of a dispute having arisen, or before seven days after publication of the

result of a secret ballot, or during the currency of an agreement are unlawful, and every party to the strike is liable to a fine. In the case of a lock-out the same provisions apply to employers. The object of the Act is, of course, to alleviate the severity of industrial disputes when they do occur in societies and among workers not registered under the Act, and if possible to prevent their occurrence. So far only a few disputes have arisen under the Act.

The Federation of Labour has been displaced by a new body called the Alliance of Labour, which now represents the extreme Labour views. Their principal aim appears to be to consolidate their power under what is called "the One Big Union" system, and in 1920 a Labour member brought forward a Bill in Parliament with the object of accomplishing this purpose, but the Bill was thrown out.

The War, of course, brought with it its complications in regard to wages as affected by the increased cost of living, and it became necessary to provide war bonuses for the workers in New Zealand as elsewhere to meet the situation. Then came the post-war depression, necessitating the reconsideration of the rates of wages to the probable disadvantage of the workers. Legislation was passed enabling the Arbitration Court to amend awards in regard to wages, providing that in so doing the Court should "have regard to a fair standard of living." The Act aimed a blow at the Alliance's project of forming "one big Union" by cutting down the voting power of large Unions in regard to the election of members of the Arbitration Court and by providing that no Union should have more than five votes. The Bill was strenuously opposed during its passage by the official Labour Party, but was carried by a large majority. Though extreme Labour was against the measure, it is generally conceded that by standing between employer and employee during the recent hard years the Arbitration Court has done Labour a great service. Wages have not been so greatly reduced as might well have been the case if the Court had not existed to exert its control. At any rate the strikes that have taken place in New Zealand during the period of the late depression have not been of great seriousness and there has been very little labour trouble lately.

It is well to remember that a law embodying compulsory

arbitration was an absolute novelty when the Act was first passed. It was the most daring piece of legislation ever passed in New Zealand. Yet it has stood all tests, though at one time or another it has been attacked from every possible quarter. Certainly no civilized country can show such a result in regard to number of strikes for thirty years. It is grossly unfair to blame the Act for strikes in Trade Unions which were never under it, for by far the greater number that have occurred in the Dominion since 1894 have been among Unions that had never registered at all.

Indeed among a number of the registered Unions there never has been a single strike since the Act was passed.

In the opinion of the author it has proved even more successful than he had hoped, for not only has it reduced the number of strikes, but sweating has been made an impossibility, whilst dire poverty has been entirely stamped out. In experimental legislation of such a nature it is not to be wondered at that amendments have been necessary from time to time to meet changing conditions and new situations. Experience has shown, too, that the stronger side has always been discontented and restless under its operation, whilst the weaker side has been grateful for its aid. But no sane person would now seek to strike the law from the statute-book. It is a fact that as originally passed the Act was utterly different from the rough draft presented in 1891 and that it was very materially amended in committee, but the Minister in charge was responsible for every amendment of importance except one.[1]

Since 1894 Great Britain, the United States, and other countries, recognizing the value of New Zealand's experiment, have introduced the principle of arbitration into their industrial legislation. And whilst no one would claim that such measures are a cure for industrial troubles, yet it cannot be gainsaid that they have proved beneficial and are now looked

[1] In the original Bill it had been provided that the Judge of the Arbitration Court should be a Judge of the District Court, a Court of limited jurisdiction. The words "District Judge" were struck out on the motion of Mr. Earnshaw, Labour member for Dunedin, and as a consequence the status of a Judge of the New Zealand Arbitration Court has always been that of a Supreme Court Judge. This was the only material amendment for which the Minister was not responsible.

upon as part of the necessary machinery of the more progressive countries of the world.

From 1914 and throughout the War the Government of necessity confined itself mainly to war legislation, and after the War there have been few measures passed that call for special notice. The formation of a gigantic Meat Pool by the Government is, however, rather a curious measure to have been introduced by the successors of the old Conservative Party. It is in practice extremely governmental, not to say socialistic, and it may well be wondered what the late Sir William Russell would have thought of such a proposal! It is, however, being worked with extreme caution, and so far as can be judged is doing useful work. The Meat Export Control Act, 1921–2, as it is called, provides for the appointment of a "Meat Producers' Board," which is given power to control the meat-export trade. The Board consists of two Government representatives and five representatives of the producers. An additional member may be appointed by the Government as a representative of stock and station agents. Provision is made for a London Agency of the Board, one member to be appointed through the Minister of Agriculture and the other appointments to be made by the Board. The full control of meat for export is placed in the hands of the Board, which is also given power to make arrangements for the slaughtering of stock where the meat is to be exported. The Board may decree that all contracts for sea carriage of meat must be made with it as agents for the producers or owners. Provision is also made for the making of levies on exported meat, the proceeds of levies, after certain deductions for Customs services, to form part of the funds of the Board. A further section empowers the Minister of Finance to guarantee advances made to the Board or at its request.

A similar Act has now been passed to control the export of dairy produce. An interesting feature of this Act was a clause providing for the taking of a referendum among the dairy producers of the Dominion to decide whether or not the law was acceptable to them as a body. It might well have been expected that upon a measure of such vital concern to producers a very full poll would have been recorded. It was far otherwise. Out of about fifty-six thousand producers

some twenty-four thousand did not even trouble to vote, and the Act passed into law. The fact that legislation of such a kind is accepted in this exceedingly passive way would seem to show how perfectly confident the farmer now is that his interests are being carefully husbanded by the Government and can be safely left in its hands. These new departures in experimental legislation will be watched with interest by the outside commercial world, and in the Dominion by opponents of " Farmer Government."

In the year 1921 New Zealand, in common with nearly every country in the world, passed through an embarrassing period. For many years past more than nine-tenths of her exports have been products of the land. Lavish expenditure everywhere, both during the War, when it was necessary, and after the Armistice, when it was not, provided an artificial market for these products. The overdue and inevitable reaction, causing as it did in the Old World a heavy fall in the demand for commodities, loss of confidence, and much unemployment, suddenly began seriously to interfere with New Zealand's principal markets. Coincident with the shrinking of buying power in England came the action of English manufacturers, who began without warning to fill long-standing orders from New Zealand, with the result that her banks were loaded with bills and the Dominion flooded with goods. The New Zealand importers seemed to have fallen into the habit of placing—at ever-increasing prices—orders more or less in excess of what they really required, doing this in the hope of securing at least a part of what they needed. Then came the slump in England, and British manufacturers found time to fulfil overseas orders. Current indents were executed to the full. Orders two and three years old, regarded as obsolete by the importer, were also fulfilled. Others, which were to be spread over months, were sent forward in one or two shipments, until there was neither bond nor free storage in New Zealand ports adequate to hold the huge accumulation. What orders they could the New Zealand merchants cancelled, but to their credit be it stated that instances of unjustifiable repudiation were rare. As was inevitable, the wild rush of importing business was followed by a corresponding pause. Ships went out to New Zealand in

ballast, and the Dominion had to face a gradual adjustment of the position, involving, of course, inconvenience and loss.

This extraordinary commercial episode affected the banks acutely and caused a general depression in the Dominion. With the excessive imports came a very serious fall in the price of exports, a fall causing in some cases the disappearance of any margin of profit.

In the case of wool, the chief export from the Dominion, there was a drop in value of nearly £7,750,000. This was the result of a fall in price so heavy that whereas under the Imperial Commandeer New Zealand wool averaged 15d. per lb., it was now quoted at 4½d. to 5½d., and difficult of sale even at that figure. With the drop in wool other produce was depressed, and the market for frozen meat became most unsatisfactory. Dairy produce held its own on the whole, but the effect on the Dominion was severe, and the banks were called upon to do their utmost in making advances to stave off what might easily have become serious disaster. Although it was true that the country had not had to face a sudden depression of the kind since 1879, it was also true that she was far stronger and better equipped to face difficulties than she had been forty-two years before. Fortunately the financial position of the Government was exceptionally strong. The Treasury still retained more than £4,000,000 of the accumulated surplus of previous years, whilst it succeeded at this time in borrowing on favourable terms a further £5,000,000 on the London market.

Also, to give one example among many, the deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank, which in 1879 were £812,000, were in 1920 £42,400,000. Her main strength, of course, was, as it long has been, the possession of unusual natural advantages and the industry and courage of a resourceful and educated population. There was an enforced liquidation by merchants of excessive stocks, and the general outlook soon became brighter altogether. In 1921 producers had the benefit of a mild winter, and this was followed by a spring and summer so suitable for dairying that the following year saw another large increase in the output of dairy produce.

Mutton and lamb maintained the profitable prices with which 1922 opened. Cross-bred wool, which forms the great

bulk of the Dominion's clip, so improved in value as to leave a margin of profit for the grower, whilst the wheat yield was ample for home requirements. The overseas trade left a substantial balance in favour of the Dominion, whilst a strong revenue and diminished expenditure have enabled the Prime Minister not only to balance his last Budget, but to show a considerable surplus. The accumulated surplus fund of the Dominion has accordingly been strengthened, and the balance now stands at nearly five millions.

A glance at New Zealand statistics for the ten-year period 1913 to 1923 shows some very remarkable results in regard to the progress of the Dominion. In the first place, notwithstanding the trying times of the War, the population, nearly 98 per cent. of which is British, has increased by 210,000, or 18 per cent. Then the total trade, which by the way is the highest in the world per head of population, increased by £50,000,000, or 110 per cent. Exports of frozen meat increased 18 per cent. in volume and 103 per cent. in value; butter by 236 per cent. in volume and 418 per cent. in value; cheese by 136 per cent. in volume and 288 per cent. in value. The export of apples and pears has gone up from about 1,500,000 lb. to nearly 6,000,000 lb., nearly 300 per cent., and the increase in value is over 500 per cent. The total exports of the Dominion for 1914 were slightly over £23,000,000, whilst for 1924 they were in the neighbourhood of £51,000,000, practically an increase of 120 per cent. No need in face of these figures to say that New Zealand's outlook is not bright!

A COAST ROAD : KAIKOURA MOUNTAINS IN DISTANCE

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CHAPTER II

A TRIANGULAR DUEL

WHEN one considers the composition of the New Zealand Parliament for the last twenty-five years as compared with that of earlier days, one is forced to the conclusion that the advantage does not lie with the later period. No Smuts, no Laurier, no Deakin, or Bruce has appeared, and lacking men of outstanding intellect, able both to inspire and to lead, legislation has on the whole become more commonplace, and expenditure has at times been sought almost as an object in itself. The observations of outsiders on the conduct of affairs in the New Zealand Parliament have not been favourable. M. André Siegfried, in his book *Democracy in New Zealand*, makes reference to Mr. Sidney Webb's criticism that the great reproach to be made against the New Zealand Government was its complete vulgarity; and Siegfried remarks: "Mr. Sidney Webb is certainly a little severe, but we must recognize with him that the sessions of the New Zealand Parliament are not always edifying." The visits of these two observers came in the beginning of this century at a time when New Zealand, owing to its advanced legislation, had attracted to itself a great deal of notice from the outside world, and it was doubtless in the bitterness of his disillusionment that Siegfried described the politics of the country as "cynically practical opportunism."

These criticisms must have been disappointing to old colonists then living who could remember the brighter hopes and more thoughtful debates of the previous generation.

There are those who believe that much of the dignity and culture previously manifest were lost during the years of one-man rule, under Seddon—when the anti-intellectual element grew larger, to the detriment of the standard of politics.

Certainly the Seddon administration left little scope for individuality in the rank and file, but the whole blame cannot be attributed to this cause. When in later years the Opposition came into power it could not boast of any great improvement in the standard of intellect or ability among its members, and to-day there are but few who can seriously be called statesmen.

Sir Joseph Ward was certainly not very happily situated when he became Premier after Mr. Seddon's death.

Seddon had overshadowed every other personality during the latter part of his dictatorship within his party, and when Ward came into office their prestige and influence were unmistakably declining. He had good colleagues in Sir John Findlay as Attorney-General and in Robert McNab as Minister of Lands, but the truth was that the people were suffering a reaction from the progressive mood that had filled the sessions from 1891 to 1898, and the very mention of politics seemed to nauseate. The Liberal policy had propitiated the working man and the small farmer, but the whole position had gradually changed. During the earlier "nineties" all the outstanding grievances of Labour had been redressed, and such ample reforms made as to cut the ground from under the feet of the Labour politician. The struggling farmer, or "cockatoo," moreover, was now, thanks to the financial assistance he had received under the Government Advances to Settlers Act, a man of standing, with a real stake in the country; in fact, he was quickly, though perhaps surreptitiously, dropping his Liberal-Labour sympathies and becoming a Conservative. Most serious of all came a definite breach between Liberalism and organized Labour.

This combination of circumstances must have accounted in great measure for the downfall of the Liberal-Labour Government at the hands of Mr. Massey's party in 1912. The effect upon the Liberals was not very apparent for some time, because in the year following the outbreak of War a National Government was formed which included several Liberal Ministers, notably Sir Joseph Ward as Minister of Finance. No Labour members were included. It is to the credit of all concerned that the pact was not broken until Mr. Massey and Sir Joseph Ward had returned from Europe

after taking part in the Peace negotiations as the representatives of New Zealand. But although there had been no open dissensions, it was generally known that the coalition was not being carried on without a certain amount of tension. The public were not at all taken by surprise, therefore, when a few days after his return to the Dominion Sir Joseph Ward and his Liberal colleagues withdrew from the Ministry.

At the General Election which ensued the Liberals were heavily defeated and Sir Joseph Ward lost his seat. The Reform Party emerged from the conflict with a clear majority of sixteen over all other parties, the result being as follows :—

Reform	48
Liberal	19
Labour	8
Independent Labour	5
	80

Then came the "slump" of 1920, the tightening of the Treasury purse-strings, retrenchment in the Civil Service —that inevitable refuge of a Government in bad times—and, with the elections of 1922, the chance for the Opposition! But the Liberals reaped practically no advantage, for the net result was a great accession of strength to the Labour Party at the expense of the Ministerialists, the result being :—

Reform	38
Liberal	20
Labour	17
Independent	5
	80

Moreover, the Liberals suffered soon afterwards a severe blow in the second rejection of Sir Joseph Ward, who entered the lists shortly after the General Election to contest against a Reform opponent the seat rendered vacant by the death of Sir William Herries, a Minister in Mr. Massey's Cabinet. This was counterbalanced a little later by a set-back to the Reform Party, when Mr. Lee, Minister of Justice in the late Ministry, who had been defeated by a Liberal candidate, suffered a second reverse in a by-election after the first poll had been declared void. The Reform Party, as will be seen from the figures given above, is now in a precarious position.

On a combined Liberal-Labour vote they would be in a minority, but they have so far survived, and in a recent division on a no-confidence vote two Liberals voted with the Government, thus saving Mr. Massey's party from defeat.

The growth of the Labour Party since its first appearance some thirty-two years ago is interesting. It then numbered five. The good impression made by this quintette gave their party a useful start. By dint of sheer energy and zeal it has now increased its strength to seventeen, and its unity makes it a force to be reckoned with.

Its organization is good and the enthusiasm of the party undoubted. Unfortunately for itself, it has not thrown out a leader of outstanding genius, nor have conditions generally been favourable to its development. As already pointed out, the small farmer has crossed over to the Conservative camp, whilst so many reforms were carried out under the Liberal-Labour regime that the working man has been hard put to it to find new grievances. Latterly the Labour Party has had to rely almost entirely on the preaching of Socialism and Pacifism, and this does not commend itself to the ordinary citizen. The New Zealander is a practical man and quick to perceive that these dreams could only be realized in a more or less ideal State.

When one comes to consider Mr. Massey's Cabinet as at present constituted, it should be said at once that it is efficient and well able to cope with the administrative work of the country. A widespread belief in Mr. Massey's honesty of purpose has carried him through many difficulties, and though he has been belittled by some as a " rustic " and even commonplace character, such a description is far from being correct. It is true that the public estimate of his honesty has been and is his greatest asset. It is true that he represents the views, feelings—possibly even some of the prejudices—of the farmers to an extent which no other New Zealand Premier ever has, and that this helps him greatly. The farmers count for much. Still, if he were not a man of strong character and considerable ability, he could not possibly have remained in office for so long. Mr. Massey, like all statesmen, has two sides: on one side he is a genial, practical, and patriotic ex-farmer; on the other an extremely shrewd party leader, knowing all

the moves on the board, and, naturally, using them. He has endeavoured to select the best available men to serve under him and has made few mistakes. His finance has been much criticized by his opponents, especially in regard to the payment immediately after the War of large sums of public money for the purchase of lands for Soldier-Settlement. The object was good, but high prices were given by the Government, and with the fall in values of produce in 1920, land values came down with a run, leaving the landholder-vendor with the " boom " price of his land safely in his pocket, whilst the Soldier-Settlers found themselves with a heavy burden of interest instead of the benefit that had been hoped for and intended. Indeed there were many cases of the greatest hardship. Though the cry that the Government should have paid for the land in Government Bonds instead of in cash was raised after the event, yet it can hardly avoid responsibility for its contribution to the very serious position that arose, when by keener foresight it might have taken a more prudent course in regard to these land purchases.

The three outstanding members of Mr. Massey's Cabinet are Messrs. Downie Stewart and Coates and Sir Francis Bell. Mr. Downie Stewart is a man who has written on the social experiments of New Zealand. He is the joint author with an American professor of a book on the subject, and his own part is well, carefully, and honestly written. In his speeches as well as in his writings he aims at getting to the root of his subject. Minister of Customs, Industries, and Commerce, he recently negotiated on behalf of New Zealand a reciprocal tariff agreement with the Australian Commonwealth authorities. It was a difficult and delicate task, requiring great tact and forbearance on both sides, but he came through with flying colours and received congratulations from the Commonwealth as well as throughout New Zealand when he returned from his mission. That his health, which has not been very strong, may improve and enable him to undertake greater responsibilities should they come to him is the desire of many onlookers as well as of his colleagues and friends.

Mr. J. G. Coates is another Cabinet Minister who has won his spurs, after coming to the front in a remarkably short time, and has proved himself a really capable Minister. A typical

New Zealander, he is still in the prime of life. After serving in the War, he entered the political field in the General Election of 1919, and the fact that to-day he combines the offices of Minister of Railways, Public Works, Native Affairs, and Postmaster-General is a sufficient testimony that he possesses no ordinary capacity for work. With great activity he has virtually re-organized the Public Works Department, one of the most important branches of the Public Service. By general consent it is now more efficient than at any time for many years past. He has also materially improved the Postal Service. Report has it that his thoroughness in everything that he undertakes enables him to discuss technical details in a way that impresses his departmental experts.

Of the older hands in the Cabinet, Sir Francis Bell, whose father, Sir F. Dillon Bell, a distinguished pioneer colonist, was a member of the first New Zealand Cabinet in 1856, has by his force of character, gift of clear exposition and great ability as a lawyer given strength to the Cabinet. His views on Imperial questions, succinctly and quietly expressed, show a grasp of constitutional aspects, an understanding of possibilities, and a wise and refreshing moderation.

Had he been a spokesman for New Zealand at one or more of the Imperial Conferences, he would have been a dignified and cool-headed representative, who would have won the respect of the counsellors of the Empire. In New Zealand politics Sir Francis, as a reasoning Conservative, of the road. As that is impossible, he is a good party man who probably thinks that all sensible people should follow the middle behind a certain genial cynicism conceals much real kindliness, a belief in fair play, and a genuine zeal for rational government.

Sir James Allen, who left the Cabinet in 1919 upon being appointed High Commissioner for New Zealand in London, bore perhaps the greatest burden of any of New Zealand's Cabinet Ministers during the War. Besides carrying through with the highest distinction the onerous duties of Minister of Defence, he was Acting-Prime Minister on the two occasions when Mr. Massey's presence was required at the seat of Empire. Sir James conducted his department with a fairness that was beyond all question when it became necessary to carry out the decision of the Government in 1916 to enforce Compulsory

Military Service, and from being a much-criticized Minister for a time, he emerged from the test thoroughly vindicated in regard to his policy and respected throughout the Dominion for his fearless and single-minded devotion to duty in the Empire's cause.

A good High Commissioner in London is a valuable officer to his Dominion. If Dominion Governments would make the best use of their High Commissioners instead of belittling their position, as they often have in the past, it would be well. As it is, their functions are many and important. Sir James Allen's predecessor, Sir Thomas Mackenzie, made, for instance, a very special point of attending to the interests of the trade of the Dominions in Great Britain. In truth, as Mr. Reeves once said after dinner: "The High Commissioner for New Zealand is an official expected to combine the dignified functions of an ambassador with the practical activities of a bagman."

The present triangular position in the New Zealand Parliament is productive of an enormous waste of time in the conduct of public affairs, and should undoubtedly be ended by the arrangement of some sort of fusion or sorting out of parties. This could probably be brought about quickly and to general advantage if personal ambitions were subordinated. It is surprising that the practical-minded public of the Dominion does not rise in revolt against the continuance of the present situation. A large proportion of nearly every session appears to be taken up by dreary no-confidence debates lasting for weeks on end, when interminable and irrelevant speeches are made, covering the whole gamut of politics.

Apart from the "stonewalling" tactics which they indulge in, the contributions of the Labour members to the debates in Parliament compare more than favourably with those of the other parties in the House. They attend to their duties and certainly marshal their forces in a manner that does them credit. Their leader, Mr. Holland, is acknowledged to have ability. Mr. Wilford also, the Liberal leader, plays a difficult part courageously. But it is high time something was done to put an end to the present ridiculous position.

CHAPTER III

NEW ZEALAND AND THE WAR

NOTHING could possibly have more fully justified the granting by Great Britain of complete autonomy to her self-governing Dominions than the response they made to the call to arms in the Great War. No system of Federation could possibly have worked more successfully for unity of Empire than that of the "Loose tie" between the Mother-country and these cubs of hers fast growing into nationhood. In New Zealand not a mere outburst, but a blaze of intensest loyalty and devotion to the cause which every heart believed to be a just one spread through the land from end to end quicker almost than the words of terrible omen which reached the ears of the people in those solemn days—days that will never be forgotten by those who waited and listened through them.

And so came the justification of that system of compulsory military training, then well established in New Zealand, which the Government under Sir Joseph Ward had instituted five years before, and which had received the personal approval of Kitchener himself after his visit to the Dominion in 1910. Yes, New Zealand was already prepared. In less than a fortnight after war was declared she was able to dispatch, as a complete military unit, her first Expeditionary Force, which fourteen days later landed and took possession of the German Colony of Western Samoa. On 30th July preliminary arrangements had been made for mobilizing a voluntary Expeditionary Force, which was offered to the Imperial Government for service in Europe, or elsewhere if needed. The offer was accepted on 12th August, and the main body, 8,000 of all ranks, embarked for Egypt on the 15th October, 1914, under the command of General (now Sir Alexander) Godley.

Meantime Parliament and people alike concentrated every nerve upon rendering all possible assistance to the Mother-country in the prosecution of the War. All classes vied with each other in making sacrifice for the common cause.

A year after the War began the party hatchet was buried in Parliament and a National Coalition Government was formed under Mr. Massey, with Sir Joseph Ward as Finance Minister. Other portfolios were divided among members of the Reform and Liberal Parties.

Shortly after the arrival of the New Zealanders in Egypt they became part of a composite division styled the New Zealand and Australian Division.

In April 1915, after some months of training in Egypt, and after helping to repel the Turk in his attack upon the Suez Canal, the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, being now part of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (familiarly known as the "Anzacs"), embarked on the Gallipoli adventure. It took part on the 25th April in the memorable landing there which has now become an epic among British feats of arms. Up to the end of 1915 the New Zealand casualties equalled the total personnel of the original force that set out for Egypt, and as most of these were suffered during the Gallipoli campaign, it will be realized what a heavy toll was paid. Hundreds, moreover, were posted as missing, but only two dozen war prisoners, broken with disease and wounds, reached their homes again after three and a half years of captivity under the Turk. So mothers who had waited, hoping against hope, had at length to join with them that said, "his name liveth for evermore."

In the meantime, and despite these heavy losses, reinforcements had been coming steadily forward from New Zealand, and immediately after the evacuation of Gallipoli had been completed, the Imperial Government suggested the formation of a complete New Zealand Division. The Army Council deputed General Sir William Birdwood to arrange details direct with General Godley, and the Division was in being almost immediately. General Godley, when he was promoted to the temporary command of the whole Anzac Corps, retained control of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force as a whole. But General (now Sir Andrew) Russell was given the command

of the New Zealand Division. Then came rumours which very soon resolved themselves into strong indications that the services of the New Zealanders would soon be required on the Western Front to meet the real foe in the very cockpit of Europe.

On 17th January, 1916, a memorandum came from Corps Headquarters urging that every officer and man should make the fullest use of every opportunity for training. "There is little enough time in which to fit ourselves to take the field against the Germans, which may be our next move, and every moment is precious," it ran; and rumour having quickly turned to reality, the New Zealand Division was transferred from what a British General, in speaking of the New Zealand soldiers, described as the half-way house to the Western Front. The Division arrived in France early in April. Incorporated with them was a Pioneer battalion composed of survivors of the Maori who had fought so well beside their white brothers at Gallipoli, and whose native battle-cry was reported to have struck terror into the heart of the Turk. Together with the native reinforcements that had continued to arrive from New Zealand they formed the nucleus of a unique and exceedingly useful body. The hardships of a European winter coupled with the awful mud of the Flanders trenches tried to the full the physical and the *morale* of trained soldiers accustomed to the rigours of the climate; but what must it have meant to these brown warriors accustomed to the soft airs of the far-off South Pacific? Yet the never-failing humour and cheerfulness of these Maori under the trials of war proved them more than worthy sons of the fighting race from which they sprang, and at the same time made them a welcome and cheerful addition to the New Zealand forces.

On the reconstruction of the New Zealand Force consequent upon the dispatch of the Division for service in France, a New Zealand Mounted Rifle Brigade was formed, and this Brigade fought with great distinction under the command of Brigadier-General (now Sir Edward) Chaytor, throughout the campaign in Palestine. The historical account of their doings in the Holy Land reads like a chapter from the Old Testament, even down to the crossing of the River Jordan and the entry into the Land of Moab.

But the actual feats of arms of the New Zealanders in Egypt, in Palestine, and in France, and of individual countrymen of theirs who fought on land and sea and in the air attached to the Imperial Forces, as also the courage of many who served in the Mercantile Marine, must beleft to the historian. It has been said with truth of New Zealand in the past, that her people have lacked the traditions of older countries, but this will not be said of them again in regard to feats of arms. What will be more inspiring to the youth of future generations of the Dominion than to read of the noble and heroic deeds of these men and youths who, in answer to the call of the Mother-country, came from farm and desk and workshop, and of whom the British Admiral who saw them land at Gallipoli said, "Their achievements in this their first battle set as high a standard as that of any army in history"? Thus they went to the Western Front to fight with honour beside the Guards in the second battle of the Somme, and later to win further glory no less by the brilliance of their attack in the battle of Messines than by their dogged determination a few months later in the awful mud of Passchendaele. Finally, it was their destiny to march to victory in the great advance of 1918. And though invidious distinctions are usually unwise, yet no apology need be made for the mention of Sergeant Travis, V.C., the hero of the New Zealand Division, and Lieutenant-Commander Sanders, whose deeds of bravery in combating German submarines in his "mystery ship" thrilled the Empire.

Lord Haig said of the New Zealanders: "No Division in France built up for itself a finer reputation, whether for the gallantry of its conduct in battle or for the excellence of its behaviour out of the line. Its record does honour to the land from which it came and the Empire for which it fought."

The Dominion may well be proud of having had the services of such a distinguished and able soldier as General Sir Alexander Godley to train them into a fighting force, and then to command them throughout the War. Certainly to him is largely due the credit which they earned on the field of battle, and though he was not always well understood, his qualities eventually came to be appreciated at their true worth, and his services to the Dominion will ever be gratefully remembered.

Happily General Russell was spared to command the New Zealand Division in France to the end of the War, when, his task well done, he was able to return to his home in the Dominion. A nephew of a former Premier, the late Sir William Russell, he left home and family to become the New Zealand soldiers' beloved Chief. No eulogy of his sterling character and his great ability could be overdone. He was a born soldier, and having an intimate and sympathetic understanding of those whom he commanded, from brigadier to the humblest man in the ranks, General Russell was an inspiration to the New Zealand Division. As he knew them, so did they know him. They admired his character and knew that he would not "let them down," as they expressed it. They knew too that he required of them the highest conception and performance of duty. This they gave. They served under him with trust and confidence, earning for themselves and, more than all, for their country a name that will be a proud heritage for those that come after them. They knew that he hated humbug and required deeds and not words, and possibly this knowledge was reflected in their outward bearing, which earned for them the name of the "Silent Division."

Of the New Zealand Mounted Brigade which served throughout the very trying campaign in Palestine, Lord Allenby said: "Nothing daunted these intrepid fighters; to them nothing was impossible. I am proud to have had the honour of commanding them; and they have my congratulations, my thanks, and my good wishes."

The War effort of New Zealand was a great one for so small a country. The complete number of troops and nurses provided for foreign service up to the cessation of hostilities was 110,368—more than 10 per cent. of the Dominion's total population in 1914. A further total of 3,370 are known to have left New Zealand to serve in British and Australian Forces. The great majority of these troops were volunteers. Of 124,211 men provided from the commencement of the War to the 12th November, 1918, 91,941 were volunteers and 32,370 were enrolled for military service under the Military Service Act passed in 1916. The total casualties were 58,000, of whom 16,700 were killed in action or died. This was indeed

a heavy toll upon a country whose total population was only a little over a million. Belgium's total, with a population seven times greater, was 13,000 dead. Those New Zealanders taken prisoners in all theatres were 4 officers and 352 other ranks—truly a remarkable record, especially in view of the captures by the New Zealand Division, which in France amounted to 287 officers and 8,745 other ranks, 145 guns, 1,419 machine-guns, and 3 tanks, beside much other material, whilst those effected by the Mounted Brigade in Palestine were no less than 10,332 prisoners, 57 guns, 147 machine-guns, beside a large amount of railway running stock and an immense quantity of ammunition.

The history of New Zealand's War effort in other directions has been published. It is worthy of record that the Public Debt of the Dominion rose from £94,000,000 in 1914 to £219,000,000 in 1922, of which more than £80,000,000 was direct War Expenditure. Then, since the War, over £26,000,000 have been provided for settling discharged soldiers on the land, and the heavy burden that the Dominion voluntarily undertook has caused an increase in taxation which has certainly strained the resources of even her wealthier citizens.

Early in 1915 all the frozen meat of the Dominion was made subject to requisition by the Imperial Government, and later this control was extended to include most of the principal items of New Zealand produce, notably wool, butter, cheese, and hides.

A New Zealander has to remember that his country is one of the smaller of the Overseas Dominions. Still, slender islands may take broad views. The problems of Empire facing the Mother-country and which have come into prominence since the self-governing Dominions joined as partners in signing the Peace Treaty with Germany could, one cannot help saying, be more easily solved if all were of the same mind as the people of New Zealand. She is satisfied with the autonomy she already enjoys, secure in the knowledge that as time and circumstance reveal fresh necessities her requests will be acceded to if reasonably possible. She does not aspire to be a full Sovereign State with right to make peace and war, because she realizes that with that responsibility she may

have war made upon her. She wants no Ambassadors in foreign Courts, and she frankly admits that she must stand or fall with Great Britain and her Navy. Having been granted the mandate for Samoa, New Zealand was careful to take it through the Imperial Government and not direct from the League of Nations, her Minister no doubt feeling, as was expressed at the time by Sir James Allen, then Minister of Defence, when the matter was before the country in 1920, that direct dealings with the League might in the end lead to the Dominions separating from the Mother-country and claiming complete independence.

This is not to say that New Zealanders desire to speak flippantly of the aims of the greater Dominions. They fully realize the modifications and even the direct differences of opinion and feeling that come from factors that do not exist in their country. She has no racial complexities, for the nationals of other countries within her borders are quite a negligible quantity. In Canada and South Africa the same conditions do not, of course, exist, and the preservation of " unity of Empire " in their case is not so simple, but with an elastic and unwritten Constitution and the good will and community of interest that exists there should be no fear that the " Empire tangle," as it has been called by a young New Zealand author, will not be unravelled.

PART III

By the HON. WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES

THE NEW ZEALANDERS

No hungry generations tread thee down.

THE islands under the Government of New Zealand contain rather more than 1,400,000 people. Of these 100,000 are Brown, of the Eastern Polynesian race. Nearly 50,000 of these live in tropical South Sea islands, far away from Wellington, such as mandated Samoa, Rarotonga, Niue, and other specks on the vast Pacific. For these the administrators sent from the Dominion do their best, honestly and humanely. So far as can be learned, the natives seem fairly content with their lot. The Brown New Zealanders —*Nga Tangata Maori*—number now about 60,000, including 7,000 half-castes. It seems certain that during the last thirty years the Maori have increased, that they still are increasing, and that they need not die out. Medical science can save them if they have the will to be saved. Once more I must emphasize that they are no longer savages, but orderly citizens, who own land, read and write English, vote at election-time, volunteer in war-time, wear European clothes, till the ground, and possess sheep, cattle, and horses. They take life easily and would be all the better for a share of the white man's ambitions. However, they live comfortably enough, and the gradual infusion of European blood into the race may increase its energies as time goes on. A gentleman of their blood, Sir Maui Pomaré, represents them in the Cabinet. He is a physician and a man of ability. Another Maori, Ratana, has gained fame among Whites as well as Browns as a faith-healer. A third, Dr. Apirama Ngata, was for some years a member of the Government.

About 5,000 Asiatics are the only other coloured people in the Dominion itself. Of these the Chinese, some 3,050, are a true alien element. They do not marry—seventy-eight

European and fourteen Chinese wives are all they have, at any rate in the Dominion. They are not met in social intercourse or industrial partnership by any class of colonists, but work apart as gold-diggers, market-gardeners, laundrymen and small shop-keepers, and are the same inscrutable, industrious, insanitary race of gamblers and opium-smokers in New Zealand as elsewhere. At one time, about forty-five years ago, they numbered 5,000. But the House of Representatives, taking the alarm, imposed poll-taxes and other restrictions on Mongolian immigrants. So they shrank to their present numbers which, one imagines, might be smaller still were the laws quite sternly enforced. Mediocre coolies from Southern China, they are scarcely examples of their race at its best. They do very little harm and not much more good, and in their quiet fashion labour to scrape together two or three hundred pounds. Then, if they do not gamble it away, they take their money back to China. About 1,300 " Syrians " and low-caste British Indians complete the tally of Asiatics.

Of the 1,300,000 Whites, three-quarters are now native-born and many are grandchildren, a few even great-grandchildren, of New Zealand-born parents. An insular race is therefore in process of forming. What are its characteristics ? As the Scotch would say—what like is it ? Does it give any signs of qualities, physical or mental, tending to distinguish it from Britons, Australians, or North Americans ? The answer is not easy. Nothing is more tempting, and at the same time more risky, than to thus generalize and speculate too soon. As was said at the outset, New Zealand has taken an almost perverse delight in upsetting expectations. Nevertheless, certain points are worth noting which may, at any rate, help readers to draw conclusions of their own.

The New Zealanders are a British race in a sense in which the inhabitants of the British Islands scarcely are. That is to say, they consist of English, Scotch, and Irish, living together, meeting daily, intermarrying, and having children whose blood with each generation becomes more completely blended and mingled. Nearly 98 per cent. of the population, according to a recent statement by Mr. Massey, are British, were born within the boundaries of the Empire. The Celtic

element is larger than in England or in the Scottish lowlands. As against this there is a certain, though small, infusion of Scandinavian and Jugo-Slav blood; very little indeed of any other foreign race. By common consent the Scandinavians have been excellent colonists. The Scots muster strongest in the south and the Irish in the mining districts. In proportion to their numbers the Scots are more prominent than other races in politics, commerce, finance, sheep-farming, and the work of education. Among the eighty European members of the New Zealand House of Representatives there has seldom been more than one Smith, Brown, or Jones, and hardly ever a single Robinson; but the number of McKenzies has often been three. The Irish do not crowd into the towns, or attempt to capture the municipal machinery, as in America, nor are they a source of political unrest or corruption. Their Church's antagonism to the National Education system has excluded many able Catholics from public life. Some 2,400 Jews live in the towns, and seem more numerous and prominent in the north than in the south. They belong to the middle class; many are wealthy. These are often charitable and public-spirited, and active in municipal rather than in parliamentary life.

Among the Churches the Church of England claims 42 per cent. of the people; the Presbyterians 24 per cent.; other Protestants, chiefly Methodists, 15 per cent.; and Catholics 14. Though the National School system is secular, it is not anti-Christian. Religion is taught to large contingents of children in Sunday-schools. In the census returns about 3 per cent. of the population object or neglect to specify their religion; only about 1 per cent. style themselves as definitely outside the Christian camp.

The average density of population throughout the Colony's 104,000 square miles is somewhat more than twelve to the mile. About one-half the New Zealanders live in the country, in villages, or in towns of less than 2,500 inhabitants. Even the larger towns cover, with their suburbs, so many square miles of ground that a European would smile at hearing them spoken of as thickly peopled urban areas. Nor is there overcrowding in houses; less than five persons to a house is the proportion. There are very few spots in the towns where trees, flower-gardens, and grass are not close at hand, and

even orchards and fields not far away. The dwelling-houses, almost all of wood, seldom more that two storeys high, commonly show by their shady verandahs and veiling creepers that the New Zealand sun is warmer than the English. Bright, windy, and full of the salt of the ocean, the air is perhaps the wholesomest on earth, and the Island race naturally shows its influence. Bronzed faces display on every side the power of sun and wind. Pallor is rare ; so also is the more delicate pink and white of certain English skins. The rainier, softer skies of the western coasts have their result in smoother skins and better complexions on that side of the Islands than in the drier east. On the warm shores of Auckland there are signs of a more slightly built breed, but not in the interior, which almost everywhere rises quickly into hill or plateau. Athletic records show that the North Islanders usually hold their own against Southern rivals. More heavily built as a rule than the Australians, the New Zealanders have darker hair and thicker eyebrows than is common with the Anglo-Saxon of Eastern England and Scotland. Tall and robust, the men are what you might expect in a race which helped to furnish the Empire with the famous Anzacs. The women—who are still somewhat less numerous than the males—are as tall, but not usually as slight, as those of the English upper classes. To sum up, the New Zealand race shows no sign of beating the best British, or of producing an average equal to that best ; but its average is undoubtedly better than the general British average. The puny myriads of the manufacturing towns have no counterpart in the Dominion, and, if humanitarian laws can prevent it, never should. The birth-rate and death-rate are both strikingly low : the latter, 8·77 per 1,000, is the lowest in the world. The birth-rate has fallen from 37·95 in 1881 to 23·17 in 1922. Though this fall is sufficiently serious, it is small when compared with the startling decline that took place between the " seventies " and the " nineties." The gain by immigration is still appreciable, though not large. In a prosperous year the country can, perhaps, absorb from 8,000 to 10,000 immigrants of the right kind.

Their speech is that of communities where men are seldom illiterate and as seldom scholarly. A suspicion of twang is

sometimes noticeable, but is not yet common. The young people, perhaps, speak rather faster than English of the same age. As a rule New Zealanders speak English very much as do the English. On the other hand, anything like picturesque, expressive language within the limits of grammar is rarely found. Many good words in daily use in rural England have been dropped in the Dominion. Brook, village, moor, heath, forest, dale, copse, meadow, glade are among them. Young New Zealanders know what these mean because they find them in books, but would no more think of employing them in speaking than of using "inn," "tavern," or "ale," when they can say "hotel," "public house," or "beer." Their place is taken by slang. Yet if a nation is known by its slang, the New Zealanders must be held disposed to borrow rather than to originate, for theirs is almost wholly a mixture of English, American, and Australian. Most of the mining terms come from California; most of the pastoral from Australia, though "flat" and "creek" are, of course, American. "Ranche" and "gulch" have not crossed the Pacific; their place is taken by "run" and "gulley." On the other hand, "lagoon" has displaced the English "pond," except in the case of artificial water. Pasture is "feed," herd and flock alike become "mob." "Country" is used as a synonym for grazing; "good country" means simply good grazing land. A man tramping in search of work is a "swagman" or "swagger," from the "swag" or roll of blankets he carries on his back. Very few words have been adopted from the vigorous and expressive Maori. The convenient "mana," which covers prestige, authority, and personal magnetism; "wharé," a rough hut; "taihoa," equivalent to the Mexican *manana*; and "ka pai," "'tis good," are exceptions. The South Island colonists mispronounce their beautiful Maori place-names murderously. Even in the North Island the average bushman will speak of the pukatea trees as "bucketeer," and not to call the poro-poro shrub "bull-a-bull" would be considered affectation. There is or was in the archives of the Taranaki Farmers' Club a patriotic song which rises to the notable lines—

> And as for food, the land is full
> Of that delicious bull-a-bull!

In Canterbury you would be stared at if you called Timaru anything but "Timmeroo." In Otago Lake Wakatipu becomes anything, from "Wokkertip" to "Wackatipoo"; and I have heard a cultured man speak of Puké-tapu as "Buck-a-tap."

The intellectual average is good. Thanks in great part to Gibbon Wakefield's much-abused Company, New Zealand was fortunate in the mental calibre of her pioneer settlers, and in their determined efforts to save their children from degenerating into loutish, half-educated provincials. Looking around in the Dominion at the sons of these pioneers, one finds them on all sides doing useful and honourable work. They make upright civil servants, conscientious clergymen, schoolmasters, lawyers, and journalists, excellent doctors, resourceful engineers, steady-going and often prosperous farmers, and strong, quick, intelligent labourers. Of the "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control" needful to make a sound race they have an encouraging share. In writing they show facility often, but rarely distinction; in speech fluency and force of argument, and even, sometimes, lucidity, but seldom a flash of the loftier eloquence. In the first edition of this book I wrote "of artistic, poetic, or scientific talent, of wit, originality, or inventiveness, there is yet but little sign." Since then Sir Ernest Rutherford has made a name known wherever Science is honoured. The late Sir John Salmond was a noted jurist. Governor Sir William Marris stands very high among Indian administrators and has managed in his leisure hours to make the best verse translation of Catullus into English. "Katherine Mansfield," though her life was cut short, has been hailed by competent critics in England and America as a story-writer of fine and marked individuality. Art in the islands is better than it was, and several New Zealand singers are well known in London. Give the country time and it will achieve its share and make its contribution to intellectual things and the higher side of life. The rarity of local prizes and the need of European training force some of the imaginative young New Zealanders to quit their country: that should be less inevitable in days to come. The native-born are now coming to the front in their own land, where it is ceasing to be a curiosity—as it was when I was young—to see one of them

holding a prominent position. Before long the Dominion will be guided and controlled almost wholly by its own sons. These, looking backward, will admit, I think, that their fathers, the colonists, left them a good example.

The grazing of sheep and cattle are the chief occupations. In addition to wool the sheep provide most of the meat export, for that of beef is not large. Of 18,500,000 acres of improved land no less than 16,250,000 are laid down in English—that is to say artificial—grasses. The cattle are mainly used for dairying, chiefly carried on by means of well-organized Co-operative factories. Agriculture is almost confined to growing root crops for stock and about enough wheat, oats, and barley to supply local demands. Fruit-growing and bee-keeping are making progress. The fibre of the so-called native flax is an export of importance.

About 85,000 holdings of land are under cultivation of one kind or another. Of course, a considerable amount of stock is still depastured on native grasses on the unimproved land.

After these main industries come mining for coal, gold and Kauri gum. Manufactures grow steadily and already employ 70,000 hands. Large sums now being spent on electric power stations are expected to develop them in the near future. A few figures will give some notion of the industrial and commercial position. The number of the sheep is a little under 24,000,000; that of cattle is 3,500,000; of horses, 330,000; of pigs, 400,000. The export of wool is valued at about £12,000,000; that of butter and cheese at about £14,000,000; that of frozen meat at about £9,000,000. The output of gold has shrunk to about £500,000; the output of coal, about 1,850,000 tons, is no larger than it was seventeen or eighteen years ago. At the present rate of consumption the deposits of bituminous coal are expected to last about one hundred years. The supplies of brown coal and lignite are much larger, but there is little or no anthracite coal in the country. The export of Kauri gum may be put down at something under £600,000 a year; that of timber is rather less than £500,000, but in view of the rapid exhaustion of the forests the question is being raised whether it should not be prohibited after the fashion in which the export of New Zealand

oysters has more than once been stopped. Hides, skins, tallow, and hemp are the other chief exports. The external trade of the Dominion for the twelve months ending March 1924 had risen to about £96,000,000—a remarkable figure even if we allow for inflated values. The imports were more than £44,000,000 and the exports over £51,000,000. Of the former £24,000,000 were goods from Great Britain, but the Mother-country took in return New Zealand produce of no less value than £37,300,000. Only about a quarter of the imports came from countries outside the Empire, and about two-thirds of these from the United States.

In 1853, the first year of the grant of autonomy to New Zealand, the external trade of the Dominion was worth about £900,000. It has therefore multiplied more than a hundred-fold in seventy years. In the same time the White population has increased about twenty-six times. Private wealth in the Dominion is reckoned to be about £700,000,000 ; the mortgage debts secured on land have reached the formidable figure of nearly £258,000,000 ; the deposits in the Government Savings Bank, about £44,000,000, speak for the comfortable position of the poorer classes. The State railways, rather more than 3,000 miles in length, returned last year 3·82 per cent. on cost of construction. That is not far from the average return during the last twenty years.

Socially the colonists are what might be expected from their environment. Without an aristocracy, without anything that can be called a plutocracy, probably without a millionaire, New Zealand is also virtually without that hopeless thing, the hereditary pauper and begetter of paupers. It may be doubted whether she has twenty citizens with more than £20,000 a year apiece. On the other hand, the average of wealth and income is among the highest in the world.

Education is universal, and has done much to raise the level of the working classes, small farmers, and what in England would be called the lower middle class. The lectures of the professors of the State University—which is an examining body, with five affiliated colleges in five different towns—are well attended by students of both sexes. The examiners are English ; the degrees may be taken by either sex indifferently. Each of the colleges,

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besides providing the usual university courses, specializes in certain directions. Otago University has medical and dental schools, a school of mining and metallurgical engineering, and a school of home science; Canterbury College has a school of engineering (mechanical, electrical, and civil); Auckland University College has a school of mines and a school of commerce; and Victoria University College (Wellington) specializes in law and science. At the Lincoln (Canterbury) Agricultural College the students take an agricultural course of university grade. Not two per cent. of the total population go to the secondary schools, though they are good and cheap. It is her primary education that is the strength and pride of New Zealand. It is that which makes the list of crimes light. Criminals and paupers are less often produced than let in from the outside. The regulations relating to the exclusion of the physically or mentally tainted, formerly far too lax, have been stiffened. The colonists, honestly anxious that their country should in days to come show a fine and happy race, were strangely blind to the laws of heredity. They carelessly admitted those whose children to the third and fourth generation must be a degrading influence. On the other hand, the Dominion gains greatly by the regular and deliberate importation of English experts. Every year a small but important number of these are engaged and brought out. They vary from bishops and professors to skilled artisans and drill-instructors; but whatever they are, their quality is good, and they usually make New Zealand the home of their families.

With wealth diffused, and caste barriers unknown, a New Zealander, when meeting a stranger, does not feel called upon to act as though in dread of finding in the latter a sponge, toady, or swindler. Nor has the colonist to consider how the making of chance acquaintances may affect his own social standing. In his own small world his social standing is a settled thing, and cannot be injured otherwise than by his own folly or misconduct. Moreover, most of the Islanders are, or have been, brought face to face with the solitude of Nature, and many of all classes have travelled. These things make them more sociable, self-confident, and unsuspicious than the middle classes of older countries. Such hospitality

as they can show is to them a duty, a custom, and a pleasure.

The Islanders are almost as fond of horses and athletics as their Australian cousins. They are not nearly such good cricketers, though one of them, T. C. Lowry, is just now captain of the Cambridge eleven; but at their favourite game, Rugby Union football, the country of the " All Blacks " can claim that its players are as good as any and better than most. New Zealand can boast of a lawn-tennis champion—the late Anthony Wilding—two sculling conquerors, and a redoubtable boxer, " Bob " Fitzsimmons. The Islanders can often handle sailing-boats cleverly and can hold their own fairly well in rowing, swimming, running, jumping, and throwing weights. Fox-hunting is a forbidden luxury, as the fox may not be imported. But they have some packs of harriers, and ride to them in a way which would not be despised in the grass counties at Home. There are fair polo teams too. They are just as fond of angling and shooting as the race elsewhere. Capital trout-fishing, plenty of sea-fishing, good deer-shooting, and a fine supply of rabbits, hares, and wild duck help to console the sportsman for the scarcity of dangerous game. As might be expected in an educated people passionately fond of out-door exercises, well fed and clothed and with sun and sea air for tonics, drink is not their national vice. Gambling, especially over horse races, where betting is done through the totalizator, has more claim to that bad eminence. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why the land rings with denunciations of drink, while comparatively little has until quite lately been said against gambling.

Of colonial art there is still not much to be said. Sculpture is chiefly represented by an occasional statue brought from England. Architecture in its higher form is an unknown quantity. Painting is struggling towards the light, chiefly in the form of water-colour drawings. Political satire finds expression in cartoons, for the most part of that crude sort which depicts public men as horrific ogres and malformed monsters of appalling disproportions. Music, reading, and flower-gardening are the three chief refining pastimes. Generally the Islanders have more feeling for colour and

melody than for form or style. The number and size of the musical societies is worthy of note. So are the booksellers' shops and free libraries. The books, with some editions from America, are much the same as you see in London shops. I will say something in the appendix of colonial literature. As for flowers, New Zealanders promise to be as fond of them as the Japanese. Newspapers of one description or another abound in the Islands. Every locality may thus count upon every item of its local news appearing in print. On the average their influence is not slight. There is no one dominating journal. Of the eight leading dailies two seem to me to rise above the rest. I will not name them : I stand in far too much awe of the other six. I will but venture to say that a journal which, like the *Otago Daily Times*, preserves a sound tradition for more than sixty years is an asset to any community. The chief newspapers are better written than they were thirty years ago—that is to say, the general level of the writing seems better—and " stunt " journalism has not yet inflicted itself on the towns.

The working classes are better, the others more carelessly, dressed than in England. The workpeople are quicker, better read, and thriftier. Amongst the middle classes, industrious as they are, unusual thrift is rare. Speculation, especially in land, is a besetting sin. Their hospitality and kindliness do not prevent them from being hard bargainers in business.

Compared with the races from which they have sprung, the Islanders seem more even, less on their guard, and more neighbourly and sympathetic in minor matters. In politics they are fonder of change and experiment, more venturesome, more empirical, law-abiding, but readier to make and alter laws. Hypercritical and eaten up by local and personal jealousies in public life, they have nevertheless some understanding of compromise and a respectable gift of co-operation. They can more readily band themselves together to work for one reform, like Prohibition, than for a general advance along the line of progress. In politics their pride is that they are practical, and, indeed they are perhaps less ready than Europeans to deify theories and catchwords. Their pet weakness is the deification of the commonplace. They are heavily suspicious of wit and humour

in public men, and just as prone to mistake dullness for solidity. To their credit may be set down a useful impatience of grime, gloom, injustice, and public discomfort and bungling.

In social life they are more sober, more moral, more uniform. British in their dislike to take advice, their humbler position among the nations makes them more ready to study and learn from foreign example. Though there is no division into two races as in London, it would be absurd to pretend that social distinctions are unknown. Each town with its rural district has its own "society." The best that can be said for this institution is that it is not, as a rule, dictated to by mere money. It is made up of people with incomes mostly ranging from £600 to £3,000, with a sprinkling of bachelors of even more modest means. Ladies and gentlemen too poor to entertain others will nevertheless be asked everywhere if they have either brightness or intellect, or have won creditable positions. You see little social arrogance, not much attempt at display. Picnics, garden parties, and outings in boats and yachts are amongst the pleasanter functions. A yacht in New Zealand means a cutter able to sail well, but quite without any luxury in her fittings. The indoor gatherings are smaller, more kindly, less formal, less glittering copies of similar affairs in the Mother-country.

Brilliant talkers there are none. But any London visitor who might imagine that he was about to find himself in a company of clownish provincials would be much mistaken. A very large proportion of colonists have travelled and even lived in more lands than one. They have encountered vicissitudes and seen much that is odd and varied in nature and human nature. In consequence they can be, when they take the trouble, pleasant and interesting talkers, refreshingly free from mannerism or self-consciousness. Among the richer you detect an almost pathetic desire to seem as British as possible.

They both lose and gain by being without a leisured class. Its absence narrows their horizon, but saves them from a vast deal of hysterical nonsense, social mischief and blatant self-advertising. Though great readers of English newspapers and magazines, and much influenced thereby in their social, ethical, and literary views, their interest in English and

European politics is not very keen, except in so far as they directly affect the Empire as a whole. Both their geographical isolation and their constitution debar them from having any foreign policy, and they are content to stand loyally by that of the Mother-country. Resolved not to be absorbed in Australia, they are torpid concerning Imperial Federation. Their own local and general politics absorb any interest and leisure not claimed by business and pastimes. Their isolation is, no doubt, partly the cause of this. It takes their steamers from three to four days to reach Australia, and nearly as long to travel from one end of their own land to the other. Speedier passage across the oceans which divide them from the rest of the human race must always be in the forefront of their aims as a nation.

Industrious, sensible, strong, it is far too soon to complain of this race because it has not yet produced more men of genius from amongst its scanty numbers. Its mission has not been to do that, but to lay the foundations of a true civilization in two wild and lonely, though beautiful, islands. This has been a work calling for solid rather than brilliant qualities—for a people morally and physically sound and wholesome, and gifted with " grit " and concentration. There is such a thing as collective ability. The men who will carve statues, paint pictures, and write books will come, no doubt, in good time. The business of the pioneer generations has been to turn a bloodstained or silent wilderness into a busy and interesting, a happy, if not yet a splendid, State.

APPENDIX I

NEW ZEALAND LITERATURE

Books about New Zealand are numerous enough. To begin at the beginning: *Tasman's Log* is little but dry bones; of Cook and Crozet I have written elsewhere. Of the writers who tell of Alsatian days, none is worth naming in the same breath with Maning. His *Old New Zealand* and the even better-written story of Heké's war have about them—like Katherine Mansfield's stories—that elusive something that industry and mere talent cannot supply. Personally I like Polack and Savage among the pioneers, despite the lumbering pretentiousness and doubtful veracity of the former. Earle and Major Cruise are more truthful than readable—conditions which are exactly reversed in the case of Rutherford. If, as is said, Lord Brougham helped to write Rutherford's narrative, he did his work very well; but after the exposure of its "facts" by Archdeacon W. L. Williams, it can only be read as the yarn of a runaway sailor, who had reasons for not telling the whole truth and a capacity and knowledge of local colour which would have made him a capital romance writer had he been an educated man. As a picture of the times, Rutherford's story in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" will always, however, be worth reading.

The missionaries have not been as fortunate in their chroniclers as they deserve. The tumid stuff of Nicholas is grotesque enough to be more amusing than the tract-and-water style of Yate and Barret Marshall or the childishness of Richard Taylor. Much better in every way are Buller's (Wesleyan) *Forty Years in New Zealand* and Tucker's *Life and Episcopate of George Augustus Selwyn.*

Among the descriptions of the country as it was when the colonists found it, Edward Shortland's account of the whalers and Maori of the South Island, Jerningham Wakefield's of the founding of the New Zealand Company's settlements, Dieffenbach's travels, and Bidwill's unpretending little pamphlet telling of his tramp to the volcanoes and hot lakes in 1842, seem to me at once to tell most and be easiest to read.

On the Maori, their myths, legends, origin, manners, and customs, William Colenso is perhaps the first authority. For his views it is necessary to go to pamphlets and to search the *Transactions* of the

New Zealand Institute, where much other good material will also reward the seeker. Next to him I should venture to put Percy Smith, Edward Tregear, and James Cowan. The two former used to edit the valuable journal of the Polynesian Association. Mr. Smith made a special study of the origin and wanderings of the Maori race and wrote monographs on the tribal wars. Mr. Tregear produced the *Comparative Maori-Polynesian Dictionary*. His book, *The Maori Race*, is well known, as it deserves to be. Mr. Cowan has lately completed in New Zealand a history of our wars with the Maori; I have not had the good fortune to see it, but imagine that it will rank as definitive. John White's *Ancient History of the Maori* is in the way of form more of a jumble sale than a book, but every student is glad to use it. Sir G. Grey's collection of stories and legends has not been superseded. Archdeacon Stack, Travers, and Judge Wilson are writers on Maori history too well known in New Zealand to require praise. General Robley has written the book on Maori tattooing; Mr. Hamilton a very complete and worthily illustrated account of Maori art. Mr. Justice Chapman's paper on Pounamou or greenstone and its uses deals sufficiently with that.

As narratives of the first twenty years of the Colony two books stand out from among many: Thomson's *Story of New Zealand* and Attorney-General Swainson's *New Zealand and its Colonization*. It would not be easy to find a completer contrast than the gossipy style of the chatty army medico and the dry, official manner of the precise lawyer, formerly and for upwards of fifteen years Her Majesty's Attorney-General for New Zealand, as he is at pains to tell you on his title-page. But Swainson's is the fairest and most careful account of the time from the official, philo-Maori and anti-Company side, and may be taken as a safe antidote to Jerningham Wakefield, Sir W. T. Power, Hursthouse, and others. A comparison with Rusden, when the two are on the same ground, shows Swainson to be the better writer all round. Of Rusden's *History of New Zealand* no one doubts the honest intent. The author, believing the Maori to be a noble, valiant, and persecuted race, befriended by the missionaries and those who took missionary advice, and robbed and cheated by almost all others, says so in three long, vehement, sincere but not fascinating volumes, largely composed of extracts from public papers and speeches. Sweeping condemnation of the Public Works policy, of Radical reforms, and recent Socialist experiments complete his tale. The volumes have their use, but are not a history of New Zealand.

Of early days in the pastoral provinces we get contemporary sketches by Samuel Butler, L. J. Kennaway, Lady Barker, and Archdeacon Paul. Butler's is the best-done picture of the country, Kennaway's the exactest of the settlers' everyday rough-and-tumble haps and mishaps, and Lady Barker's the brightest. One of the volumes of General Mundy's *Our Antipodes* gives a nice light sketch of things as they were in the North Island in the first years of Governor Grey. Dr. Hocken's well-known book has at once become the recognized

authority on the first years of Otago, and also has interesting chapters on the South Island before settlement. Fitzgerald's selections from Godley's writings and speeches is made more valuable by the excellent biographical sketch with which it opens. Dr. Richard Garnett's admirable *Life of Gibbon Wakefield* is for New Zealanders a standard work.

Of older books on the Eleven Years' War from 1860 to 1871, Sir William Fox's easily carries away the palm for vigour of purpose and performance. Sir William was in hot indignation when he wrote it, and some of his warmth glows in its pages. It is a pity that he only dealt with the years 1863–5. Generals Carey and Alexander supply the narrative of the doings of the regulars; Lieutenant Gudgeon that of the militia's achievements. General Carey handles the pen well enough; not so his gallant brother soldier. Of Gudgeon's two books I much prefer the *Reminiscences*, which on the whole tell more about the war than any other volume written by an actor in it. Sir John Gorst describes the King movement and his own experiences in the King's country. Swainson takes up his parable against the Waitara purchase.

Gisborne's *Rulers and Statesmen of New Zealand*, though not a connected history, is written with such undoubted fairness and personal knowledge, and in so workmanlike, albeit good-natured, a way, as to have a permanent interest. Most of the many portraits which are reproduced in its pages are correct likenesses, but it is the pen pictures which give the book its value. Gisborne had two sides. In the House of Representatives he was the mildest of men, yet as a writer of political articles he had a trenchant style with quite unsuspected powers of banter and sarcasm. Between 1875 and 1885 he was a frequent contributor to the leading columns of the *Lyttelton Times*. I used to think his best articles were as good as any written in New Zealand in my time except some that appeared in the *Evening Post* between 1895 and 1910, authorship of which used, rightly or wrongly, to be assigned to Mr. Atkinson.

Of volumes by travellers who devote more or less space to New Zealand, the most noteworthy are Dilke's brilliant *Greater Britain*, the volumes of Anthony Trollope and Michael Davitt, and Froude's thoughtful, interesting, but terribly slipshod *Oceana*.

Scientific students may be referred to the works of Hooker and Dieffenbach, to Von Haast's *Geology of Canterbury and Westland*, Kirk's *New Zealand Forest Flora*, Sir Walter Buller's *Birds of New Zealand*, Hudson's *New Zealand Entomology*, and to the papers of Hector, Hutton, and Thompson. The best popular books on the natural history of the country are Laing and Blackwell's on the flora and Drummond and Hutton's on the fauna. Mr. Drummond is a constant writer on the natural life of the islands, and anything he does is always pleasant to read. Professor Dendy has described the Chathams. Cockayne (botany) and Park (geology) are for the scientific.

A sound, short history of the Colony in the nineteenth century is that of Irvine and Alpers. There are local histories, of which two by Mr. Buick on Marlborough and Manawatu have merit. The official history of the New Zealand troops in the Great War, by Colonels Waite, Powles, Stewart, and Lieut. H. T. B. Drew, is a work in four volumes. As a Canterbury man I must take the pleasure of mentioning the thoroughness and taste with which Lieut. D. Ferguson has written his special account of the Canterbury regiment.

The interest aroused by the Progressive movement and the experimental laws of the nineties brought out a crop of books, to say nothing of a multitude of articles. Of those by New Zealanders, Scholefield's *New Zealand in Evolution*, Downie Stewart's *State Socialism in New Zealand*, and Drummond's *Life of Seddon* are all honest, careful, clearly written studies from quite different standpoints. Among books written by outsiders, André Siegfried's *La Democratie en Nouvelle Zelande*, Demarest Lloyd's *Newest England*, and Sir John Gorst's *New Zealand Revisited* are the best. Lord Bryce's chapter on New Zealand in his work on Democracy is as fair as a sketch could be by an individualist English Liberal not really in sympathy with what he was describing. He consulted me over it, and I did what I could to be of service. The best estimate of the Arbitration Act was written by a commissioner sent by the Government of California about the year 1910. My own book, *State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand*, has lately been reprinted. Of contemporary accounts of the heated political struggles between 1890 and 1899 there are two short sketches of value. One is a paper read by Lord Onslow at the Colonial Institute and the other the article by Sir Anton Bertram referred to in Mr. Wray's preface. Lord Onslow looked at things from the point of view of an English Conservative, but was extremely fair. Sir Anton wrote with much spirit and—apart altogether from his estimates of men, about whom readers may differ—gives the atmosphere of that excited period as no one else has or ever will give it. New Zealand has been visited by two English Prime Ministers, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. I have never heard that Lord Salisbury ever had anything to say on the Colony, but Mr. MacDonald, who was there in 1906, wrote some interesting and readable articles, chiefly on Labour matters, in the course of which he contrived to throw a good deal of cold water on the Compulsory Arbitration law.[1]

Mountaineers and lovers of scenery should read Green's *High Alps of New Zealand* and Malcolm Ross's book. T. Mackenzie, Mannering, Bell, Fitzgerald, Turner, and Harper are writers on the same topic. Delisle Hay's *Brighter Britain* deals in lively fashion with a settler's life in the bush north of Auckland and in the Thames gold-fields. Reid and Preshaw have written of the Westland gold-seekers; Pyke of the Otago diggings. Domett's *Ranolf and Amohia*

[1] The best opinion on the Licensing laws by a sympathetic observer of weight is that of Mr. Arthur Sherwell, who, it may be noted, thought the abandonment of Local Option a blunder.

is not only the solitary New Zealand poem to which English critics award distinction, but contains the raw material of much true poetry and is an interesting picture of Maori life and character. An anthology of New Zealand verse published by Walter Scott contains in modest form much that is good and more that is indifferent. The best poems of Mr. Arthur Adams and Mr. Arnold Wall are far above the average, and Miss Mackay, Thomas Bracken, E. Montgomery, M E. Poynter, and E. A. Baughan have each hit the bull's-eye once or twice.

Historical students must, of course, dive pretty deeply into the parliamentary debates and appendices to the journals of the House of Representatives, into the bulky reports and correspondence relating to New Zealand published in London by the Imperial authorities, and into the files of the larger newspapers. The weekly newspapers of the Colony are especially well worth consulting. The annual *Official Year Book* is a mass of trustworthy and well-arranged information. As I have spent quite a considerable portion of my long exile from my native land in studying its closely packed figures and summaries, I may be allowed to express my gratitude to its editors. English newspapers do not print very much news about the Dominion; the world is a large place and New Zealand is not. Moreover, the experienced British sub-editor holds firmly that in the way of "copy" one murder at Home is better than two Dominions oversea. *The Times* finds the most room for Ao Tea Roa. The occasional letters of its correspondent at Wellington are accurate and temperately written. Far the best New Zealand writing that comes to England, however, is found in the quarterly letter of the correspondent of the *Round Table*. The financial and economic knowledge of this gentleman—whoever he may be—are above the ordinary, and he discusses Imperial questions with a courageous freedom from party cant. Anyone interested in New Zealand literature may be referred to Dr. Hocken's bibliography and to the catalogue of the Parliamentary Library in Wellington. The Chief Librarian of that excellent collection, Mr. Charles Wilson, is an authority on the subject who, had he written this article, would have done far more justice to it than I have been able to do.

APPENDIX II

THE PASSING OF THE FOREST

A LAMENT FOR THE CHILDREN OF TANÉ

All glory cannot vanish from the hills.
  Their strength remains, their stature of command
O'er shadowy valleys that cool twilight fills
  For wanderers weary in a faded land;
Refreshed when rain-clouds swell a thousand rills,
  Ancient of days in green old age they stand,
Though lost the beauty that became Man's prey
When from their flanks he stripped the woods away.

But thin their vesture now, the trembling grass,
  Shivering and yielding as the breeze goes by,
Catching quick gleams and scudding shades that pass,
  As running seas reflect a windy sky.
A kinglier garb their forest raiment was
  From crown to feet that clothed them royally,
Shielding the secrets of their streams from day
Ere the deep, sheltering woods were hewn away.

Well may these brooding, mutilated kings,
  Stripped of the robes that ages weaved, discrowned,
Draw down the clouds with soft-enfolding wings
  And white, aerial fleece to wrap them round,
To hide the scars that every season brings,
  The fire's black smirch, the landslip's gaping wound,
Well may they shroud their heads in mantle grey
Since from their brows the leaves were plucked away!

Gone is the forest's labyrinth of life,
  Its clambering, thrusting, clasping, throttling race,
Creeper with creeper, bush with bush at strife,
  Struggling in silence for a breathing space;

Below, a realm with tangled rankness rife,
  Aloft, tree columns in victorious grace.
Gone the dumb hosts in warfare dim; none stay;
Dense brake and stately trunk have passed away.

Gone are those gentle forest-haunting things,
  Eaters of honey, honey-sweet in song,
The tui and the bell-bird—he who rings
  That brief, rich music we would fain prolong,
Gone the wood pigeon's sudden whirr of wings,
  The daring robin all unused to wrong,
Ay, all the friendly friendless creatures. They
Lived with their trees and died and passed away.

Gone are the flowers. The kowhai like ripe corn,
  The frail convolvulus, a day-dream white,
The dim-hued passion-flower for shadows born,
  The fragrant orchid pallid in green night,
The blood-red rata strangling trees forlorn
  Or with exultant crimson fiery-bright
Painting the sombre gorges, and that fay
The starry clematis are all away!

Lost is the resinous, sharp scent of pines,
  Of wood fresh cut, clean-smelling, for the hearth,
Of smoke from burning logs in wavering lines
  Softening the air with blue, of brown, damp earth
And dead trunks fallen among coiling vines,
  Slow-mouldering, moss-coated. Round the girth
Of the green land the wind brought vale and bay
Fragrance far-borne now faded all away.

Lost is the sense of noiseless sweet escape
  From dust of stony plain, from sun and gale,
When the feet tread where quiet shadows drape
  Dark stems with peace beneath a kindly veil.
No more the pleasant rustlings stir each shape,
  Creeping with whisperings that rise and fail
Through glimmering lace-work lit by chequered play
Of light that danced on moss now burned away.

Gone are the forest tracks where oft we rode
  Under the silvery fern fronds, climbing slow
Through long green tunnels, while hot noontide glowed
  And glittered on the tree-tops far below.

There in the stillness of the mountain road
We just could hear the valley river flow
With dreamy murmur through the slumbering day
Lulling the dark-browed woods now passed away.

Fanned by the dry, faint air that lightly blew
We watched the shining gulfs in noonday sleep
Quivering between tall cliffs that taller grew
Above the unseen torrent calling deep,
Till like a sword cleaving the foliage through
The waterfall flashed foaming down the steep,
White, living water, cooling with its spray
Soft plumes of curling fern now scorched away.

The axe bites deep. The rushing fire streams bright;
Swift, beautiful and fierce it speeds for Man,
Nature's rough-handed foeman, keen to smite
And mar the loveliness of ages. Scan
The blackened forest ruined in a night,
A sylvan Parthenon that God will plan
But builds not twice. Ah, bitter price to pay
For Man's dominion—beauty swept away!

W. P. Reeves.

More than three-fourths of the native forests have already been destroyed by the settlers. The N.Z. State Forestry Department has lately been endeavouring to arouse public attention in the islands to the economic danger of this shocking wastefulness.

171° East Longitude

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